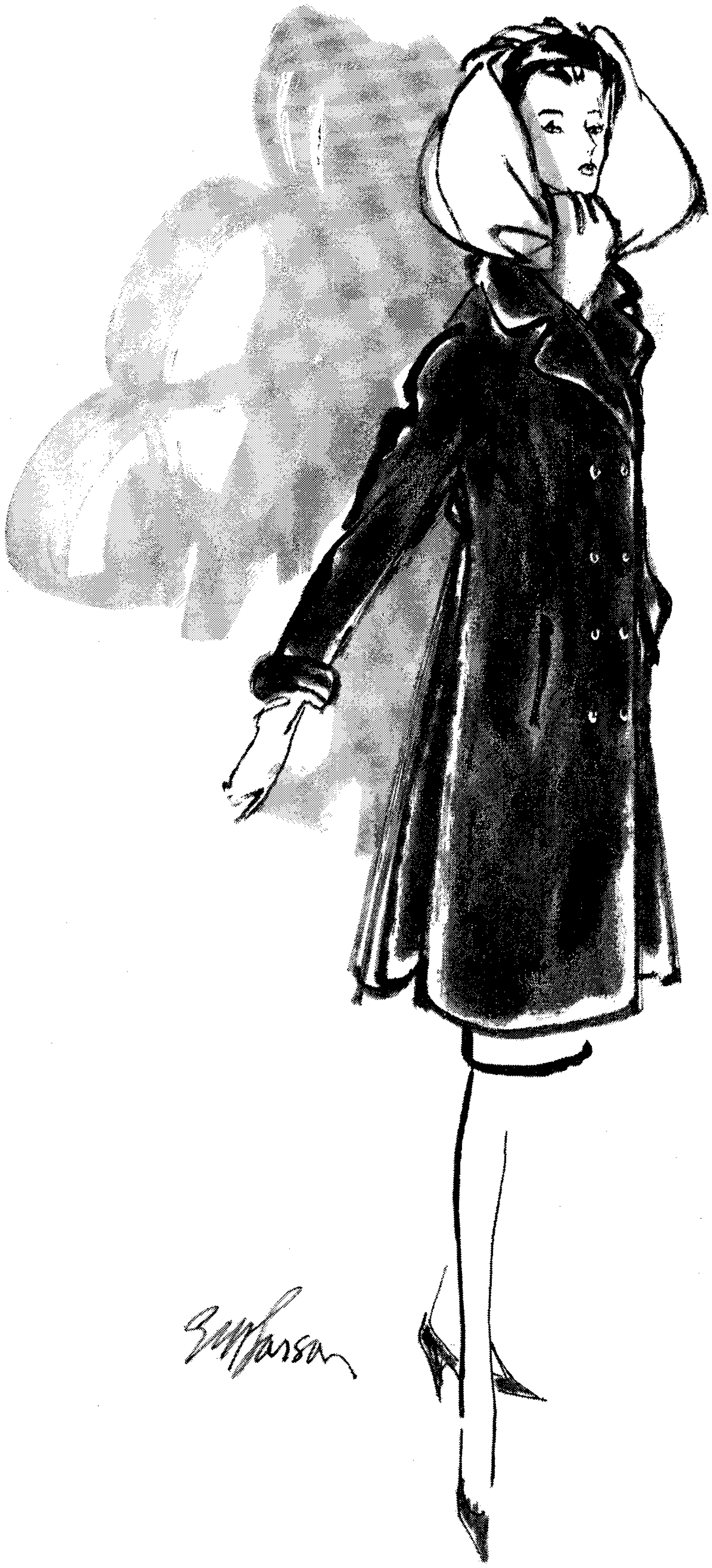
Oct. 20, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

OCT .. REC'D

This is the way your skin will feel when you wear Reve
morning fresh with moisture! Cream or liquid, it costs $3
plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores her



Exclusive in Fouke-Dyed Black Alaska Fur Seal

Designed by Emeric Partos of Bergdorf Goodman,
custom-made in our fur workrooms

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Affair—Trouble at a college at Cambridge after the authorities there are induced to review the case of an ill-mannered young physicist of Communist leanings who has been dismissed for allegedly falsifying facts in an important paper. Adapted by Ronald Millar from a novel by C. P. Snow, the piece is long on dialogue but short on action—and, for that matter, any really original ideas. Brewster Mason leads a competent cast of American and British actors. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come On Strong—Boy has girl in first act, has same in last. Between these occurrences there is a state of apathy. Garson Kanin wrote and directed the piece, and Van Johnson and Carroll Baker are prominent in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—An attack of logorrhea, among other disorders, seems to have got Edward Albee down in his first attempt at a full-length play, but the actors—Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon, who make up the entire cast—do as well as they can by this account of some doings in a New England college. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** An English drama, by Robert Bolt, outlining some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE:** A comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron about the agitation of a West Coast father (Art Carney) who doesn't quite know what his daughter (Elizabeth Ashley) is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Seidman and Son—Sam Levene and Nancy Wickwire in a comedy adapted by Elick Moll from his own novel. Staged by Carmen Capalbo and presented by the Theatre Guild Productions, Joel Schenker, and Michael Kanin. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Step on a Crack—A play by Bernard Evslin, in which Gary Merrill, Donald Madden, and Pauline Flanagan will appear. Directed by Herbert Swope, Jr., who, with Roger L. Stevens, is producing it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter leave everything to be desired. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** How things were at the Round Table. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Arthur Treacher. Kathryn Grayson will succeed Miss Pavek on Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard are among those present. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** A show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Hermione Gingold. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Mr. President—Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray in a musical with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin and a book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. The producer is Leland Hayward, the director Joshua Logan. Opens Saturday, Oct. 20. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Fun Couple—A comedy by Neil Jansen and John Haase, taken from the latter's novel of the same name. The cast includes Jane Fonda, Bradford Dillman, and Ben Piazza. Produced by Jay Julien and directed by Andreas Voutsinas. Opens Monday, Oct. 22. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Bamboche!—Katherine Dunham heading a revue staffed by a company of singers, dancers, and musicians. Presented by Stephen Papich. Preview Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 22. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 2.)

Night Life—A new play by Sidney Kingsley, with Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and

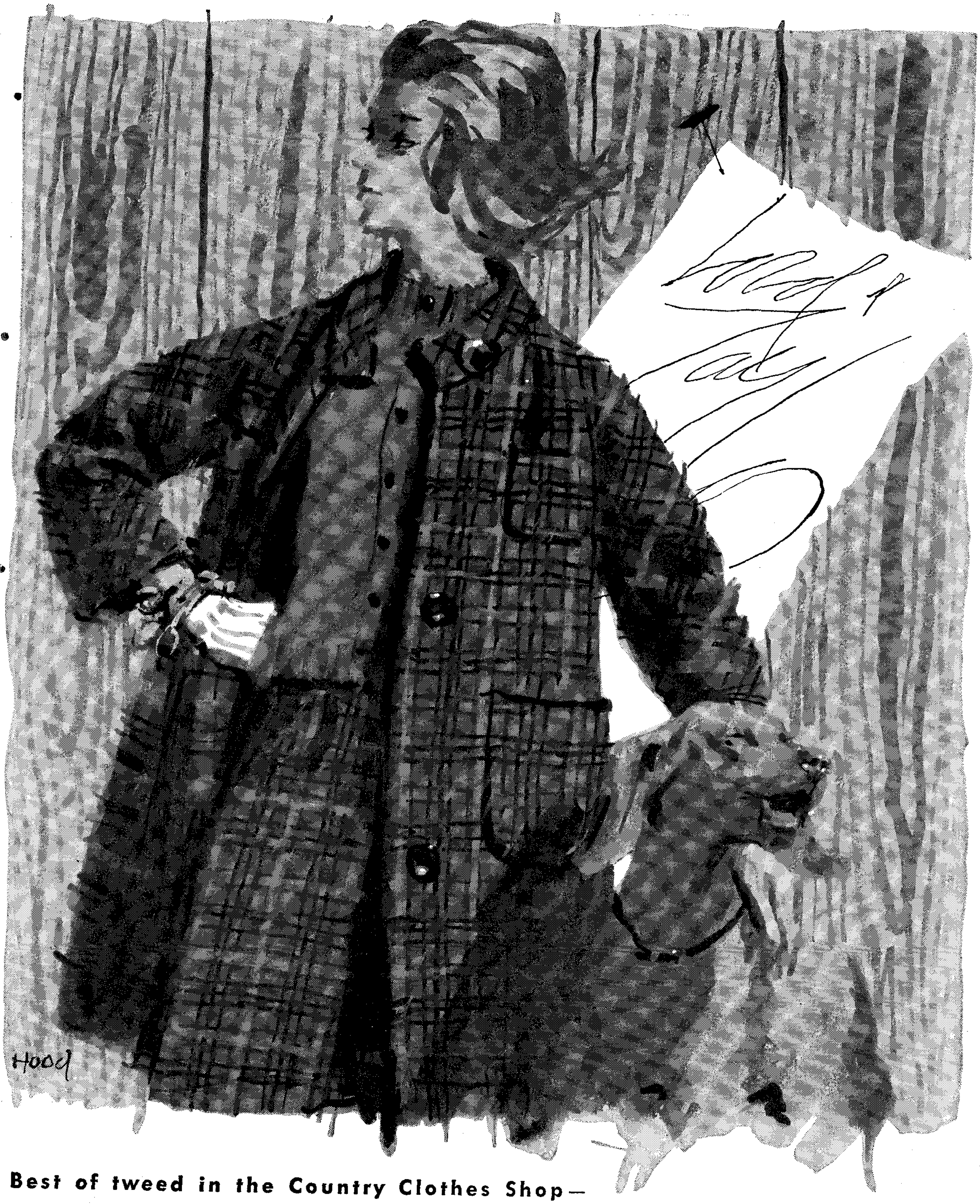
	Page
BOOKS	221
THE CURRENT CINEMA	215
FOOTBALL	89
LETTER FROM LAOS	197
LETTER FROM PARIS	186
LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY	95
MUSICAL EVENTS	218
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	124
THE RACE TRACK	193
THE SKY LINE	174
THE SPORTING SCENE	141
THE THEATRE	85

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their *new* address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, *president and chairman of the board*; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, A. J. Russell, Jr., E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, *vice-presidents*; P. F. Fleischmann, *treasurer*; Mrs. M. L. Fries, *secretary and comptroller*; A. J. Russell, Jr., *advertising director*. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 35, October 20, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1962 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.



Best of tweed in the Country Clothes Shop—

Aquascutum's fresh cut of plaid

in sterling British wool. The coat, 150.00, and the skirt, 45.00, are in brown plaided with blue, or wine with pumpkin, and the Scottish wool cardigan, 20.00, is dyed to match in the same riveting blue or pumpkin. At all Lord & Taylor stores.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jack Kelly. Produced and staged by the author. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 18-20, and Monday, Oct. 22, all at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Perfect Setup—Gene Barry, Angie Dickinson, and Jan Sterling have the leading roles in this play by Jack Sher. Martin Melcher is the producer, Lamont Johnson the director. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 24. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—A play by Sidney Michaels (based on a French play by François Billetdoux), starring Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton. Directed by Peter Glenville and produced by David Merrick. Opens Thursday, Oct. 25. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Beyond the Fringe—An English revue, created by Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, and Dudley Moore, who make up the entire cast. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen. Opens Saturday, Oct. 27. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Angels of Anadarko—A play by Duke Marks and Herman Goldberg, directed by Albert Dekker. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt forces us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Brecht on Brecht—Barbara Baxley, Theodore Bikel, Gerald Hiken, Gerry Jedd, Diana Sands, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy about a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Man Is Man—Bertolt Brecht's brutal but ingenious farce about an easygoing laborer, who, by a series of tricks, is changed into an enthusiastic soldier. This version of the script is the eleventh and final one. Although most of the acting is good, the production as a whole is overwrought and strident, which may be just what the playwright intended. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Man's a Man—Same play, in an earlier and more loose-limbed version. Several of the scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

O Say Can You See!—A musical with a score by Jack Holmes and book and lyrics by Bill Conklin and Bob Miller. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and The Barroom Monks—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Miani—A musical with a book by Stuart Bishop and music and lyrics by Ed Tyler. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ten Nights in a Barroom—A musical version, by John Savoca and Marcia Taradash, of the old wheeze. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Whisper in God's Ear—A comedy from Los Angeles, by Samuel Birnkrant. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Whisper Into My Good Ear and Mrs. Dally Has a Lover—William Hanley, a new playwright, makes a promising start in this well-produced brace of one-acters. There are flaws—major and minor—in each of them, but many bright spots, too, and the dialogue is of quite a high order. "Whisper" is about two old men in a park, contemplating suicide, and "Mrs. Dally" is about a teen-age boy and a woman in her thirties in the middle of an affair. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.

NIGHT LIFE

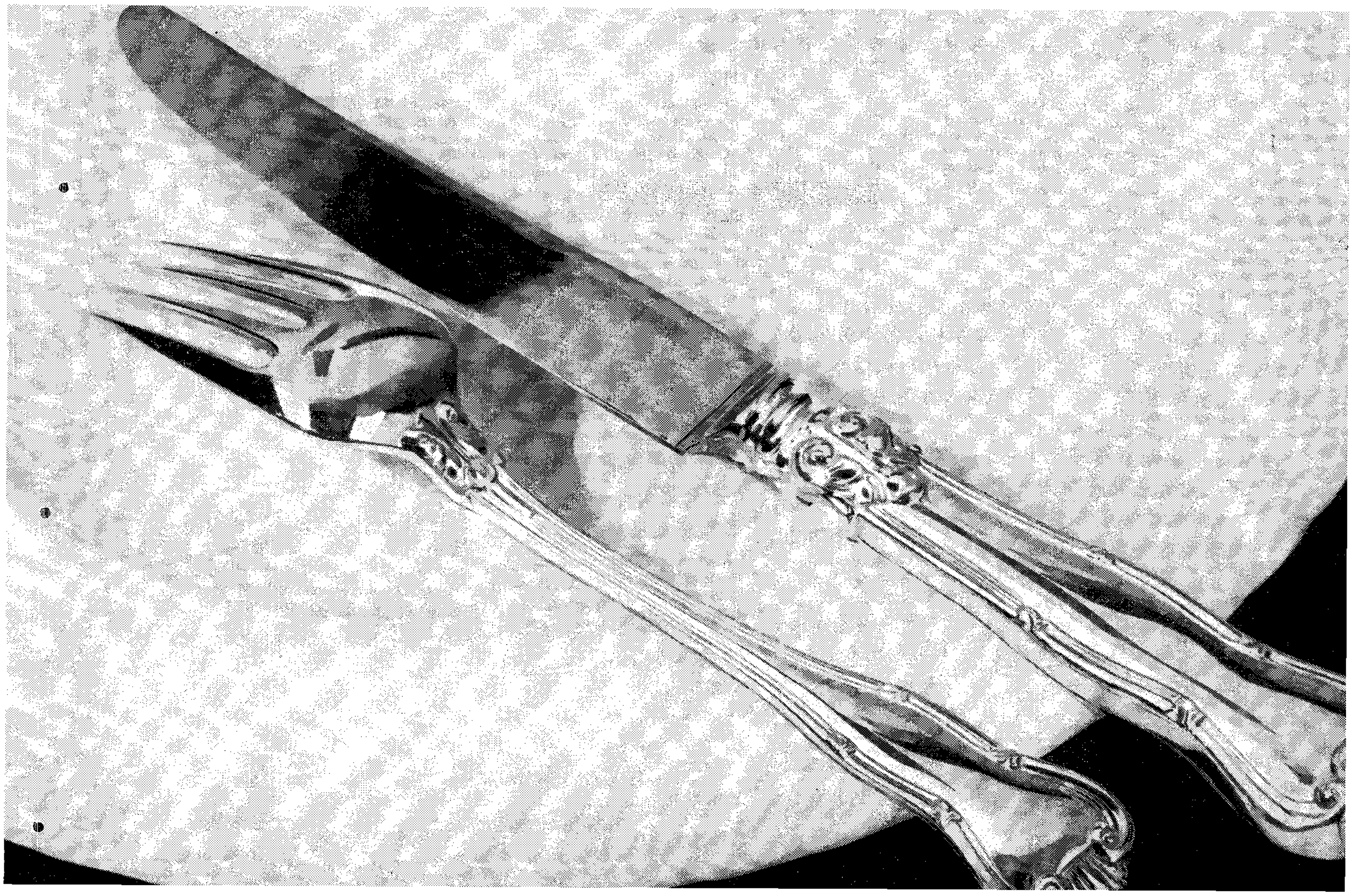
(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—People who live in this glass house will find, in the middle of it, the Royal Box, where Harry Belafonte, ambassador from the West Indies, is doing folk music his way. Lester Lanin's band does most of the orchestrations for him and all of them for any fleet-footed customers. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The last kingdom on earth that hasn't been troubled by the gold-export problem. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Gleb Yellin's piano and Janet Vaughn's violin. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is having a mild au-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tumn—just sedate dance tunes from Stanley Melba's band and Phil Wayne's threesome. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the *de-rigueur* Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's small group does prancing music evening after evening, giving way just on Mondays to another band.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Georgia Gibbs, who can knock the ball out of a ballpark a lot bigger than the Persian Room, is having plenty of fun with her ballads, not all of them quite worth the trouble, at dinner and supper. This reliable trouper is supplemented all evening by Emil Coleman's large band and Mark Monte's minute one, who give their all, too, but just for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every day but Monday, the piano and violin in the Palm Court burble from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven-thirty and nine-thirty.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—After these many years, Jan Garber's orchestra is in town (his address is the Grill), stirring up all kinds of it-was-only-yesterday recollections. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Anywhere from first to tenth generation listens and/or dances in the Maisonette, that noble pile, to the band run by a second generation—Peter Duchin, son of the historic Eddy. Ray Bari's group shares the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a below-stairs haven small enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when a piano is cajoling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is a greener pasture now that Ted Straeter, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, is again wintering his happy, heady dance band in a northern clime. Ray Hartley, the soloist of the hotel's Savoy Room, sits in at the piano during the rest periods. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In between his sets in the Columns, Mr. Hartley works the Savoy Room, every night but Sunday, with lots and lots of neatly turned keyboard.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two formal gardens that bloom only in the colder months: the ample Embassy Club (Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's rumba buffs) and the tiny Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi's violin). Both gardens revert to the caretakers on Monday nights.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room provides, at both evening mealtimes, a chance to listen in on the distressed conversations of Shelley Berman, for whom the telephone booth is often—spiritually, anyway—a form of isolation booth. Milt Shaw's orchestra does the best of the music, both ballad and dance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley is once more a mild sounding board, for Emile Petti is at the piano from five to one. After nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, he also runs a trio for dancing. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): It's now, after ten, a dance studio, with Chauncey Gray's band of Park Avenue rifles doing the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads of Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins' earlier clubhouses chatter side by side with the undergraduates of his present one, while the music plays on and on. The score runs like this: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight, the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday, when the keys are given to Forrest Perrin, who also turns out a set from one to three-thirty that day in Mon Plaisir, another inglenook here. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Plenty of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (*q.v. supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hardcore but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by the topography, but the bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan. He's there from six to ten every night but Sunday. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. They are Angel Mancheno, who is built of the finest coiled-steel springs, and a covey of quail, of which Luisita Sevilla is the boldest. Mondays through Saturdays, there's dancing, too, for the patrons, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A steady diet of violin, zimbalon, and voice (Lili France is the soprano in this department) reminds us of a bygone Central European way of life that couldn't possibly have been as carefree as the tribute makes it appear. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the night march through this picturesque and lively residential area, but its only instruments of war are violins and accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or something talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few of the seats on this stock exchange are hereditary. Not very long after the market closes, George Feyer begins a long evening of greeting-card piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The age of reason and romance is restored at ten every night, when Greta Keller starts applying her calm ministrations to arias that are often passwords to her native Vienna. Earlier on, there is zither music, and at any time the inner nourishment is regional, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The gentle and dulcet Joan Bishop has the run of the piano in the Palm

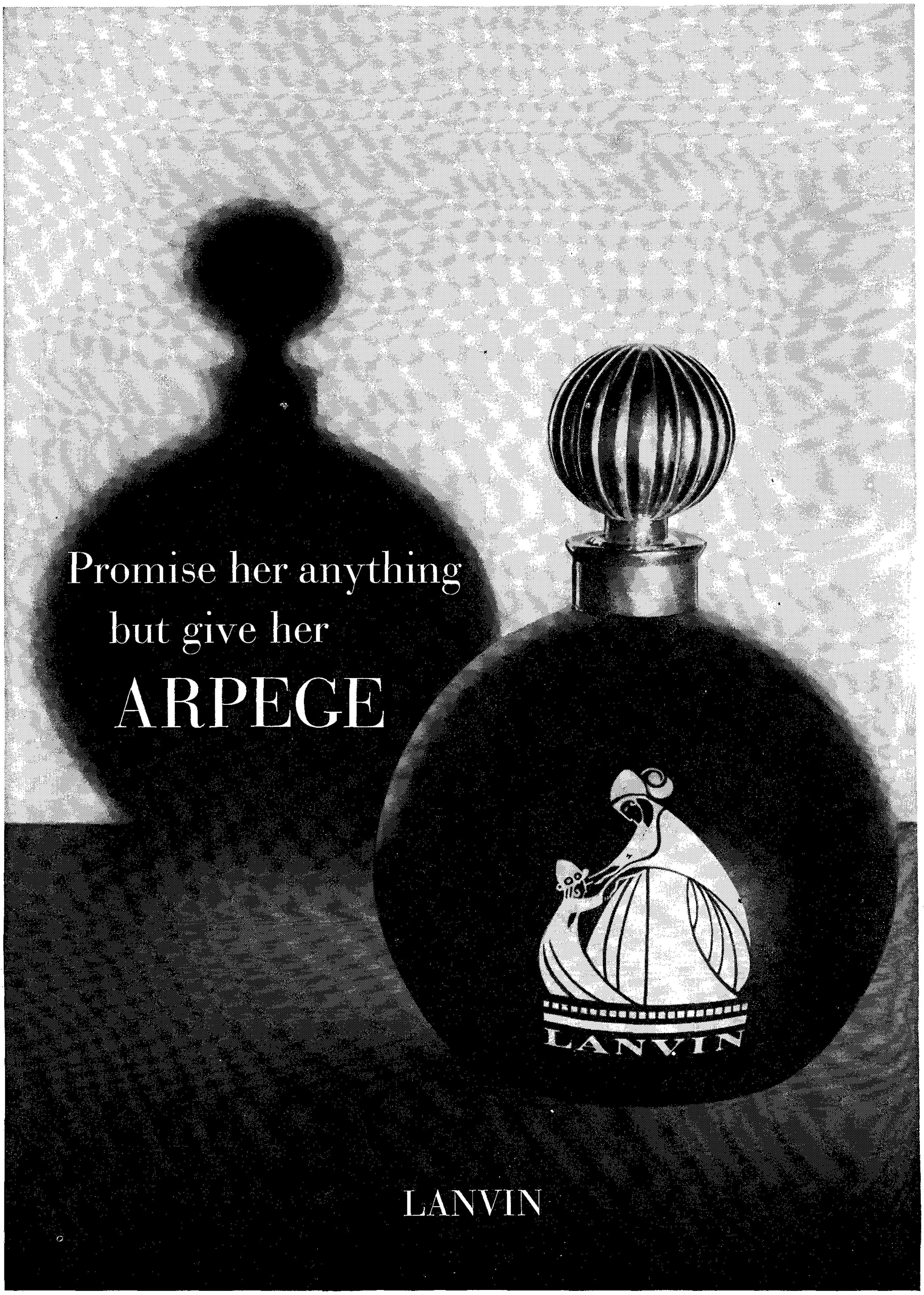
BONWIT TELLER

BONWIT'S WORLDLING WOOL

Simply smashing...the off-hand elegance of wool knit for late day expressed in our seductive one-shoulder sheath by Mollie Parnis. Divine in red, white or black, 8 to 14 sizes, 125.00

Collection Clothes

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston


Promise her anything
but give her
ARPEGE
LANVIN
LANVIN

also—new size Arpege 1/4 oz. perfume, imported from France $7.50 PLUS TAX

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Court from five to eight-thirty, every day but Sunday.... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A good deal of *Kaffeeklatsch* for one evening, but there is, on the other hand, Fernanda Montel, a sumptuous and *soignee* singer of ballads. Closed Mondays. ... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): For the moment, the sole activity is a Bermuda hoedown every Monday by the Talbot Brothers, who invented the genre.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The entire population of Girls' Town, U.S.A., has just been changed. The new generation is part of "The Venus Touch," an extravaganza just invented by Donn Arden, a producer for whom the Garden of Eden remains evergreen. The pick of the crop of young ladies (practically three dozen of them) is the fully clothed and accomplished Barbara Heller, who can make manic depression fun for one and all. Dancing.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Now the wily and persuasive Nat King Cole intones his Pied Piper ballads, and Gary Morton, one of the better familiarity-breeds-content talkers, talks. Dancing for the guests. ... **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies" goes to a lot of trouble and noise to show us burlesque as it was, as it wasn't, and as it isn't today. It contains any number of young hoydens (female) just stepping out of the shower, and one old-line comic who simultaneously arouses blushes and peals of laughter. Closed only on Watch and Ward Society rally nights. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Nipsy Russell, a political commentator whose wits are sometimes keener than his sense of taste; the Alberts, a trio of clownish Edwardian gentlemen from the Establishment, London's new original-thought night club; and Jo Mapes, folk singer, depart on Monday, Oct. 22. Next evening's arrivals are Vaughan Meader, resuming his campaign for the next Presidency; Carmen Torres, a mad Mexican soprano; and Carolyn Hester, a new folklorist.... **PLAZA 9–**, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): The required reading for a passing mark at Julius Monk's brand-new and handsome revue, "Dime a Dozen," is often between the lines allotted to his dexterous *farceurs*—Jack Fletcher, Ceil Cabot, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning. Twice a night every evening but Sunday.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): A group of dedicated and determined players, all first-rate (Zohra Lampert, Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Eugene Troobnick), are engaged in a revue, part prepared and part spur of the moment, whose leading motto is "Don't spare the political war horses." It begins at eight-thirty, and doesn't operate Mondays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Jane Connell and Bill McCutcheon, in whom the spirit of mockery rides high, can do no wrong in the course of the evening, but that's not entirely true of their librettists or of their companions in "No Shoestrings," the revue that has recently set up shop here. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The incumbent revue hasn't determined whether it's a hymn to the newest sense of humor or a warehouse for clichés. It goes most smoothly when Cy Young is in action. Performances occur around ten and midnight on weekdays, three times on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Just about the best of the Iberian foreign legions—the ballet corps of Roberto Iglesias—is flinging its arms, legs, and voices (frequently flamenco) to the four winds. Even so, the everyone-for-himself dancing of the customers, done to the compulsive strains of two perfect bands (one is Pupi Campo's), is sometimes a triumph of amateurism over professionalism. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity....¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

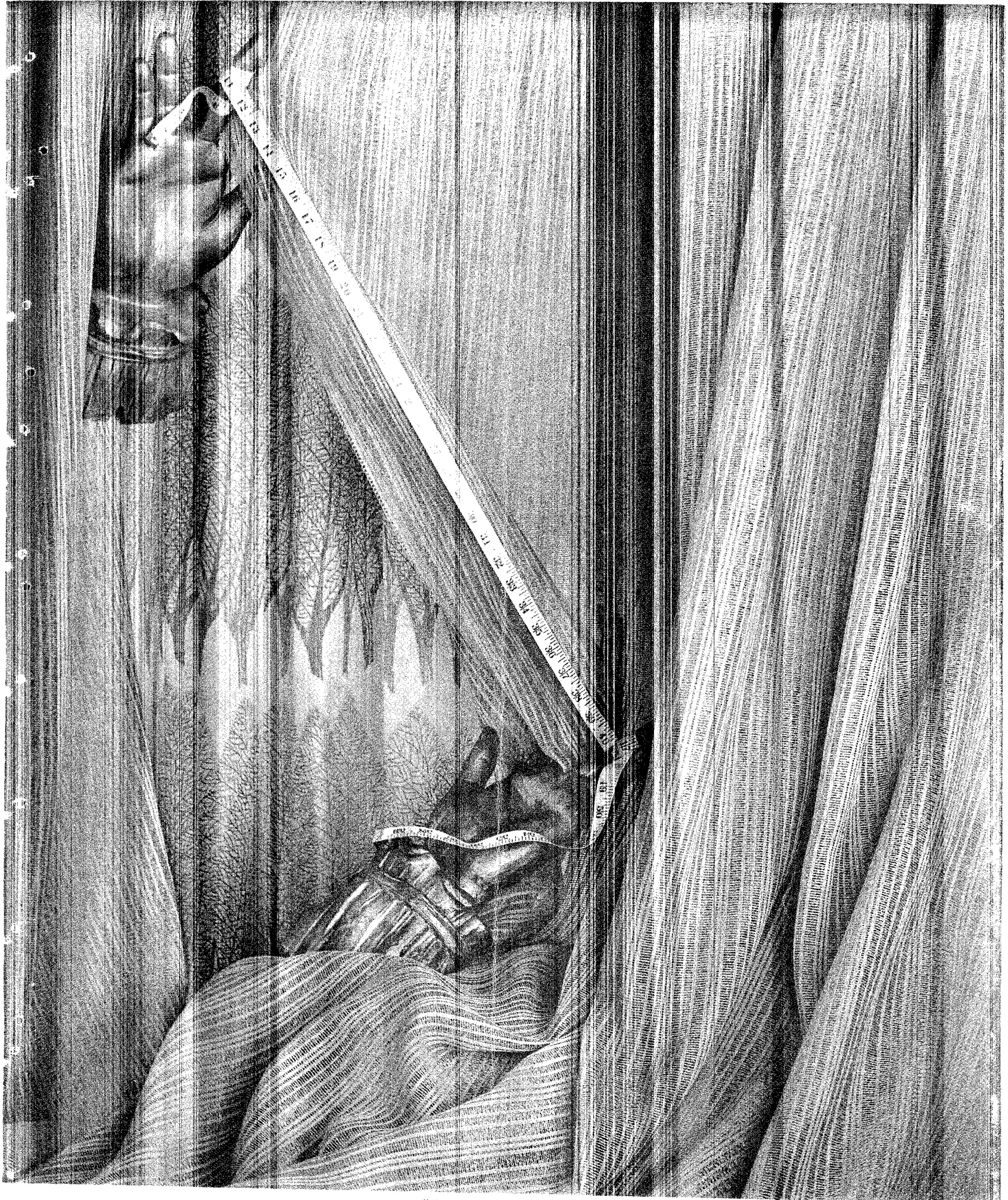
(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running a quintet. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Joe Williams, knee-deep in the slough of despond but audible to high heaven, is doing his songs of sorrow with the aid of Junior Mance's nimble trio. The quartet of Ted Curson, a new-era trumpet, is here, too. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-modernation, is filing her term paper on progressive piano with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays.... **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his acolytes—Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Doc Cheatham among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. Rosemary Murphy and Slam Stewart, who had decided on a vanishing act, have redecided to go on with their quiet but efficient words-and-music act. Closed Sundays.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Maynard Ferguson's itinerant band of skirling dervishes is unloading its cargo of *crise-de-nerfs* modern music. Guests take up the cudgels on Sundays....¶ Saturday night, there's Twist music, and the catatonic calisthenics that go with it, upstairs in the haymow.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Charlie Mingus, whose skill at variations is such that he doesn't really need themes, and his quintet are plumping for freedom of speech; Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are, as always, celebrating the Fourth of July. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Stan Getz takes many a sentimental journey, accompanied by his faithful horn and quartet, which is quite a contrast to Lonnie Donegan, a London boy, and his skiffle band. Between the two stands Ada Moore, a girl who wants both heart and head to rule her songs. On Tuesday, Oct. 23, Chris Connor, a girl who wants to bend every song to her imperious will, replaces the Getzes and Miss Moore. Mondays are devoted to other talents.... **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The place is now a rumpus room for Louis Prima, bandsman and (in a sense) evangelist, and great is the noise thereof. Closed Sundays.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn and their quintet, all new-school, are at their favorite old-school hero-sandwich parlor. Closed Mondays. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): It's turmoil for turmoil's sake when Dorothy Donegan gets her hot hands on the local piano; J. C. Heard is now part of her cannonading threesome. Arvell Shaw's threesome makes the rest of the noise. On Monday, Oct. 22, Harold Quinn's trio (casual) and Charlie Shavers' quartet (what the hell?) will take over. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The mute to stifle Wild Bill Davison's horn has yet to be forged. Grouped around him are such fellow-primitives as Vic Dickenson, Dick Wellstood, Buster Bailey, and Cliff Leeman. Closed Mondays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Extra-curricular weekend courses in the music of our forefathers. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, it should emanate from Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Zutty Singleton, Marty Napoleon, Herman Autrey, Edmond

From Our Famed University Shop: A Cold-Weather Coat with Wool Fleece Lining

Our on-campus shops at Yale, Harvard, Princeton and the University of Michigan have established us as experts in college clothing. Knowing what college boys want, our University Shop features for country and campus this handsome coat in cotton suede with a chill-chasing lining of wool fleece. In antique gold or loden green. Sizes 36-44 regular, 38-42 long, 55.00. Sixth Floor.

THE UNIVERSITY SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



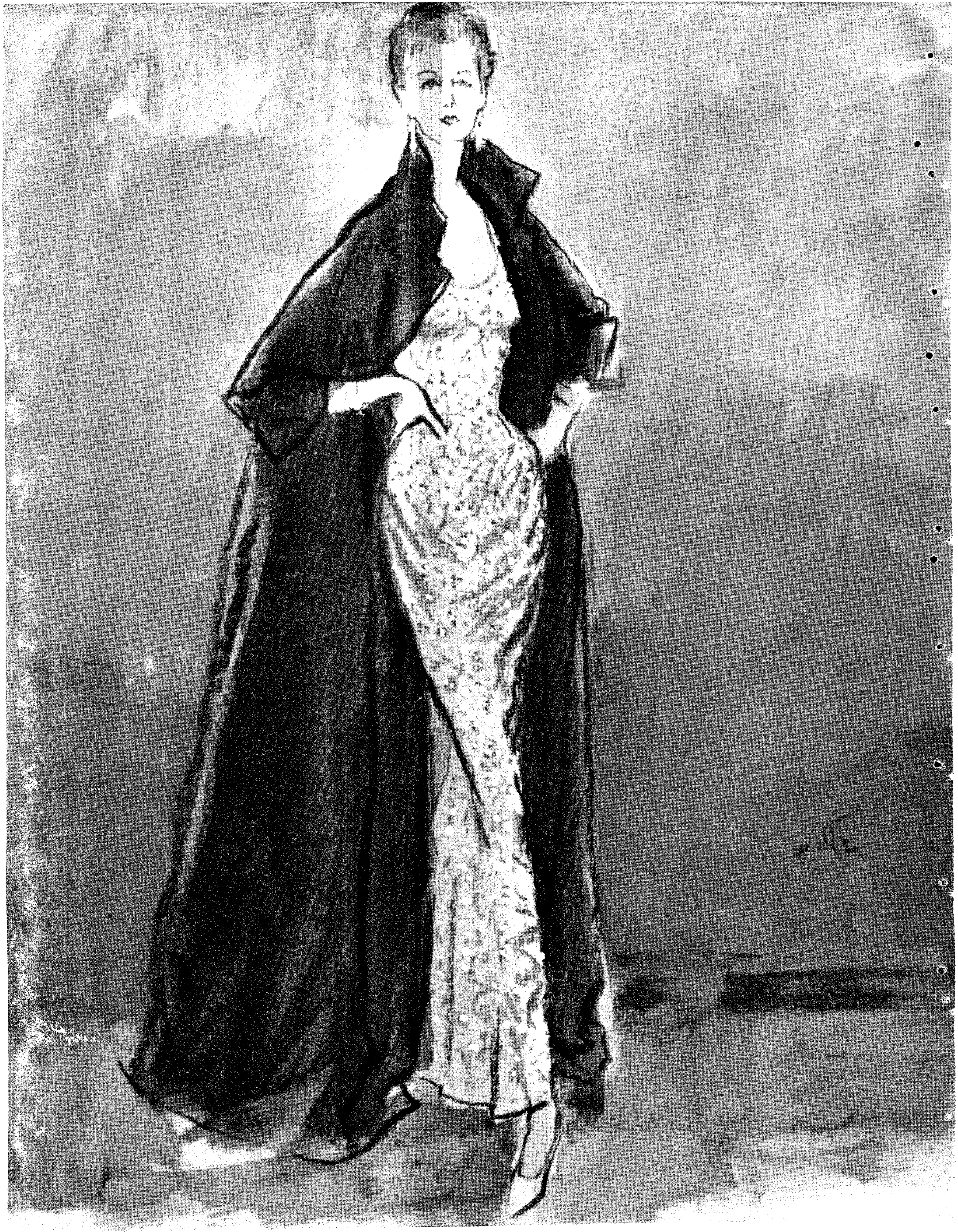
"Windbreak" print from Elenhank Designers and "Aerolace" Weave from Ben Rose available through decorators.

TRUE MEASURE OF FASHION—draperies of shrink & stretchproof Fiberglas*

Radiantly beautiful window fashions woven of Owens-Corning Fiberglas can't shrink or stretch. And they're perfectly washable, absolutely no-iron, firesafe, can't rot in the sun, have superior sun fade resistance. Available readymade and by-the-yard at fine stores everywhere.

*Owens-Corning's Trademark

When in New York, visit the Fiberglas Fabric Center, 717 Fifth Avenue.



THAT AYRES LOOK

ILLUMINATING THE NIGHT, BRILLIANTLY BEADED GOWN WITH CARRIAGE COAT OF SILK VELVET BY BEN REIG. L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Eddie Barefield, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Karel Appel—Abstract Expressionist oils (1951-56) by the Dutch painter; through Nov. 10. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Bernard Arnest—Paintings done in Colorado Springs and Afghanistan; through Nov. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Boris Aronson—Work in metal, executed during the past year; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Arp—Drawings and collages by the pioneer abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Manuel Ayaso—Drawings by a young Spanish-born American; through Nov. 3. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Chamberlain and Frank Stella—Sculptures by the former, paintings by the latter, all in black and white; through Nov. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur B. Davies (1862-1928)—"Figures and Landscapes Without Figures," an exhibition that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Assemblages; through Nov. 3. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb—New abstract oils; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Greenberg—Expressionist landscapes, cityscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; through Nov. 3. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Closed Mondays.)

Etienne Hajdu—Sculptures (marble, onyx, and bronze) and bas-reliefs (copper, aluminum, and lead) by a Rumanian-born leader of the contemporary Paris School; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Peter Hayward—Street scenes and landscapes done in New York, Europe, and Hawaii; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—The first section of a two-part show of paintings; through Nov. 3. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yehoshua Kovarsky—Semi-abstract canvases by a Lithuanian-born citizen of Israel, who lives in Los Angeles; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Lawrence Lebduska—Paintings by this modern American primitive; through Nov. 16. (Tutti, 45 Canal St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Nico Lebrun—Drawings, illustrating Dante's "Inferno;" through Nov. 3. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Morris Louis—Previously unexhibited late paintings by this artist, who died in September; through Nov. 10. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Alexander Mackenzie—Abstract landscapes by a young English painter; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

ené Magritte—Oils, collages, gouaches, and drawings (1928-58) by the Belgian Surrealist; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

oris Margo—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

eorge McNeil—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Nov. 3. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

ernard Meadows—Bronzes by an English artist; through Nov. 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

.L.T. Mesens—Collages and paintings by the Belgian-French Surrealist; through Nov. 3. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ans Moller—Impressions of Monhegan Island, Maine; through Nov. 3. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—About eighty lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings; through Nov. 3. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henry Newman—Assemblages; through Nov. 3. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Claes Oldenburg—Sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

Ivan Olinsky—Portraits, landscapes, and drawings by this artist, who died last February; through Nov. 2. (Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Picasso—The first showing of eight recent paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Theodore Robinson (1852-96)—Impressionist landscapes, figures, and interiors; through Nov. 3. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuven Rubin—Biblical scenes, landscapes, still-lifes, and flower pieces covering the past forty years by this leading Israeli painter; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

William Scharf—Oils and water colors; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (American Gallery, 843 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Scott—A ten-year retrospective of abstract canvases, gouaches, and drawings by the contemporary British artist; through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Paintings with metal leaf, drawings, and graphics; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

James Suzuki—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Tobey—An exhibition of recent paintings that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Wines—Abstract sculptures in bronze, cement, and iron, along with a group of collages; through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. There are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Oct. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Sculptures—Medieval and Renaissance works by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others; through Nov. 30. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **American Federation of Arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: "The Role of the Macbeth Gallery," the first in a series of exhibitions pointing up the influence of leading American galleries of the past. Included are oils and water colors (by Inness, Luks, Theodore Robinson, and others) sold by the gallery, as well as photographs, announcements, reviews, and other memorabilia; through Friday, Oct. 26. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **Black**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and water colors by (for instance) Whistler, Sargent, Sloan, and Henri; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **Davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: Oils, drawings, and water colors by such artists as Maurice Prendergast, Charles Sheeler, and J. Alden Weir; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **Dintenfass**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the gallery artists—Philip Evergood, Jacob Lawrence, and Robert Gwathmey, for example; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **Grand Central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: More than a hundred paintings, and some sculptures, by Priscilla Roberts, Henry Gasser, John Costigan, and others; through Thursday, Oct. 25. . . . **Milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors by Xavier Gonzalez, Paul Sample, and Fletcher Martin (to mention a few); through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Peridot**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Three of the dozen contributors to a showing of paintings and sculptures are Stanley Twardowicz, Reginald Pollack, and Morris Brose; through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **Trabia-Morris**, 7 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from

"The finest fragrance created and acclaimed by France"*

Mémoire Chérie

Mémoire Chérie
ELIZABETH ARDEN
PARIS

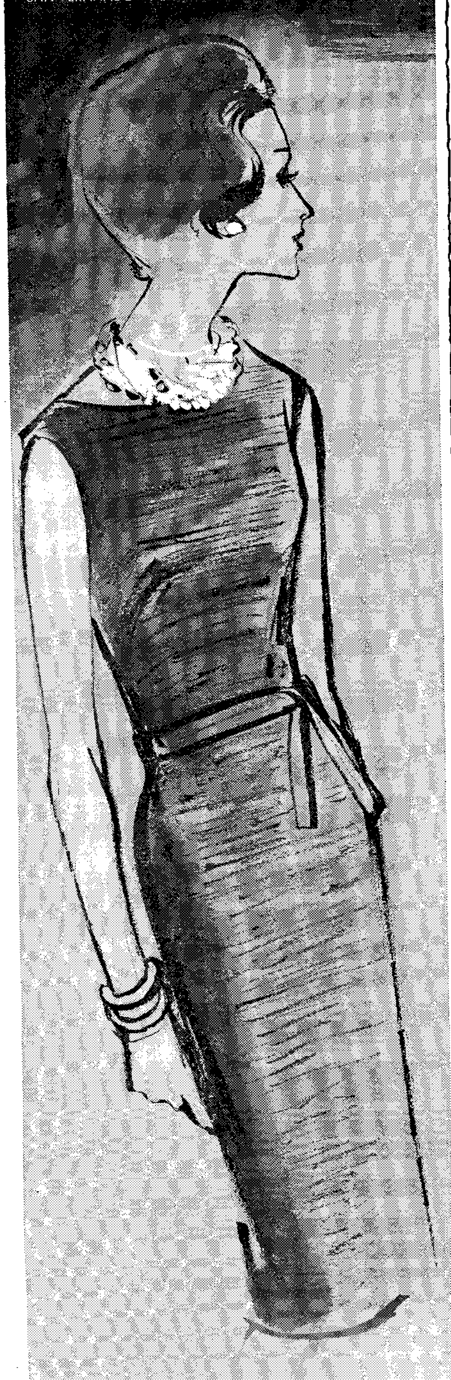
Mémoire Chérie Perfume 10.00 to 75.00
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Mist 5.00
Mémoire Chérie Dusting Powder 5.00
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Atomizer 3.50
Mémoire Chérie Soap 2.75

prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

**Elizabeth Arden has been awarded the treasured Coupe d'Or of France "for outstanding achievement in the development of Mémoire Chérie, the finest fragrance created and acclaimed by France."*

I. MAGNIN & CO
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • CARMEL
FRESNO • SACRAMENTO • PORTLAND • SEATTLE
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA • LA JOLLA
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • SANTA BARBARA • SANTA ANA



a silk sheath that never
stays home . . . subtly shaped,
endlessly versatile . . .
designed by Sportwhirl
in natural beige, olive
green or royal blue silk
tussah with self tie,
6 to 16 sizes 40.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE,
SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES
OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN & CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

North and South America, among them Armando Morales, Rufino Tamayo, and Alexander Calder; through Nov. 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **ZABRISKIE**, 36 E. 61st St.: Landscapes, drawings, and water colors by artists of the Hudson River School, including Thomas Doughty, Frederick Church, and John Kensett; through Nov. 10.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: “Drawings by Sculptors,” consisting of examples (by Minguzzi, Moore, Lipchitz, and others) on loan from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn and running concurrently with the showing of his sculptures at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Oct. 20.... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Oct. 31.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **AUSLANDER**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Drawings, water colors, and gouaches by Chagall, Picabia, and Morandi (to name a few); through Saturday, Oct. 20.... **GALLERY 63**, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by present-day Italian artists, among them Renato Guttuso, Arturo Tosi, and Mario Sironi; through Nov. 17.... **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Bombois, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a showing of oils and water colors; through Nov. 30. ... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Recent canvases by such French painters as Dufy, Modigliani, and Utrillo; through Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and graphic works by five Austrian and German Expressionists—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, Kollwitz, and Kubin; through Nov. 7.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—“The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary,” a showing of prints and cartoons on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other instances of people reacting to sculpture; starting Friday, Oct. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and thirty-five paintings, mainly from the past two decades, by Mark Tobey; through Nov. 4. A good complement to this exhibition is the Tobey showing at the Willard Gallery, 23 W. 56th St.... ¶ Surveys of the graphic work of five European Post-Impressionists (among them Walter Sickert and André Masson), along with examples of current printmaking in Germany, Poland, and Russia; through Nov. 25.... ¶ “The Bitter Years: 1935-41 Rural America Seen by the Photographers of the Farm Security Administration,” a documentation of rural and urban life during the depression. Chosen by Edward Steichen, the pictures are by, among others, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Ben Shahn. Through Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—“The Art of India/Stone Sculpture,” is devoted to forty-five pieces, dating from the second millennium B.C. through the twelfth century A.D., borrowed from American museums and private collections; through Nov. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show (ending Saturday) of American and European drawings (by sculptors) from the same collection, at the Forum Gallery, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—“Chinese Calligraphy and Painting in the Collection of John M. Crawford, Jr.,” an exhibit that coincides with the publication of a book of the same title. There are also stone and wooden sculptures and Chinese jades, bronzes, and porcelains from Mr. Crawford’s collection. Through Nov. 24. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—“Forms from the Earth; 1000 Years of Pottery in America;” through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts—The initial loan showing of this new Museum is being held in temporary quarters at the Time & Life Building Exhibit Center, Rockefeller Center. On view are weather vanes, trade signs, cigar-store Indians, ships’ figureheads, portraits, landscapes, and barnyard and wildfowl wood carvings. Through Nov. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 7.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—“Sculpture from the Pacific,” created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Nov. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.).... ¶ In the Museum’s pavilion (16 W. 54th St.) there is a showing of more than two hundred spirit canoes, ritual poles, drums, shields, spears, ancestral figures, and animal sculptures collected by Michael C. Rockefeller in the Asmat region of New Guinea; through Oct. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A joint exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the Agrupación Arte No Figurativo (twenty-four contemporary abstract Argentine artists) and the National Association of Women Artists; through Nov. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs by forty-eight American artists make up an exhibit called “American Prints Today—1962,” which is being shown simultaneously in eight cities; through Sunday, Oct. 21.... ¶ “Fifty California Artists;” starting Wednesday, Oct. 24. (Daily, except Tuesday, Oct. 23, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 7: A new production of “Die Meistersinger,” with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Otto Wiener, Sandor Konya, and Murray Dickie.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: “Andrea Chénier,” with Eileen Farrell, Jean Madeira, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: “Aïda,” with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Monday, Oct. 22, at 8: “Madame Butterfly,” with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: “Die Meistersinger,” with Ingrid Bjoner, Helen Vanni, Otto Wiener, Sandor Konya, and Murray Dickie.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: “Fledermaus” (in English), with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Anneliese Rothenberger, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: “Andrea Chénier,” with Eileen Farrell, Jean Madeira, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: “Aïda,” with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Umberto Borsò, and Anselmo Colzani.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: “Madame Butterfly,” with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Barry Morell, and Clifford Harvuot. ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: “Cavalleria Rusticana,” with Rita Gorr, Rosalind Elias, and Daniele Barioni; and “Pagliacci,” with Raina Kabaiwanska, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mario Sereni.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 18: “Il Trittico” (“Il Tabaro,” "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi"). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 19: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 20: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 20: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 21: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 21: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 24: "The Wings of the Dove." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 25: "Louise." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 26: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 27: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 27: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 11.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein directing—Performances of Debussy's score for D'Annunzio's "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian" on Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 19, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3 (all with Felicia Montealegre and Fritz Weaver, narrators; Adele Addison and Virginia Babikian, sopranos; and the Choral Art Society. Mixed programs on Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 26, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3 (all with Eugene Istomin, piano).

Leningrad Philharmonic—Eugen Mravinsky conducting this Russian orchestra in its first appearances here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:40.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Otto Klemperer conducting an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the opening performances of the regular season here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 24, and Friday, Oct. 26, both at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra—Thomas Dunn conducting a second performance of Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos, with Roger Voisin, trumpet; Bernard Krainis, recorder; and others. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Jaime Laredo, Michael Tree, and the conductor, violin; David Soyer, cello; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3 and 9.)

Concert Opera Association—Thomas Scherman directing this new organization in two operas in concert form: Stravinsky's "Perséphone," with Vera Zorina, narrator, and Leopold Simoneau, tenor; and Monteverdi's "Ballo delle Ingrate," with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. Simoneau. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Christian Ferras and Pierre Barbizet—In a program of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Malcolm Frager—Piano. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2781.)

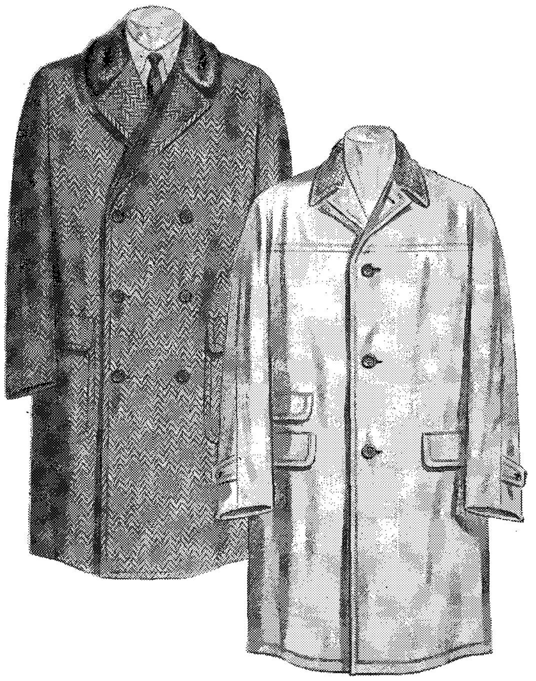
Harry Belafonte—Ballad singer. A benefit for International Child Health, Inc. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—With David Oppenheim, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Ruth Slenczynska—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Friends of Live Music—The Lenox Quartet in the first in a series of six concerts present-



ESTABLISHED 1818

now is the time to select your
WARM, PRACTICAL OUTERWEAR
for football or country weekends

(left) *Double-breasted wool tweed outercoat, made in a comfortable knee length and warmly lined in Alpaca. Blue-grey with a black Alpaca collar; brown heather with brown collar. Even sizes 38 to 46,* $80

(right) *New Brooksweather knee-length outercoat, with warm zip-out Darvan® acrylic lining. Tan, with blue-olive wool tweed collar,* $75

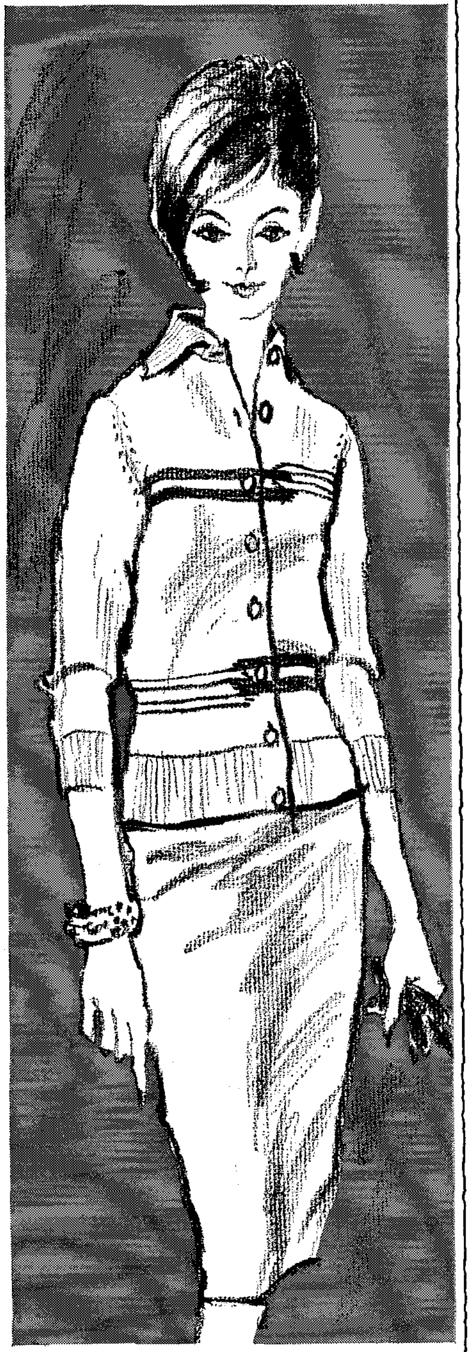
(not shown) *Reversible topcoats of English wool tweed and water-repellent cotton gabardine,* $85

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

BEST & CO.
5th Ave. at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



Pale knits bring springtime sparkle to mid-winter wardrobes. Our favorite . . . Bernhard Altmann's 2-piece merino wool with intarsia striped jacket over matching lined skirt. Sky blue with royal, willow with Alpine green or hazel with sable.
Sizes 10 to 16. *(N-10)* **35.00**
Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
Also at our 19 convenient Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing the Beethoven cycle. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 5:30.)

Sergio Franchi—Tenor, in a program of arias and Neapolitan songs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Claremont String Quartet—In an all-Schubert program, with Artur Balsam, piano, and Martin Bernstein, double bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Maro and Anahid Ajemian—Piano and violin, with Walter Rosenberger, percussion. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano, in a Beethoven-Bach program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk songs. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Stan Kenton with his orchestra. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 6:30: St. Louis vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 20: Zora Folley vs. Doug Jones, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27: Florentino Fernandez vs. Rubin Carter, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 20: Army vs. V.P.I., at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Navy, at Boston, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 27: Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

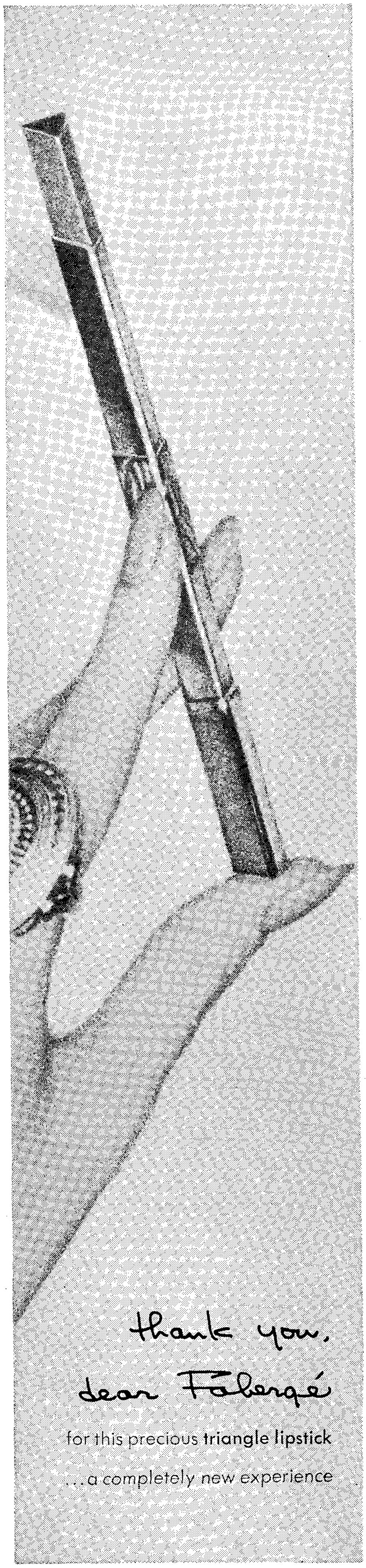
Professional Football—Giants vs. Detroit Lions. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7.)

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 20.). . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 23-28.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 20.). . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 27.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 27. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 20, and Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 25-26, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 26. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.). . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Wednesday, Dec. 5. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 27. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and


thank you,
dear Fabergé
for this precious triangle lipstick
. . . a completely new experience

connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 27, through Monday, Nov. 12.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS**: "Once Upon a Leprechaun." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2 and 3:30.)... **MERRI-MIMES**: "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **PETER PAN PLAYERS**: "The Nightingale." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Saturdays at 11, 1:30, and 3:30, and Sundays at noon.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology—Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star;" through Nov. 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"It Happens Every Spring," with Ray Milland and Paul Douglas. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

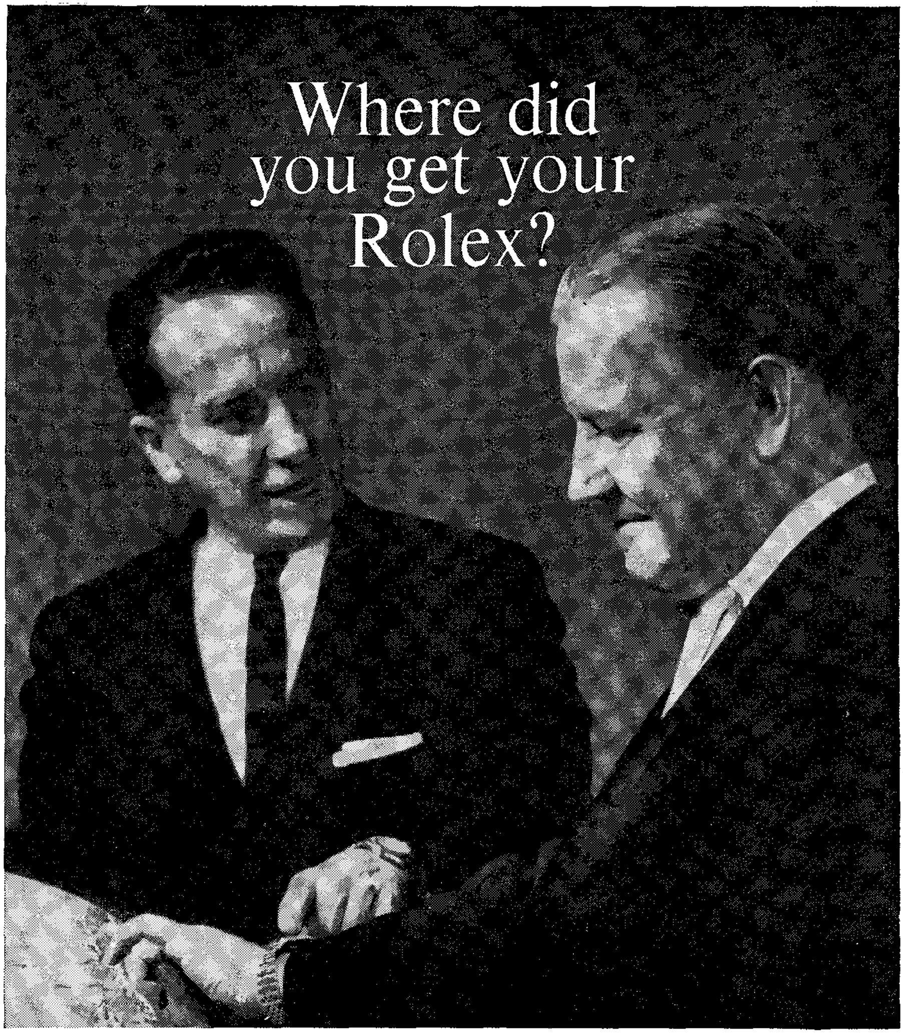
NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

ANTIQUES SHOW—The New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 18-19, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 20, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, at 1:45: Georgian furniture, silver, and cut glass; Rockingham and other porcelains; paperweights; paintings and drawings; and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Aline Bloom and from other sources. ... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 1:45: Literary and historical manuscripts from several collectors, among them the late Philip G. Straus. ... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: Primitives and old-master paintings by such artists as Rembrandt, Rubens, and Heinrich Funhof, together with Romanesque, Gothic, and other sculptures, and a set of seventeenth-century Mass vestments; the property of John and Johanna Bass. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 20.



Caleb Hammond (left), president of C. S. Hammond & Co., renowned mapmakers, puts the friendly question to Edward O'Connor, president of Thos. Cook & Son, the firm who made "Cook's Tours" an international byword.

Both men head world famous firms. On meeting, they found they had something else in common – their Rolex watches. Pride in Rolex ownership often starts conversations. Strangers become friends and each is distinguished as a person of taste and judgment. Rolex, they know, has produced more Swiss Government officially certified chronometers *than all other watch manufacturers combined.* (A chronometer must pass the inflexible standards of one of seven Swiss Testing Stations.)

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL

PAN AM

DATEJUST Oyster Perpetual (waterproof*, self-winding). Magnified date changes automatically at midnight. In steel and gold combination (as shown) $330.00 f.t.i. Slightly less with leather strap.

**When case, crown and crystal are intact*

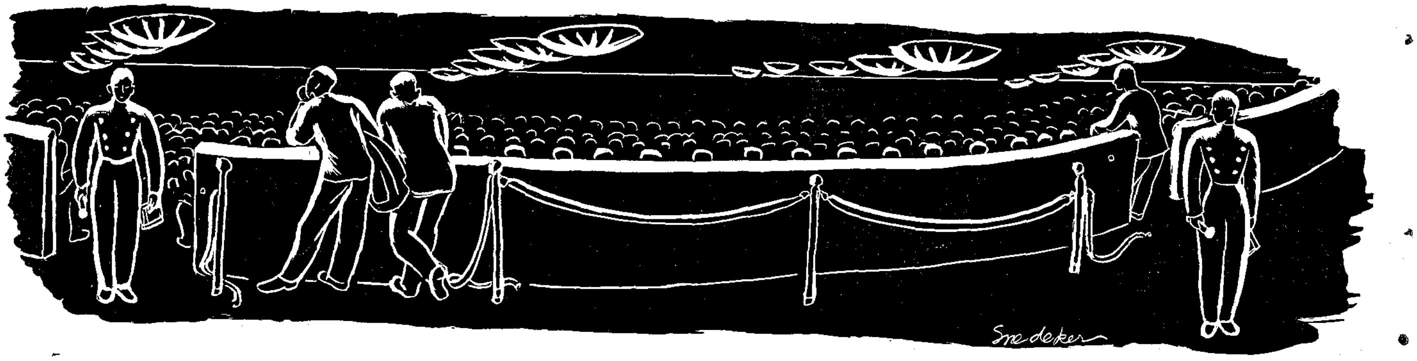
Official timepiece, Pan American World Airways

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORP., 580 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a beautiful cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Island—The sad and arduous lot of a family living on a hill far off the Japanese mainland in the Inland Sea. The film, written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda, has no dialogue but is an interesting movie to watch, and the actors make the most of any dramatic opportunities that come their way. These opportunities occur mostly toward the conclusion of the picture, which is a little slow getting started. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Kind of Loving—A kind of comedy, which manages to say quite cheerfully that life is a mug's game but not to be missed. The setting is English and the cast faultless. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—An English tragicomedy whose hero looks and behaves like a very young D. H. Lawrence. Thanks to the director, Tony Richardson, this proves to be a highly attractive state of lower-middle-class affairs. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—An overly reverent, unevenly acted film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 72nd St. TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinées at 1 and 4.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Miracle Worker—An immensely affecting version of the play, which, as you will recall, was based on the early life of Helen Keller. Anne Bancroft is most affecting as Miss Annie Sullivan, and Patty Duke is her match as the fierce child held incommunicado by deafness and blindness. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

The Notorious Landlady—A comedy of murder in an English setting. The script is witty, the action is brisk, and the performances, notably those by Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon, as a couple of diplomats at our London embassy, are as bright as anyone could wish for. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 24.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers is a very merry fellow, and he makes this English import seem a good deal livelier than it really is. But then the setting is Wales and the problem is sex, and Welsh sex may be more hilarious than other kinds. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 23.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn in a flawless portrayal of an undefeated pug. Very nearly equal in brilliance are Jackie Gleason, Julie Harris, and Mickey Rooney. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 24, tentative.)

That Touch of Mink—Age cannot wither Cary Grant and Doris Day, who fall in love as if for the first time and who look extremely well groomed even (in Mr. Grant's case) in a Turkish towel. An excellent comedy. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Very Private Affair—Brigitte Bardot in a version of her own life that, played by anyone else, would surely seem libellous. The fascination of the film lies in the sleight of hand of the director, Louis Malle. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Viridiana—From Spain comes Luis Buñuel's frightening, masterly account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 24.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Big Deal (1960)—From Italy comes this takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 19-20.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 19-22.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Oct. 23.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 19-20.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 18.)

Gervaise (1957)—A French film, based on Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Maria Schell. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 24, tentative.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 24, tentative.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 21-22.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 23.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Oct. 21.)

No Love for Johnnie (1961)—Peter Finch is a middle-aged politician on the make in this English import. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 24.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 23.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 3-6170; through Oct. 20, evening performances only, except on Saturday.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Oct. 18, at 8 P.M.: "42nd Street" (1933), with Bebe Daniels and Ruby Keeler. . . . ¶ Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957." Through Oct. 20 (showings at 3 and 5:30): "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), directed by and with Victor Sjöström. Oct. 21-24 (showings at 3): "Sons of Ingmar" (1918), directed by and with Victor Sjöström. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 23: "Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin.
From Oct. 24: "The Manchurian Candidate," Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Oct. 23: "The Smashing of the Reich" and "Kamikaze," both documentary films on the Second World War.
From Oct. 24: "We'll Bury You," a documentary film.

Griffith, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
"Lola" (in French), Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Gigot," Jackie Gleason, Katherine Kath.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"No Man Is an Island," Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Perez.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 24 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Oct. 20: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and "The Big Sleep," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.
Oct. 21-24: "Lucky Jim," revival, Ian Carmichael, Hugh Griffith.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 23 (last showing at 11 A.M.): "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.
Oct. 23, at 7:30: "The Big Combo," a revival with Cornel Wilde, plus the telecast of the Gene Fullmer-Dick Tiger fight, from San Francisco.
From Oct. 24: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Andrew Duggan.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 23: **A TASTE OF HONEY.**
From Oct. 24: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Crime Does Not Pay" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Gabriele Ferzetti.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 20: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.
Oct. 21-23: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.
From Oct. 24: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Andrew Duggan.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A KIND OF LOVING.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Phaedra," Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Devi" (in Bengali).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 23: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**; and "Loss of Innocence," Kenneth More, Danielle Darrieux.
From Oct. 24: "We'll Bury You," a documentary film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 23: "Pressure Point," Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin.
From Oct. 24: "The Manchurian Candidate," Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 23: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.
From Oct. 24: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Andrew Duggan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 23: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.
From Oct. 24: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 18: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
Oct. 19-20: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian), revival; and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French), revival.
Oct. 21-22: **I AM A CAMERA**, revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
From Oct. 23: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** and "Rashomon" (both in Japanese and both revivals).

VICTORIA
1877
BAR Sullivan's BAR
RESTAURANT
BAR MORAHAN'S GRILL
BAR
Tom Funk

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 23: **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**
From Oct. 24: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish); and **NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 24 (tentative): **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and **GERVAISE** (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 21: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival.
From Oct. 22: "Il Grido" (in Italian), Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 22: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.
Oct. 23: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From Oct. 24: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 24 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ISLAND (a Japanese film without dialogue).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 21: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival.
From Oct. 22: "Il Grido" (in Italian), Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Passion of Slow Fire" (in French), Jean Desailly, Alexandra Stewart.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Oct. 22: "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.
From Oct. 23: "Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 22: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.
Oct. 23: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival.
From Oct. 24: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Mr. Arkadin," Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
THE MIRACLE WORKER; and "Follow a Star," revival, Norman Wisdom.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 18: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
Oct. 19-22: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.
From Oct. 23: **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent); and "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 23: **THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY**; and "The Wild Westerners," Nancy Kovack, James Philbrook.
From Oct. 24: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Andrew Duggan.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 24 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 22: "Damn the Defiant!," Alec Guinness, Dirk Bogarde; and "Twenty Plus Two," David Janssen, Jeanne Crain.
Oct. 23: "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From Oct. 24: "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 23: "The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives; and "The Scarface Mob," Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn.
From Oct. 24: "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron; and "House of Women," Shirley Knight, Andrew Duggan.

LOOK FOR AT LEAST 65% "DACRON"* POLYESTER WITH COTTON. COAT SHOWN: 80% "DACRON", 20% COTTON. * DU PONT'S TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRICS OR CLOTHES.

"DACRON"® IS AN ALL-WEATHER FRIEND
POLYESTER FIBER

Let it rain. Let it shine. "Dacron" will keep you looking fine in this handsome all-weather coat. It's a lustrous new blend of 80% "Taslan"-textured "Dacron"* polyester, 20% cotton — rich in texture, hefty of hand, subtly iridescent in color. About $40. Charcoal, brown, blue and natural. At WEBER & HEILBRONER, 11 stores in metropolitan New York; MUSE'S, Atlanta; M. L. ROTHSCHILD & CO., Chicago; BURKHART'S, Cincinnati; GANO DOWNS CO., Denver. Ask for the dashing Royal Touch Cort by Gleneagles

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Presenting the crisp, new, custom look of

CHRYSLER '63

What is the crisp, new, custom look of Chrysler '63?

Unrehearsed comments from some of America's outstanding designers, fashion experts, and stylists describe it this way: "Town car elegance" . . . "Crisp simplicity of line" . . . "The formal look with a sporting flair."

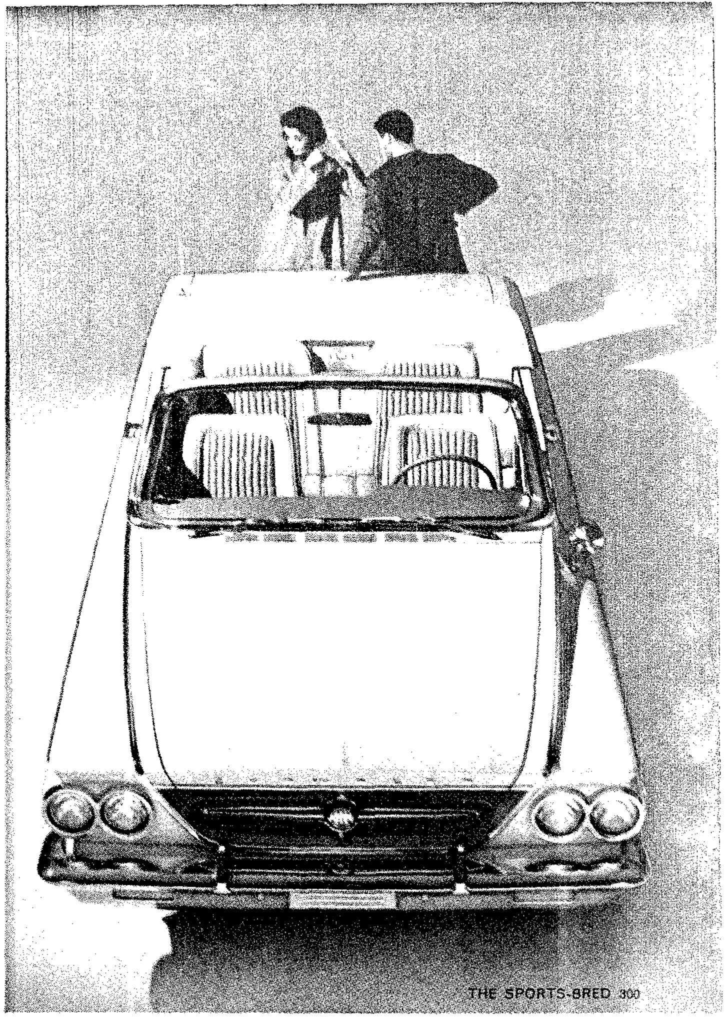
We think you'll agree with these experts. For here is a styling look that stands apart from the crowd . . . it is *impressive* no matter how you look at it, inside or out.

And this year, as always, neither your investment (nor your pride) will be undercut by a jr. edition. We build only full-size cars with full-size power and full-size roominess.

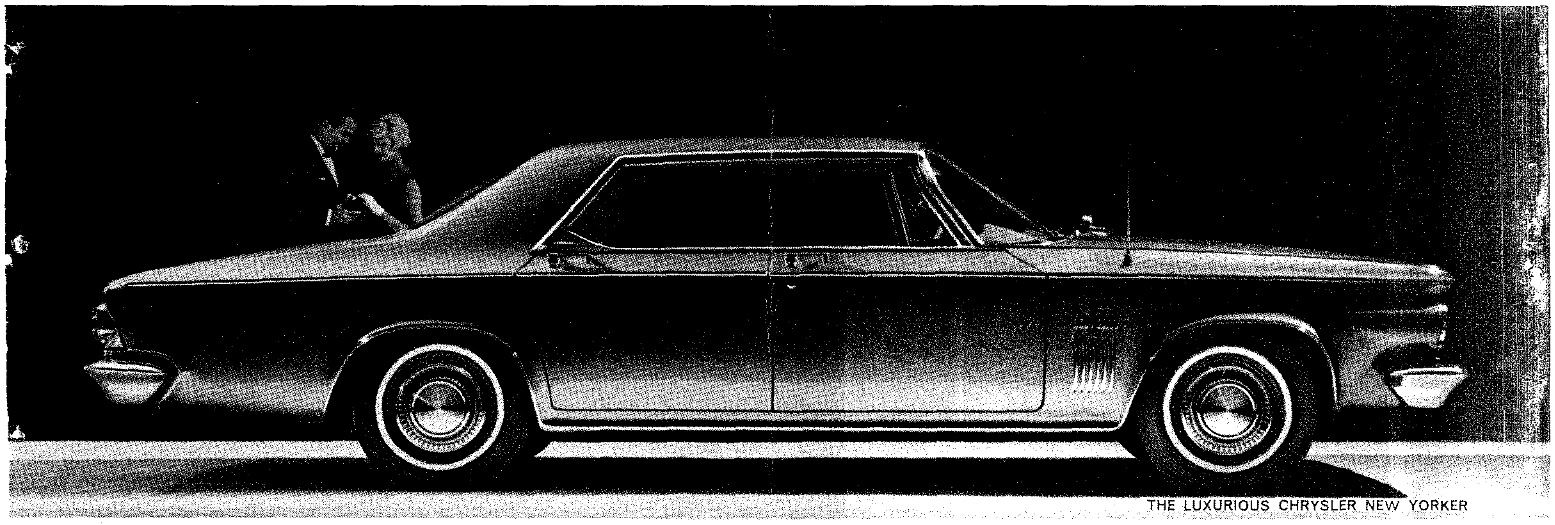
Another big and important reason you should take a big, beautiful step ahead to the 1963 Chrysler: new five-year or 50,000-mile power-train warranty.*

*Your authorized Chrysler Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head, and internal parts; transmission case, and internal parts, excluding manual clutch; torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (excluding dust covers), rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Certified Car Care schedules. Factory-approved remanufactured parts may be used for replacement.

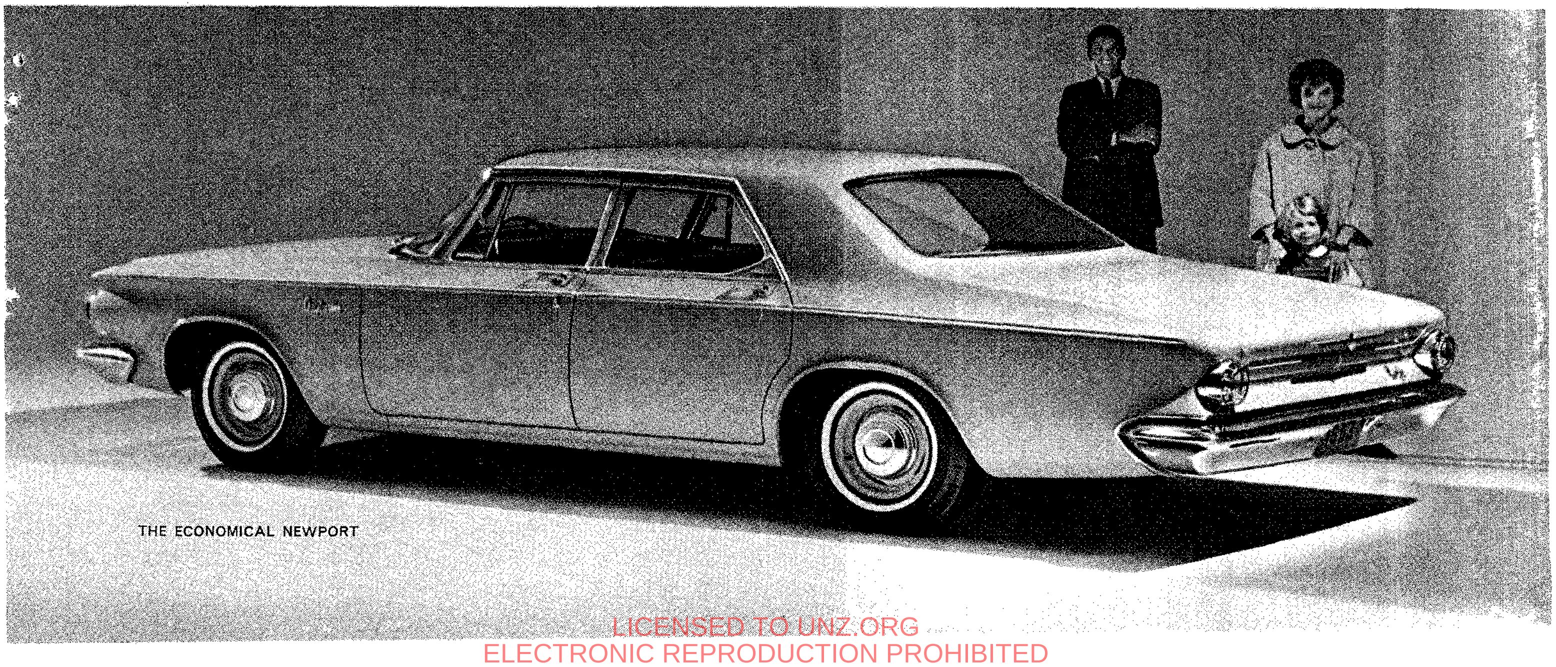
A QUALITY PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



THE SPORTS-BRED 300



THE LUXURIOUS CHRYSLER NEW YORKER



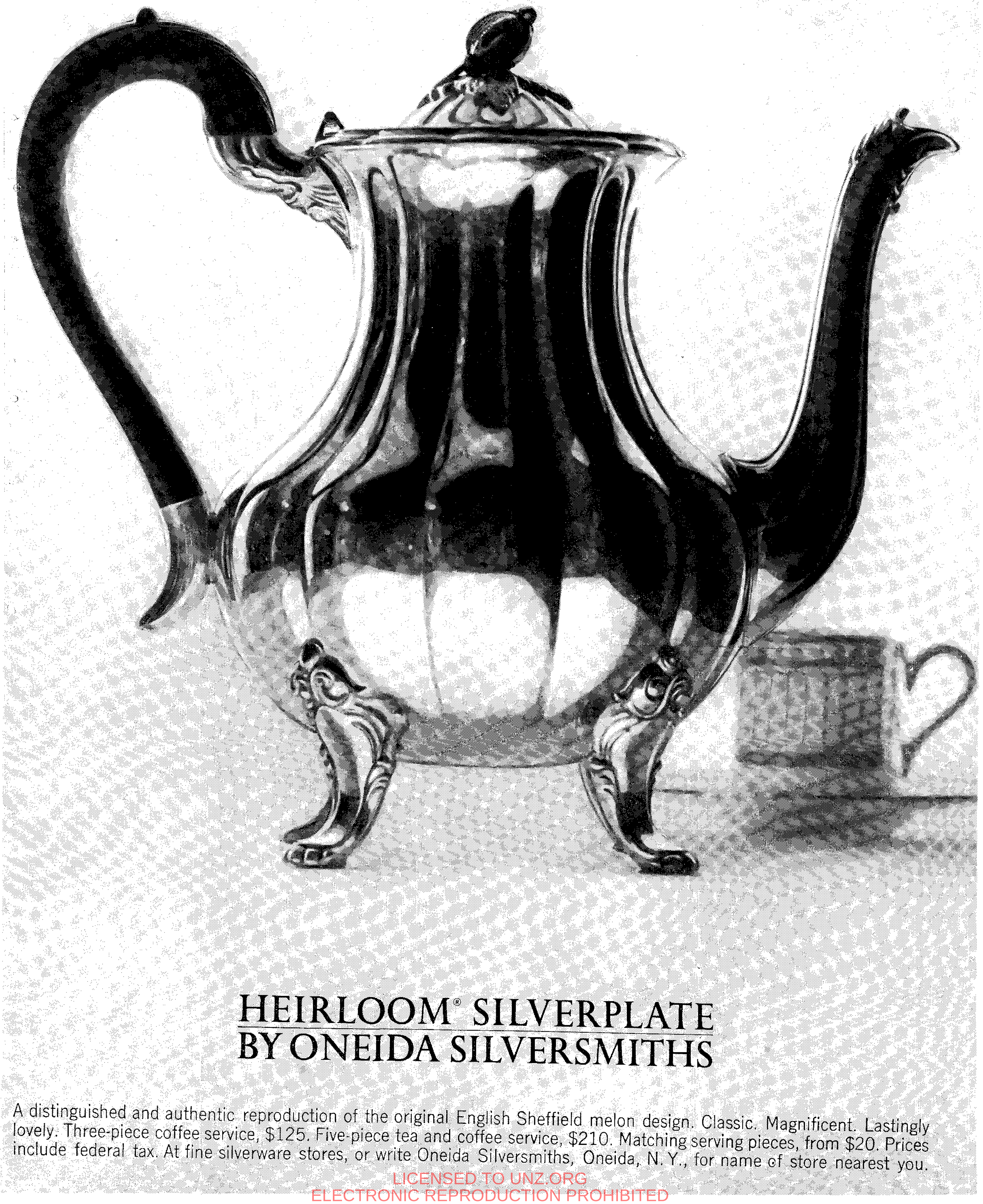
THE ECONOMICAL NEWPORT

Is there more than one way to make good coffee?

COFFEE OF BRAZIL

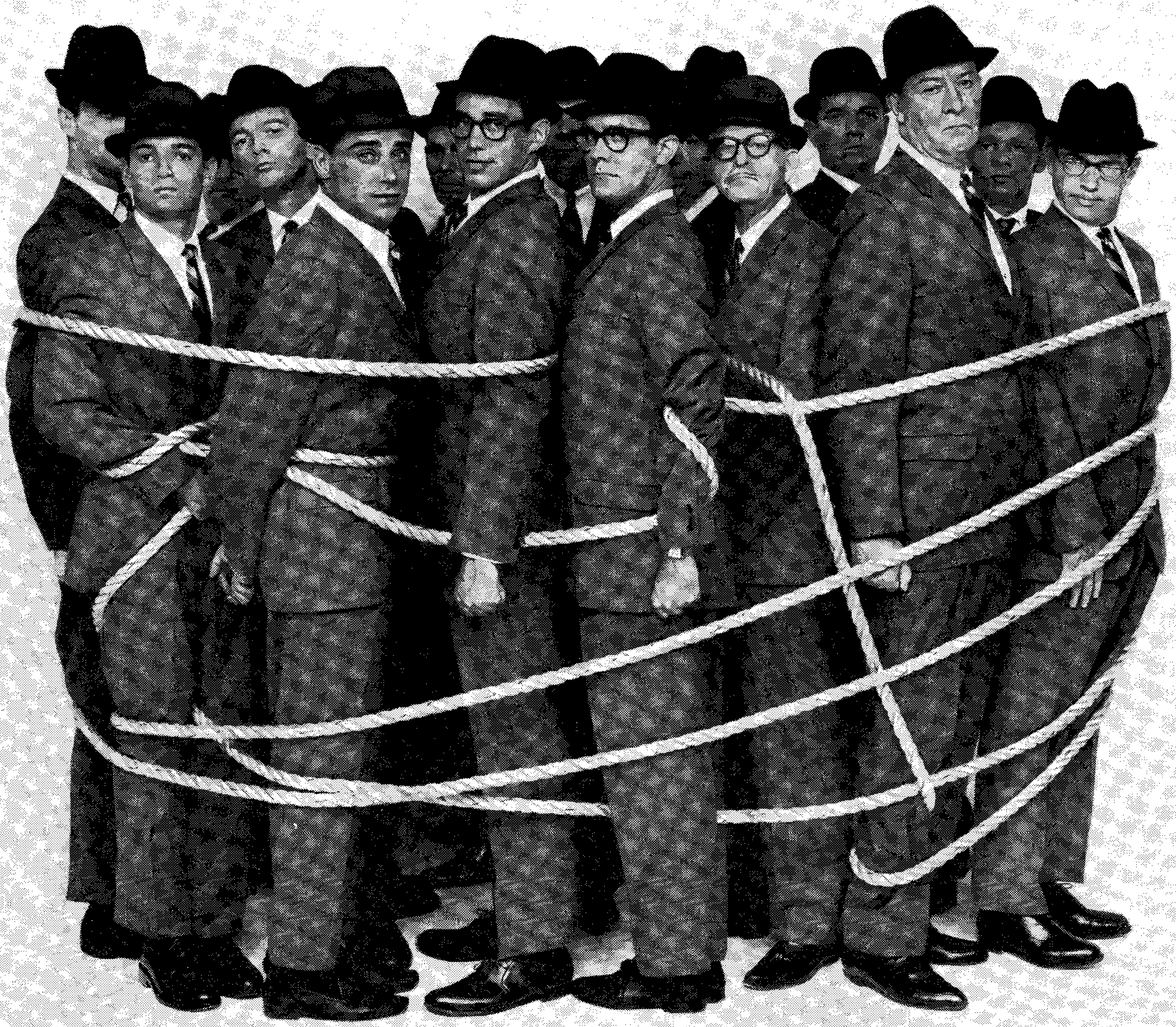
The Coffee Man is glad you asked that question. Because there are as many different ways to make good coffee as there are different types of coffee pots, grinds, roasts. But, each has its own, and only, right way. And the Coffee Man is here from Brazil to show you how easy it all is. Because he's the heart and soul of just about every brand of coffee, in every country of the world. American coffee at home. Café Filtre in France. Espresso in Italy. Kahvè in Turkey. Cafézinho in Brazil. You name it, it's Brazilian. Because Brazil is c-o-f-f-e-e! Let your coffee pots take you all over the world. Write The Coffee Man, Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall St., NY 5, for "Coffee Round the World". Make your home the house of great coffee.

THERE'S NOTHING AS GOOD AS A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE **COFFEE OF BRAZIL**

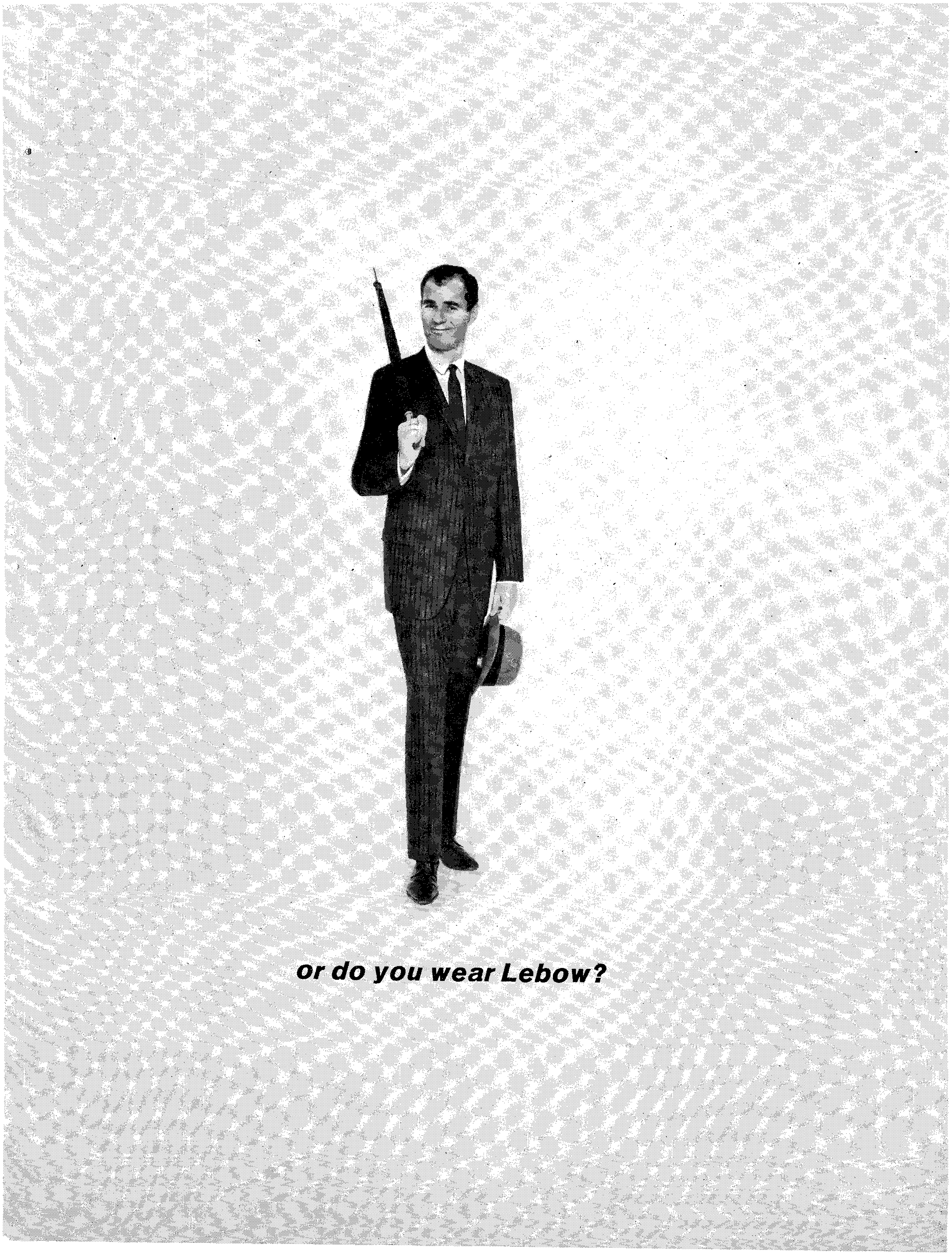


HEIRLOOM® SILVERPLATE
BY ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS

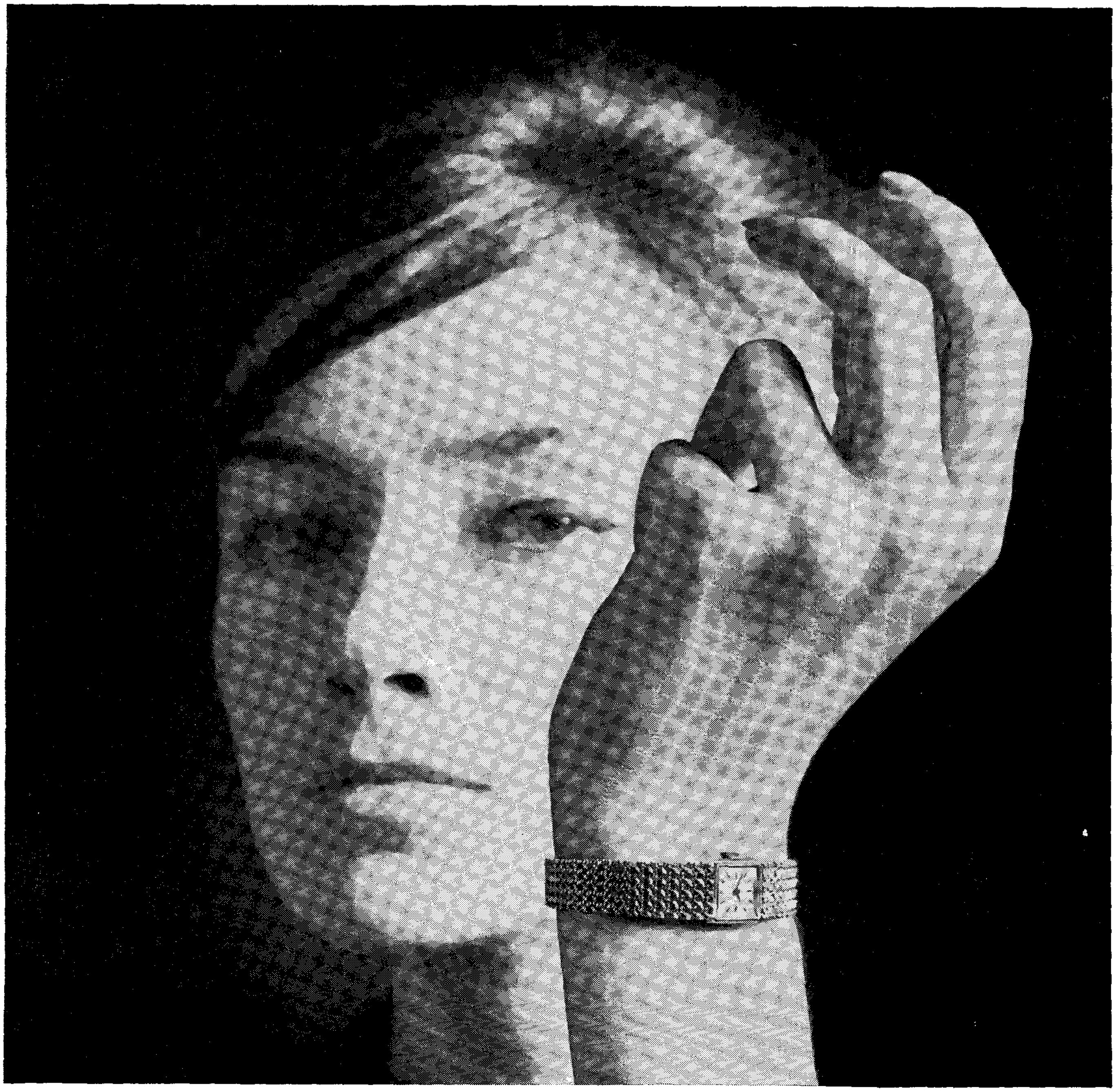
A distinguished and authentic reproduction of the original English Sheffield melon design. Classic. Magnificent. Lastingly lovely. Three-piece coffee service, $125. Five-piece tea and coffee service, $210. Matching serving pieces, from $20. Prices include federal tax. At fine silverware stores, or write Oneida Silversmiths, Oneida, N. Y., for name of store nearest you.



one of the herd?


or do you wear Lebow?

ear the one suit that sets you apart as an individual. **Lebow Clothes for men** 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Concord is the watch your jeweler puts his own name on

(and proudly, too!)

The delightfully feminine bracelet watch shown above (and to the right) is a Concord. Our name is on it. At one time or another, however, you may have seen this very same watch bearing another name. Your jeweler's name.

Why do jewelers put their names on our watches? Because they respect Concords. They have confidence in Concords. They know Concords to be precision instruments (Swiss made by the master watchmakers of all time), as well as being tastefully styled. Nothing ever garish about a Concord.

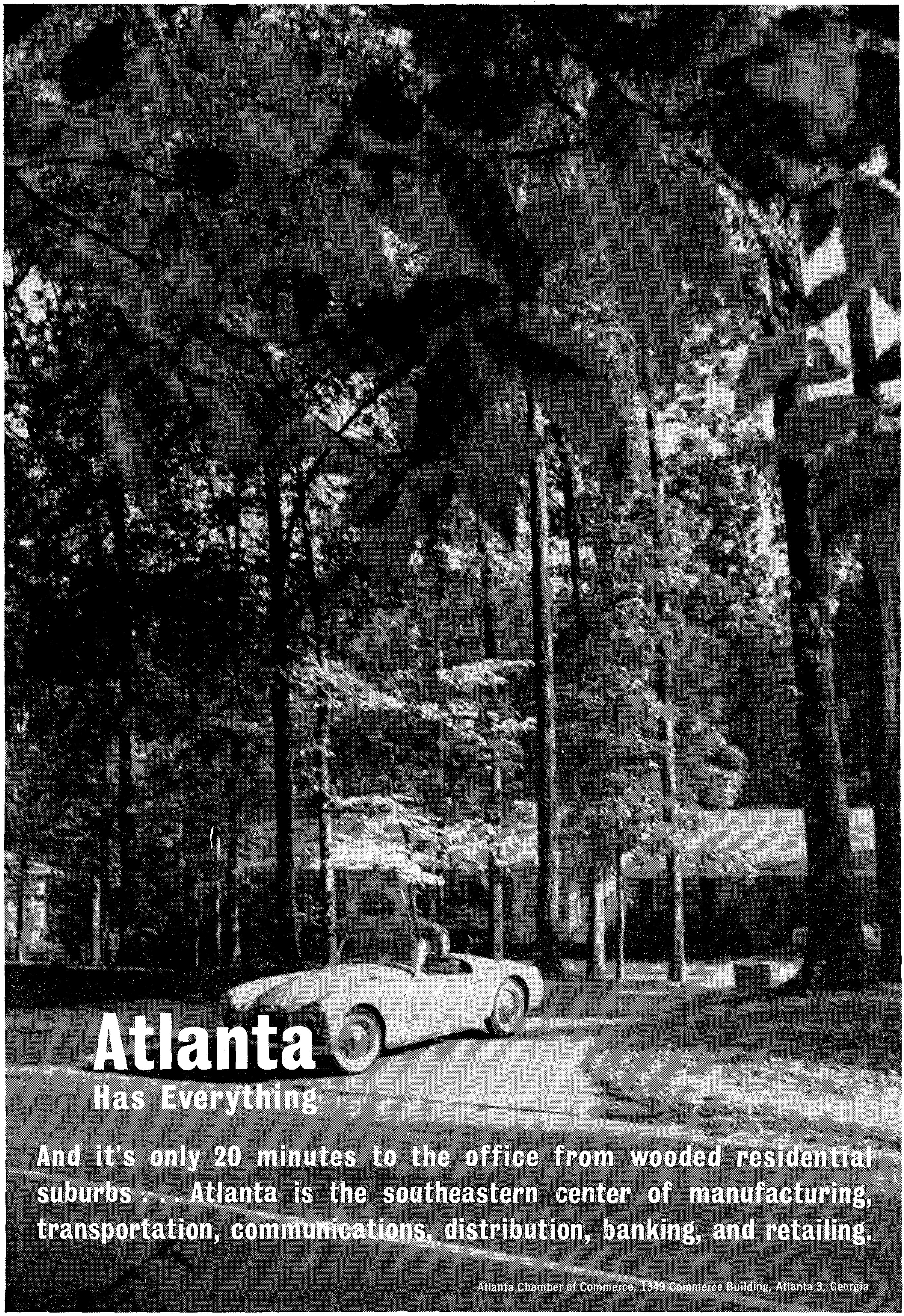
So do enjoy the unequivocal luxury of a Concord watch. Wouldn't this Concord look lovely on your wrist tonight? (Indeed, yes!) In fourteen karat embossed yellow gold, with an eighteen karat marker dial—three hundred and thirty dollars, including federal tax. Concord watches and clocks, of course, are available at only the very finest jewelers.

CONCORD

Concord Watch Company 720 Fifth Avenue New York 19, N.Y.

"This is a Gamin... ***leaping lizards!***"

If you react to reptiles, you'll jump at the chance to own our lean lizard shoes, tamed to an orbit toe, tinted in un-lizard-like hues and mounted on Gaminlike little straight heels. These lively ones, $24 at Andrew Geller stores. GAMINS®



Atlanta

Has Everything

And it's only 20 minutes to the office from wooded residential suburbs . . . Atlanta is the southeastern center of manufacturing, transportation, communications, distribution, banking, and retailing.

Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, 1349 Commerce Building, Atlanta 3, Georgia

another in a series about the F. J. Coopers—extraordinary third-generation Philadelphia jewelers

Have you heard the superstition about opals?

The opal (October's birthstone) is supposed to bring the wearer bad luck. This silly myth started when Alphonso XII of Spain and a few members of his family suddenly and unexpectedly expired—one after the other. Everyone said an opal ring caused this rather unfortunate set of circumstances. How ridiculous. (Maybe the cook didn't like them any more.)

In any case, Mrs. Douglas Cooper is not the least bit superstitious. She owns several opals herself, of course, and is shown here modeling Mr. Cooper's magnificent opal pendant (which can also be worn as a ring). A very clever safety-catch makes it possible to change it from one to the other almost as fast as you change your moods.

Mr. Cooper said it is one of the finest gem opals he has ever seen. It is richly endowed with a diamond wreath and priced at seven thousand seven hundred dollars. (And as you know—if you have ever played a well-known game of dice—two sevens can be a lucky combination.)

Opals are mined in Australia. We thought, therefore, it only fitting that we also submit for your approval two herbivorous leaping marsupial mammals—a mother and baby. A most delightful eighteen karat gold brooch with ruby eyes, $66. Gold kangaroos are very friendly. They eat next to nothing. They do not hop about. And they are not the least bit superstitious. Are you?

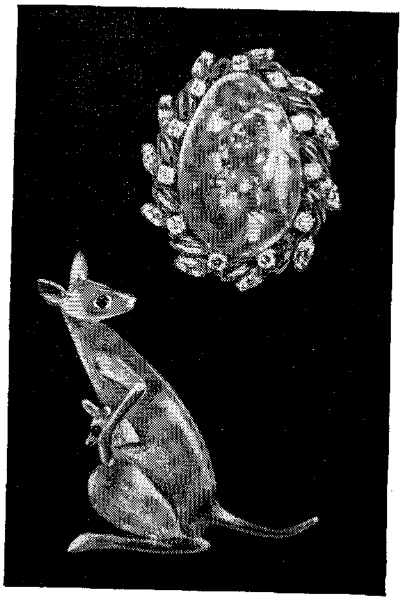
F·J·COOPER INC.

jewelers by birth . . . since 1883

1416 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 2, Penna.

and F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England

Federal Tax included on both the opal pendant (ring) and kangaroo brooch. Add 4% for Pennsylvania delivery. Both shown actual size.

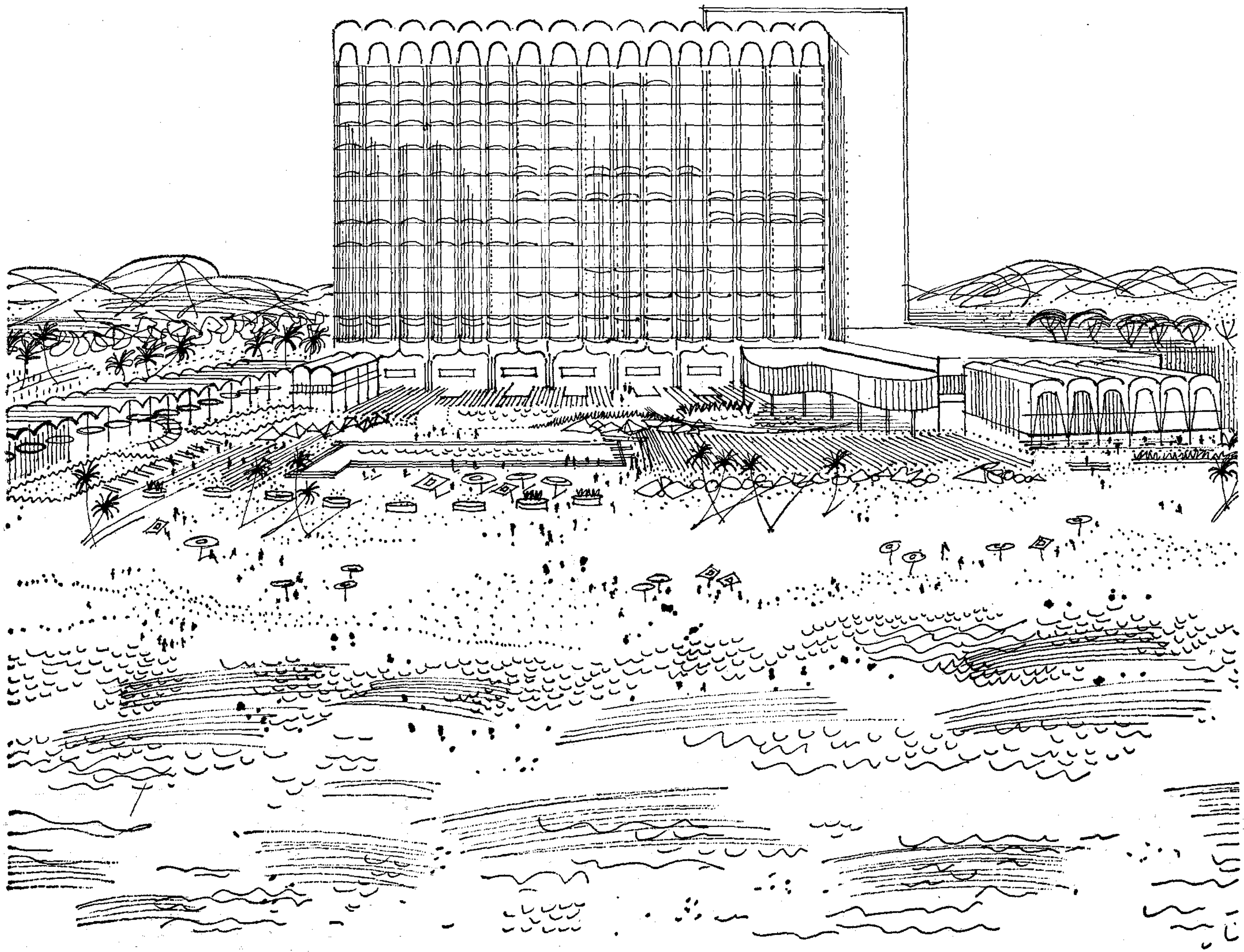


PREMIERE IN PUERTO RICO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH

An invitation to people
who like gracious diversion
in charming, spacious surroundings

americana
OCEANFRONT—SAN JUAN
NEAL LANG, V. P. AND MANAGING DIRECTOR

A LOEW'S HOTEL • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT



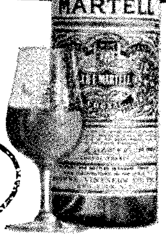
COLOR BROCHURE ON REQUEST. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL:
NEW YORK: JU 6-6105 • CHICAGO: DE 2-1237 • MIAMI: UN 5-7511 • WASHINGTON, D.C.: RE 7-1000

"In France, after dinner, we stay with the grape"

—Michel Martell

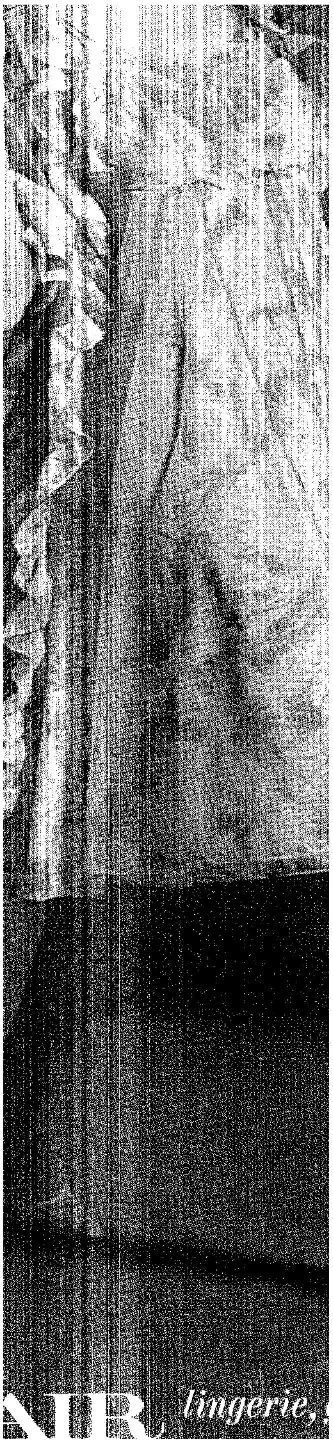
MICHEL MARTELL IS THE SEVENTH GENERATION OF HIS FAMILY TO HEAD THE MARTELL FIRM.

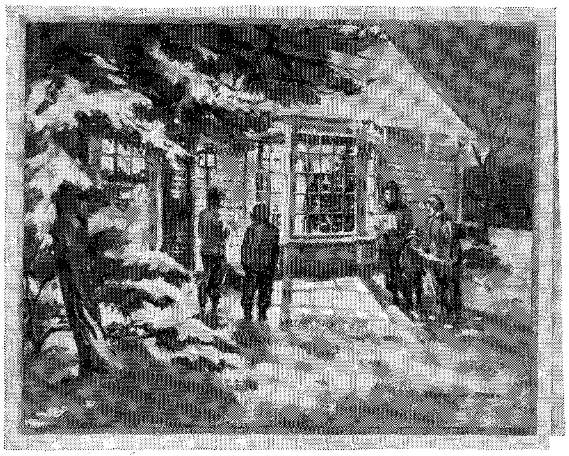
"Wine with dinner is our custom," says M. Martell. "So is cognac afterwards." Sip the grape at its most glorious—in Martell Cognac Brandy and discover why it has long been the largest selling cognac in France. The French have been enjoying it since 1715. For you—it is never too late to begin.

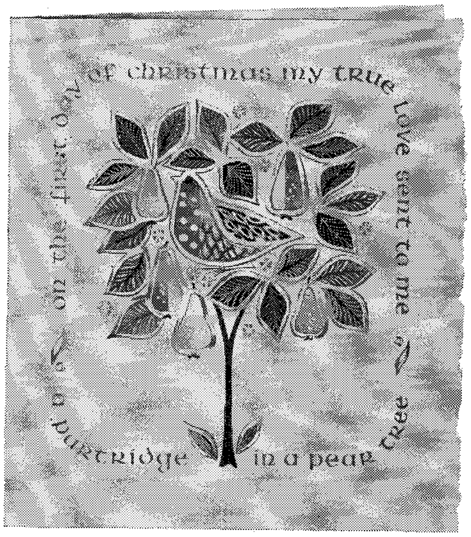


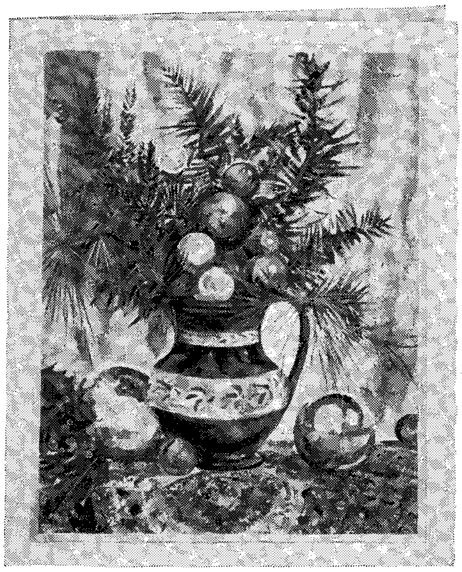
MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY

M. Martell's five brandy glasses of fine French stemware. Send $2 to I.S.M. Dept. NY-1020, P.O. Box 2180, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17, N.Y.
3 STAR COGNAC BRANDY, 84 PROOF. SOLE UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVE, BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.


AIR
lingerie,



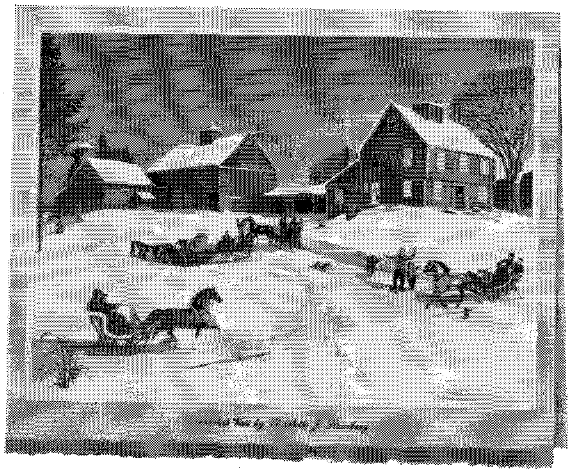

On the first day of christmas my true love sent to me a partridge in a pear tree

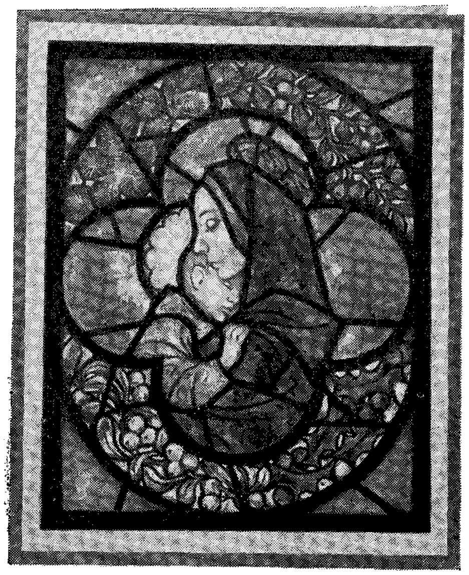


reflections of a personality

. . . and the one Christmas Card that truly reflects *your* personality awaits your selection in the American Artists Group collections. These cards are created by America's foremost artists. Some cards are traditional, some modern, some gay, some religious; some depict Americana at holiday time. In this infinite variety of full color subjects and styles you will find *your* Christmas Card, a card to be remembered, treasured, perhaps framed. Choose it now, from the American Artists Group collections, at the better stores.

American Artists Group Christmas Cards





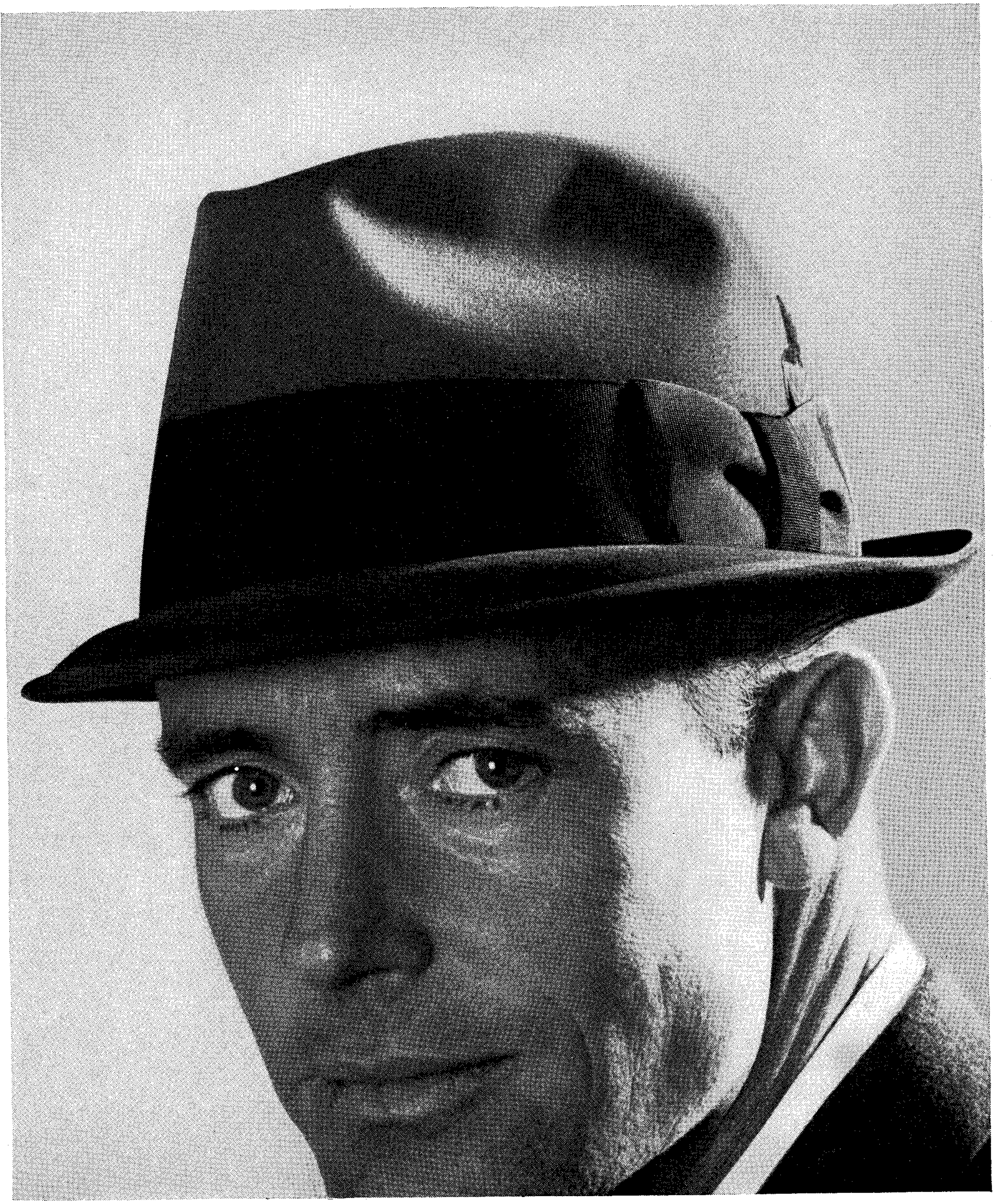
People have changed...

to Gleneagles

Remember when outercoats were a weighty matter? Today, Gleneagles is the light in the life of people who have turned their backs on the bulk of yesteryear. Gleneagles is a wardrobe of coats—all in one. Follow the trend, un-shoulder the burden of coats that have seen their day. ☐ For Him: The Glen. For Her: The Lady Glen. Finished in Aqaron® "100" for lasting rain and stain repellency. Needs no reproofing. Automatic wash 'n wear of 65% Dacron,* 35% cotton. Both about $29.95. For name of nearest store, write: Lamm Bros., Inc., 311 N. Exeter St., Balt. 2, Md.

Gleneagles

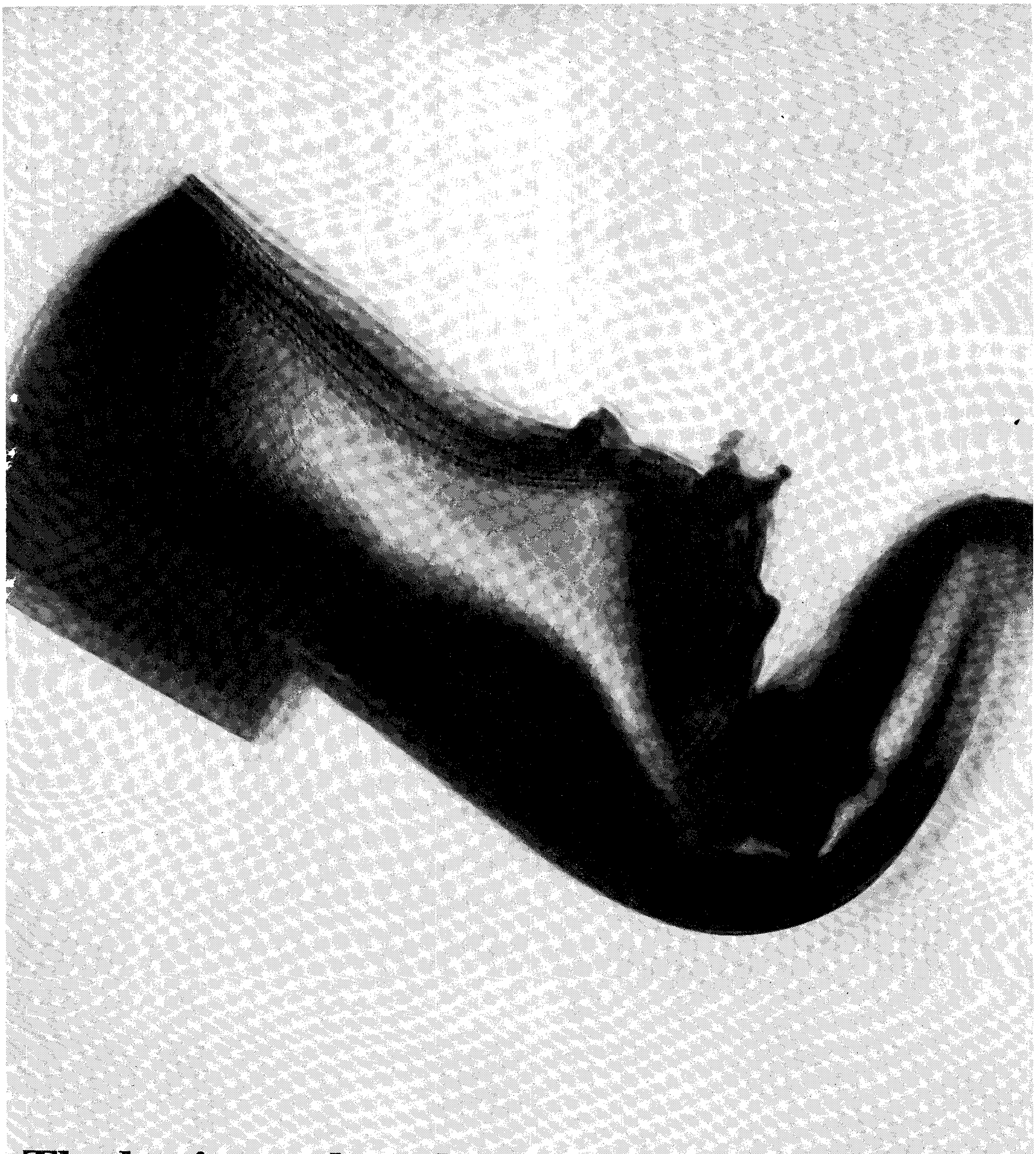
*DuPont's TM



This man is wearing two hats

We mean that literally. His Disney "Double Eagle" is actually two exceptionally lightweight hats, one *within* the other. This unusual construction gives unique, lasting body to fine fur felt. The result is pure luxury. (Just wait until you try one on!) The "touch" is something special: incredibly soft; finely textured; very, very posh. From its handcrafted brim edge to its smartly tapered crown, the "Double Eagle" is a brilliant new expression of the hatmaker's craft—and a tribute to discriminating taste. Now at favored hatters in the season's most distinguished hues. $20.00.

Disney
fine hats for gentlemen
DISNEY HATS, 589 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y. 17, N.Y.



The business shoe that needs no breaking in!

We make these shoes as flexible as Mother Nature made your feet. Soft, light, yet we guarantee they won't lose their shape.

Making a soft *leisure* shoe with no shape-holding construction is simple. Almost anyone can do that. But a soft, flexible *business* shoe constructed to hold its shape throughout its life —that takes Johnston & Murphy's exclusive Trampoline construction. Johnston & Murphy craftsmen can be described as "sculptors in leather." They take the finest steam-moistened leather and fit it to the last by hand. Also by hand they *stitch* in the insoles for further flexibility. They wouldn't dream of cementing the outsoles to the uppers because cement stiffens when it dries. Again, they *hand*-stitch. Then they carefully slide a shield of shock-absorbing foam beneath the insole. Then, to be sure of their handiwork, they bend, twist and squeeze the shoe ... deliberately try to force it out of shape to be sure that it *will* spring back and hold its shape. If ever it doesn't, they reject it. That's J&M Trampoline. Heather. A one-piece blucher of imported calf. Black. Dark Brown. $35.

Johnston & Murphy

GENESCO PARK, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE / GENESCO EVERYTHING TO WEAR

HOW MANY OF YOUR BUSINESS PROBLEMS ARE REALLY COMMUNICATIONS PROBLEMS?

This man can help you find out! ▼

He's a Bell Telephone Communications Consultant. He helps all kinds of business firms solve operating problems by studying their needs and tailor-fitting communications to them.

Example: making the switchboard do the job . . .

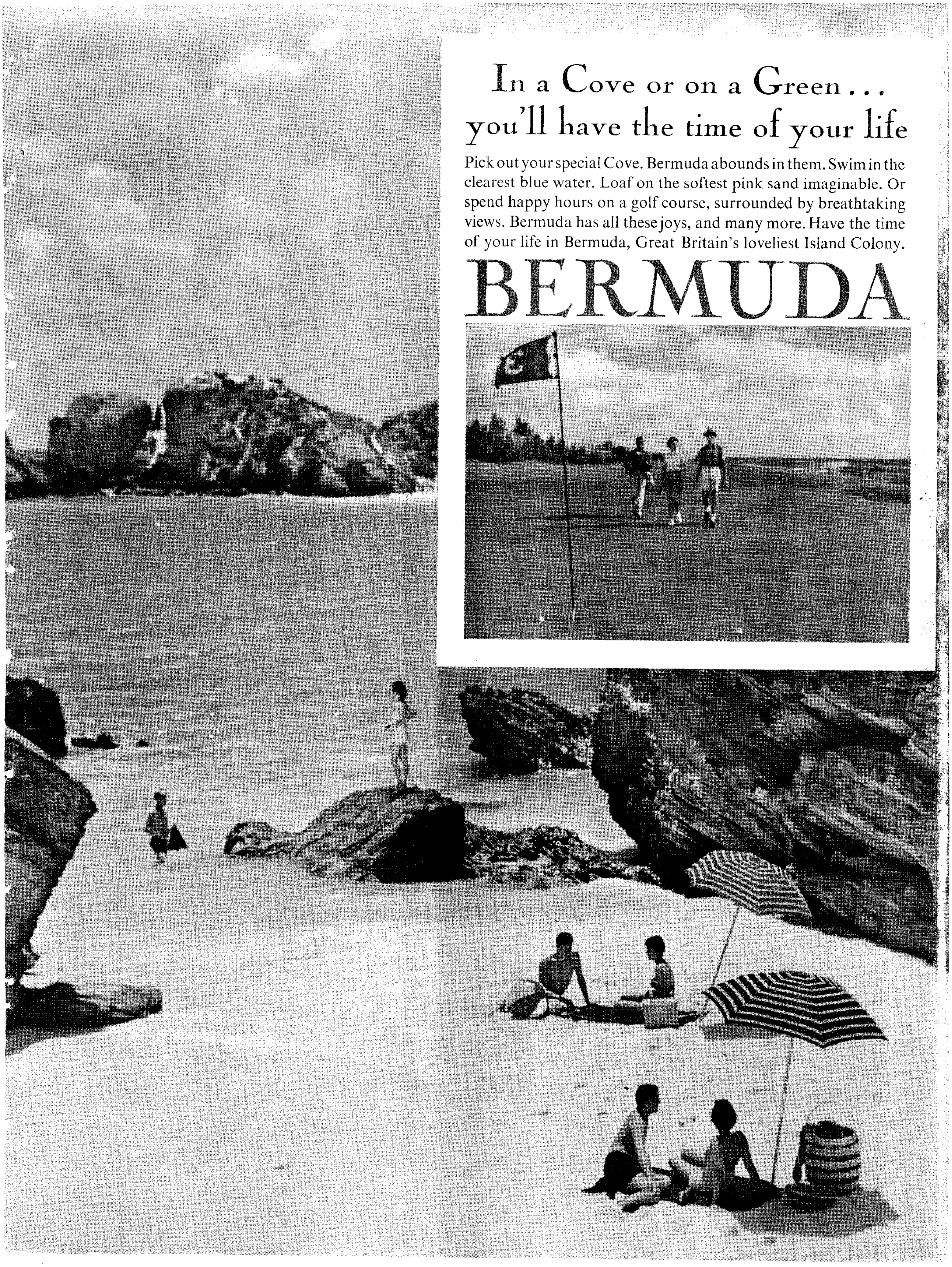
Business firms have a habit of outgrowing switchboards. They get more and more customers. Employees increase. Calling loads grow. At peak periods, the board gets jammed. Customers wait. Employees wait. Business suffers.

One solution the Communications Consultant can offer is a new dial-PBX system. It lets employees dial most calls right from their desks, without going through the board. The switchboard attendant can then give full attention to incoming calls and outgoing Long Distance calls.

You may not have this particular problem, but you undoubtedly have others that can be solved just as effectively.

Let the Consultant study your needs. You have nothing to lose—probably a lot to gain. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



In a Cove or on a Green . . . you'll have the time of your life

Pick out your special Cove. Bermuda abounds in them. Swim in the clearest blue water. Loaf on the softest pink sand imaginable. Or spend happy hours on a golf course, surrounded by breathtaking views. Bermuda has all these joys, and many more. Have the time of your life in Bermuda, Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony.

BERMUDA

Superb tennis on all-weather courts. Fish, deepsea or inshore, in one of the world's great fishing areas. Sail a 14-ft. Sunfish. Skindive. Water-ski. Shop where the best British and European merchandise is displayed. Dine and dance on a romantic seaside terrace. See your travel agent or write: "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. • 111 Richmond St., W., Toronto.

REMY MARTIN
MAP REPRESENTING VARIOUS GROWTHS OF THE COGNAC DISTRICT
FRANCE
COGNAC
GRANDE CHAMPAGNE
PETITE CHAMPAGNE
BORDERIES
FINS BOIS
BONS BOIS
BOIS ORDINAIRES
IMPORTED BY
RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEWARK, N.J.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
V.S.O.P.
E. REMY MARTIN & Co.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
Established in 1724
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
REMY MARTIN

Proudly we turn our back...

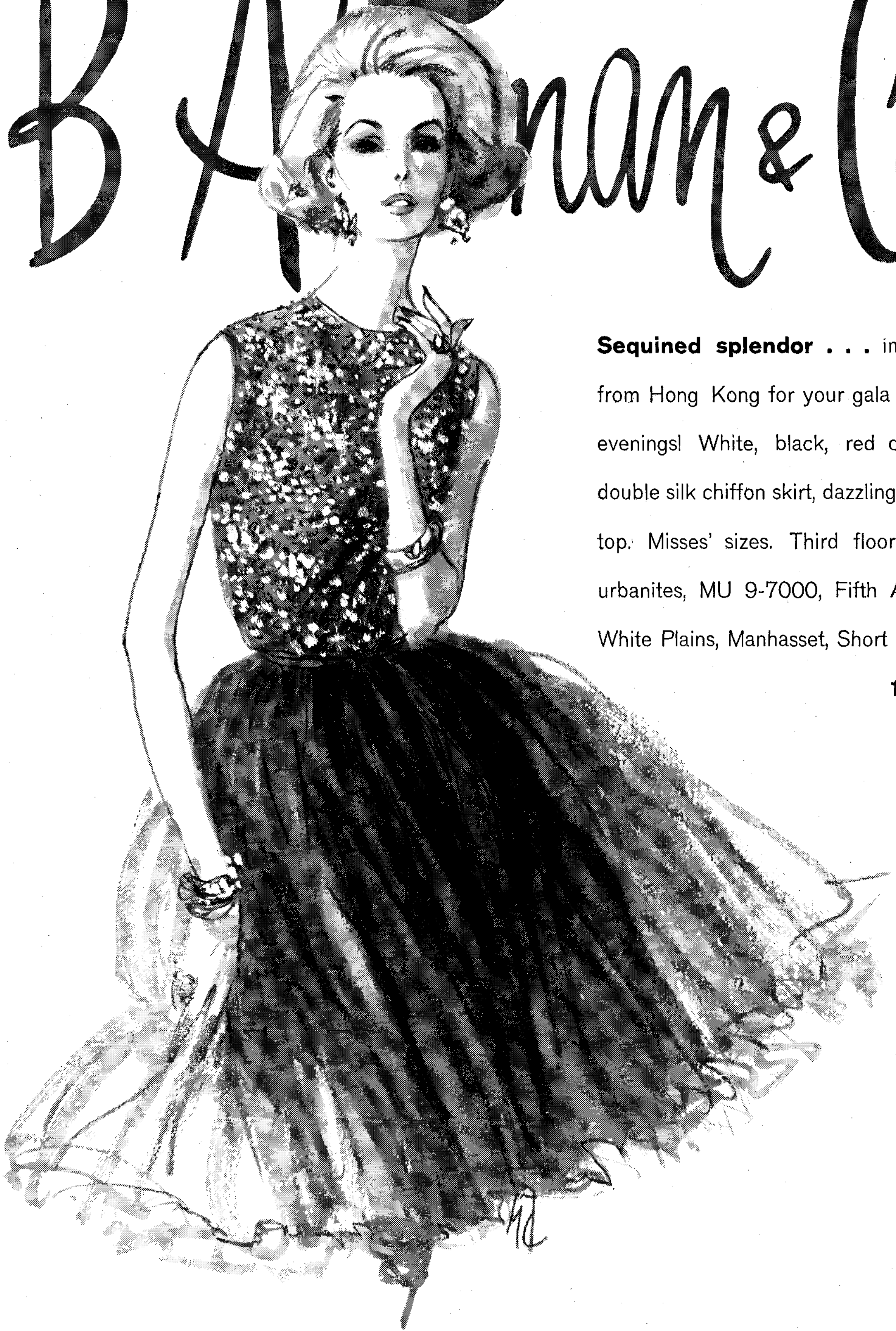
The back label of Remy Martin "Fine Champagne" Cognac shows a section of the map of France, which explains why some Cognac is superior to others. Even though all Cognac must come from the small select Cognac region of France, in "Fine Champagne" Cognac *only* the prized, precious grapes grown in the two tiny innermost parts of the Cognac area can be used. No other grapes will do, *by law.* Enjoy Remy Martin, the Cognac of connoisseurs for more than two centuries. Remy Martin V.S.O.P. "Fine Champagne" Cognac, one of the world's most luxurious drinks — acclaimed as the finest in 110 nations.

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

Peter Duchin plays at the St. Regis Maisonette and dancing's back in style.

Peter plays piano, and with his orchestra, makes nostalgic, romantic music . . . dim-light mood music . . . up-tempo fun music . . . but always, music that's definitely to dance to. Once in a while you'll recognize a trace of his late father's melodic style . . . but most of the time it's Peter's own. Dine, dance, dream at the Maisonette. Or, have dinner at La Boite, an intimate trysting place downstairs; or lunch in the merry old King Cole Bar, favorite of New York business men (ladies invited after 4 p.m.) . . . in fact, why not enjoy all the wonderful traditions of the St. Regis—at *fifty-fifth and Fifth.* For reservations . . . call PLaza 3-4500

B. Altman & Co



Sequined splendor . . . imported from Hong Kong for your gala holiday evenings! White, black, red or royal double silk chiffon skirt, dazzling sequin top. Misses' sizes. Third floor young urbanites, MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills.

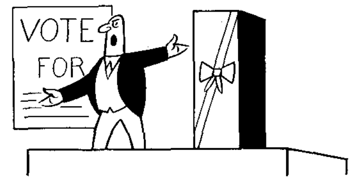
100.00

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

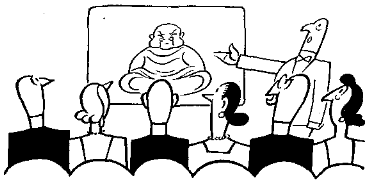
THE only too evident ascendancy of poll takers, public-relations consultants, advertising executives, and television makeup artists in our smoke-filled back rooms has blurred the dividing line between political campaigns and sales campaigns. One Boston radio commentator, who openly prefers the old cracker-barrel provincialism, believes that we have already entered the era of the "packaged candidate," that carefully tailored, market-researched, consumer-oriented, family-size genie, guaranteed not to irritate minorities or leave a telltale ring of controversy but simply to pitch in and do the job—which is, of course, getting elected. According to this glum commentator, the first all-modern political package was Thomas E. Dewey; it was hardly his fault that the fickle public switched its buying habits in 1948 without telling anyone, leaving Dewey—like the later Edsel—on the shelf. However, new techniques improve with practice, and the candidate-packagers are again riding high. In fact, recent medical progress toward preserving human organs indefinitely by freezing has raised hopes for the ultimate packaging breakthrough: the fresh-frozen candidate. A complete line of these commodities could be kept in suspended animation in large, smoke-filled lockers, ready to be thawed, lightly seasoned, and served to the correct constituency at a moment's notice in case of unexpected scandals, special elections, convention deadlocks, ethnic imbalance, or mass failure of nerve, such as afflicted the New York State Democratic Party earlier this year. Political front-runners may one day come to fear not the hot breath of a dark horse but the chilly exhalations of Brand X.



Chinese Art

AN art collector's lot is not a happy one. In the good old days, Mr. Henry Clay Frick built a museumlike house for his paintings, and Mr. George Blumenthal and Mr. Adolph Lewisohn had enormous private galleries for theirs, but Mr. Chester Dale, the first president of the National Gallery of Art, although he owned a sizable mansion and was a generous lender to museums, was obliged in his pre-presidential, or blue, period to store much of his overflow in closets and bathtubs. In the present parlous decade, when the aforementioned dwellings (and most of their fellows) have gone either public or commercial, or have been torn down, and the urban rich have moved into smaller quarters, most consequential collectors of anything larger than snuffboxes never get a chance to see more than a fraction of their treasures at a time. A case in point is Mr. John M. Crawford, Jr., who is the owner of the largest and finest private assemblage of Chinese painting and calligraphy in the Western Hemisphere but lives on two floors of a house in the East Eighties that permit him to gaze at only six or seven of his items at once—and, indeed, at some of them not at all, since quite a few are on scrolls that are up to sixty feet long. Thanks to the Morgan Library, however, Mr. Crawford's frustration has been temporarily alleviated. He may now wander at will, until November 24th, around the Morgan's exhibition of his entire Chinese-painting-and-calligraphy collection—a hundred and seven pieces. (He also collects Chinese jades, bronzes, ceramics, and sculpture, and Japanese art.) After that, he may continue to inspect them, en masse, at the Fogg Museum, in Cambridge, and at the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, in Kansas City, Missouri.

We have inspected them, too, at an evening preview, before which, in the Morgan's new, second-floor lecture hall, Mr. Henry S. Morgan, the president of the Library, paid tribute to "Mr. Crawford's incomparable collection of Chinese art" and then relinquished the rostrum to Mr. Crawford, who, after a few modest remarks ("I regard myself as a temporary custodian deeply conscious of his responsibilities"), gave place to Mr. Frederick B. Adams, Jr., the director of the Library, *who*, with a graceful "Mr. Sickman is a remarkable and almost Renaissance combination. . . . He presides, uniquely, over a collection that he has formed," introduced the speaker of the evening, Laurence Sickman, director of, and curator of Oriental art at, the Nelson Gallery and editor of two Crawford Collection catalogues—a hundred-dollar, sixty-four-plate, six-gatefold, three-color edition, printed on rag paper and bound in buckram stamped in gold, and an abbreviated, paper-bound, two-seventy-five version. Mr. Sickman described the collection in both aesthetic and historical terms, ventured to compare it (as runner-up, but nonetheless a landmark) to that formed by the late Charles Freer, which now constitutes the Freer Gallery, in Washington, and, keeping up an erudite running commentary, showed some color slides of its contents, after which all hands, black-tie or tiaraed, went downstairs to examine for themselves the objects in the Library's recently enlarged and renovated exhibition rooms.



There we ran the gamut, chronologically, from a seventh-century silk-scroll text of "Conversations Between Rulers and Ministers of the Past" to an eighteenth-century scroll of "Blossoming Prunus," signed by the artist, Chin Nung, in his seventy-third year. The pictures were mostly in muted colors or in black-and-white, landscapes abounded, styles ranged from realistic to abstract. The general effect was formal, poetic, delicate, and elegant. We presently adjourned to the no less elegant topiary sherbets and non-alcoholic punch of the East Room, and asked Mr. Crawford, whose light is still very much under a bushel except in Morgan Library and Grolier Club circles, for the story of his life.

"I was born in August, 1913, in Parkersburg, West Virginia, where my father was a manufacturer of oil-well supplies," Mr. Crawford said. "August is the Month of the Cow."

"Eh?" we said.

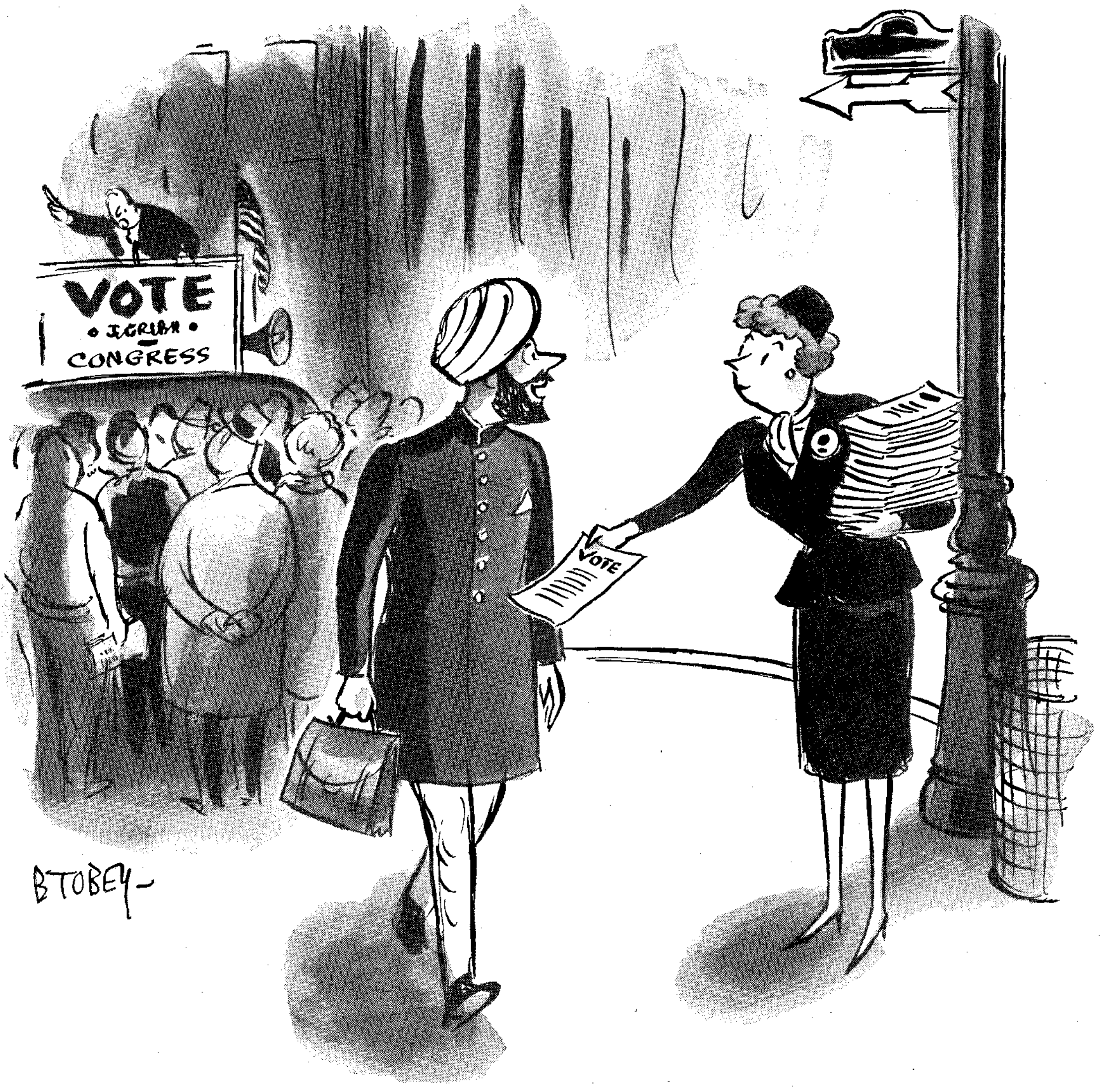
"I was always a great reader," said Mr. Crawford, who looks more like a rather large pussycat than a cow. "As a child, I devoured the Book of Knowledge. There were lots of books around the house—biographies and histories. My family were great travellers. I celebrated my eighth birthday in Venice. My father figured that you went to Europe to sightsee; at nine-thirty, the car was at the door. I graduated from Brown in 1937, and went around the world. After a year at the Harvard School of Education, I taught American history at Mercersburg Academy for a couple of years. In 1941, I came to New York and went into publishing with the late William Soskin. I had begun to collect books, especially examples of fine printing, and I still do. The subtleties of typography paved the way for me to enjoy an art that is largely black-and-white."

Mr. Crawford gave up book publishing after a few years, and in 1947 he and Philip C. Duschnes, the bookdealer, formed Duschnes Crawford, Inc., to take over from the late Elmer Adler the rights to publish the *Colophon*, a book collectors' quarterly that had appeared, more or less quarterly, from 1930 to 1940. They ran it for three years, as the *New Colophon*, and then it folded. "I met Fred Adams through the *Colophon*," Mr. Crawford said. "He was one of its editors. I owe him a great debt of gratitude. I suggested this show to him in the spring of 1958, and his enthusiasm was a big incentive to me. It was very courageous of him to arrange this exhibition; the Morgan Library has never had anything like it. Chinese painting is the last field of great art in which there are very few American collectors; the research in this area is still in a very early stage. I'm the only real collector of calligraphy; even the museums don't go in for that. I started to collect Oriental art in 1946, and I made some mistakes at first—there are a vast number of forgeries and copies of Chinese paintings—but Joseph U. Seo, a leading New York dealer, has helped me enormously. He and I, with the aid of various scholars, have ruthlessly weeded out the mistakes. The field has been a challenge, and it's all been a great adventure. I keep getting better, I hope, but I'm strictly the amateur collector."

We asked Mr. Crawford what he does besides collect, and he said, "Travel, but, of course, I collect when I travel. I like cities. I don't care for the country. I don't play bridge, and I'm not athletic. I think resorts are a big bore."

The Crawford show is the first major exhibit that has been held in the Morgan Library since it completed its recent building program, which lasted for two and a quarter years and has produced, along with the new lecture hall and a renovated main exhibition room, an additional exhibition area, several curatorial offices and libraries, a conservation laboratory, an enlarged bindery, extra stack space, a print room, and a staff kitchen and rest room. We returned a day or two later to tour these wonders with Mr. Adams.

"Green silk damask walls by Scalamandré," Mr. Adams said as we revisited the now empty lecture hall, which is thirty feet wide and sixty-six feet long, and seats two hundred. "The teakwood balustrade along the side walls, designed to give the effect of added space, as in a loggia, echoes the external balustrade that runs along the roof of the building, which was built in 1906 by Charles F. McKim. No other changes have been made in this building, and



"No, thank you. I'm from Lahore, Pakistan."

none have been made on the street façades of the 1928 Annex. *Inside* the Annex, in the main exhibition room, wall-washing lights have been installed, and the ceiling has been dropped fourteen feet to provide a second floor."

We gained this floor and admired the cherry panelling, walnut parquet floors, and custom-built furniture, bookshelves, and cabinets that are now the office perquisites of Dr. Curt Bühler, the keeper of printed books; Mr. Herbert Cahoon, the curator of autograph manuscripts; and John Plummer, curator of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts. "We have air-conditioning and an electronic fire-detection system," said Mr. Adams. "Combustion from the slightest fire in a wastebasket sets off the alarm. Our new coatroom can handle two hundred and thirty coats, and there are other conveniences that were formerly absent. Our building-fund drive—three million dollars—went over the top just last week."

Mr. Adams' office is still on the ground floor, where it has always been. It is the only room on the floor where you can smoke without having electronic hell break loose, and we accompanied him there for a carefree cigar.

•

SIGN at Camp and Ikney Streets, in Providence, Rhode Island: "Site of the New Olney Street Baptist Church. Building for a Faith Free from Fallout."

Lunch

THE Wine and Food Society of New York, a branch of a globe-encircling complex that was founded and is headed by the venerable oenologist André Simon, of London, invited us, several weeks in advance, to its twenty-eighth annual luncheon, "given in honor of the Wine Importers of New York at the '21' Club." By the time we showed up for the affair, the words "and the Food Importers" had been added, on the menu, and the luncheon had two honorees. We ascended to the Remington and Jack Room, where Mrs. Jeanne Owen, executive secretary and Grand Pooh-Bah of the host organization, greeted us with her usual cordiality.

"I've just ordered a bowl of caviar specially for you, sweetheart," she said.

We took a generous dollop, and, selecting a Dom Perignon '52 from ten available champagnes, sat down at a table with Mrs. Owen and Mr. Max A. Blouet, vice-president and general manager of the Drake Hotel.

"I've been in hotels all my life," Mr. Blouet said. "I was *born* in a hotel. I was born in the Hôtel Continental in Le Havre. My paternal grandfather founded it."

"What was his first name?" we asked.

There was a pause, and then Mr. Blouet said, "What *was* it? I can't seem to think. My father's name was Paul, and he was general manager of the Hôtel Continental in Paris, and my brother Louis runs the Istanbul Hilton, and I have two sons in the hotel business—Patrick, who's with the Sheraton Motor Inn, and Jean-Marc, who's just been with the Castle Harbour, in Bermuda— Oh, yes, my grandfather's name was Joachim."

We asked what hotels besides the Drake and the Havre Continental he himself had been connected with.

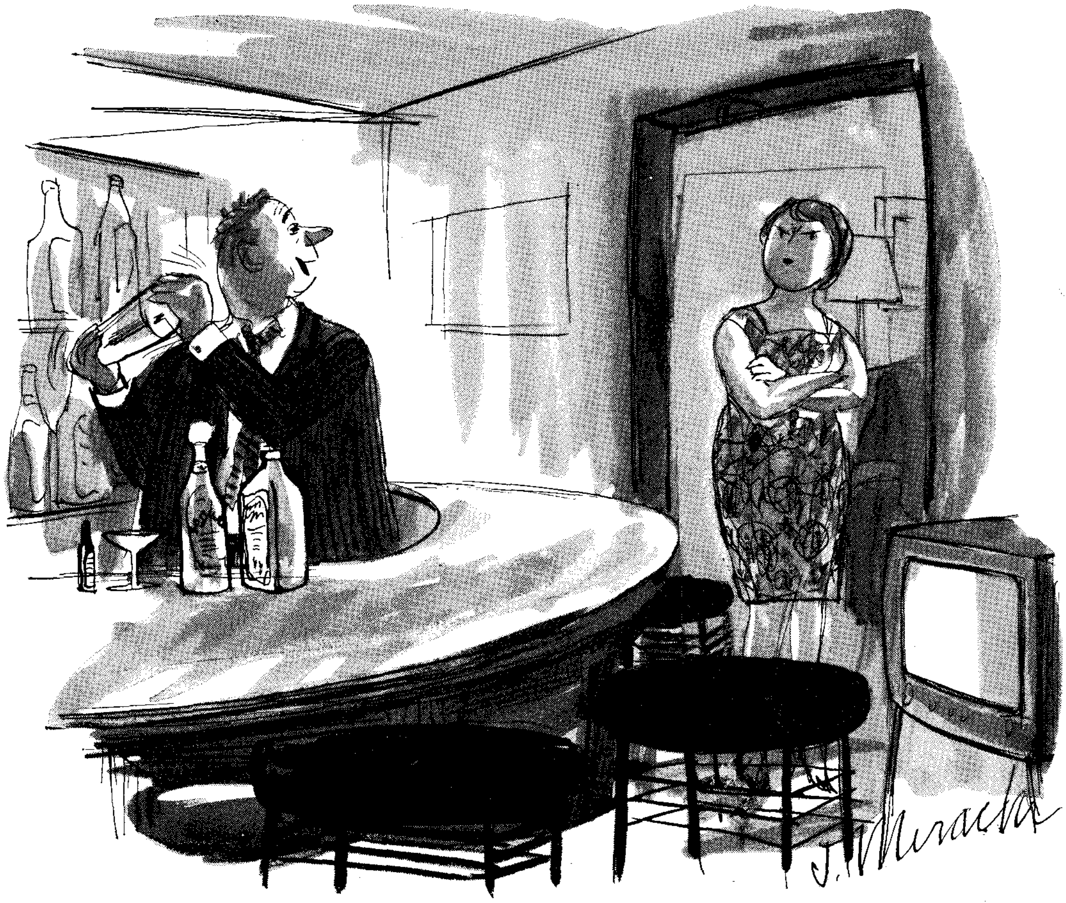
"I became an apprentice cook at the Chatham in Paris when I was eighteen," he said. "Later, I worked in hotels in Germany and London, and in 1926 I joined the Book-Cadillac, in Detroit, as assistant manager. In 1928, in Paris, I opened the George V, as manager. After thirty years there, I returned to America and served as vice-president and general manager of the Ambassadors in Chicago—the East and the West—until I joined the Drake, a year ago. We get a lot of Europeans there; we're becoming the European hotel of this city. I tell our staff who our European guests are, so they'll know how to treat them."

"Hello, sweetheart," Mrs. Owen said to Mr. Jules Glaenzer, vice-president of Cartier's, as he passed our table.

Presently, we were joined by two noted gourmets—Clifford T. Weihman (vegetable oils), who is a member of the executive council of the Wine and Food Society and Grand Sénéchal of the Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevin, a Burgundian society, and Alfred A. Knopf (books), who is another executive councillor and Tastevin *chevalier*.

"Where have you been, sweetheart?" Mrs. Owen asked Mr. Knopf.

"England," he replied. "I went there to escape my seventieth birthday, a couple of weeks ago. I ate pretty well in England. Rupert Hart-Davis arranged



"Why don't you get yourself a hobby?"

• •

a birthday dinner for me at the Garrick Club—Storm Jameson, Roald Dahl, Jennie Bradley, the Paris literary agent, and about twenty others. Thomas Mann's widow came over from Zurich. She's around eighty. Nice party."

"Hello, sweetheart," Mrs. Owen said to Dr. Mason Gross, the president of Rutgers University.

Mrs. Owen followed Dr. Gross to the food bar, which offered smoked salmon and Jambon de Parme as well as caviar, and Mr. Knopf gazed around the room, which contained some sixty men and women.

"One thing," he said to us. "Wine doesn't improve the looks of ladies—or men, either. I was in on the Wine and Food Society at its very beginning here, nearly thirty years ago. It has over four hundred members today. You raise monsters."

Mr. Weihman cast a nervous glance at him.

"It's one-thirty," Mr. Knopf said. "People have been sitting here an hour. This is the most outrageous way to cut your appetite before a meal. Why don't they serve chocolate peppermints on toast? The greatest thing that could happen to this country would be the abolition of the corporation tax. Expense accounts would vanish, everyone would be on his own, and if someone bought you a five-dollar lunch, you would know he was paying for it."

Everybody went downstairs to the Hunt Room for lunch, and Mr. Knopf said, "I came late, but I didn't come late enough."

There—at a table that included Mrs. Owen; Mr. Blouet; Dr. Gross; Fred Roozen, managing director of the Hotel New Yorker; Miss Susan Walter, representing the House of Seagram; Miss Clementine Paddleford, food editor of the *Herald Tribune;* and Harry L. Lourie, former executive vice-president of Alcoholic Beverage Importers, of Washington—we addressed ourself to a menu that started out with Les Scallops Sauté Noisette and wound up with Le Gâteau Anniversaire Clementine.

Mrs. Owen read a message from the Founder, who is eighty-five, and turned to Mr. Lourie, at her right. "Here's to you, darling," she said, raising her glass of champagne.

"You introduced me to smoked turkey," Mr. Lourie said gratefully. "How well champagne goes with everything, even breakfast!"

"Breakfast especially," Mr. Blouet said. "In France, even the sick drink champagne."

"We're pushing Perrier Jouet Brut at the House of Seagram," Miss Walter said to us, mentioning one of the ten champagnes that had been offered upstairs and were now being served at lunch.

"It's the first time I've seen Taittinger in a magnum," Mr. Blouet said.

"Dr. Gross is president of Rutgers, and the Wine and Food Society is very much engaged in sending the Rutgers library a collection of wine books and menus, both in French and in English," Mrs. Owen said.

Dr. Gross, who had been bending a scholarly eye on the menu, asked Miss Paddleford if it was her birthday, and she nodded. In due course, an enormous cake, inscribed "A Happy Birthday Clementine," was trundled in, and all hands rose and rendered the appropriate song.

We reëncountered Mr. Knopf outside the coatroom, and he looked mollified.

•

BEATNIK INTELLIGENCE: A store in Venice, California, is offering sandals for dogs.

Mary Poppins

DOES it take an elusive author to produce an elusive literary character? Mary Poppins, the magical, airborne slider-*up*-of-banisters and nanny who is the heroine of five children's classics—"Mary Poppins," "Mary Poppins Comes Back," "Mary Poppins Opens the Door," "Mary Poppins in the Park," and "Mary Poppins from A to Z"—that have been translated into twelve languages, is the creation of a charming, curly-haired lady with a warm smile, a twinkling eye, a fleet foot, and a marked distaste for personal publicity who signs her books P. L. (for Pamela Lyndon) Travers and would rather not sign them at all. "I think of myself as Anon.," she said when the wind blew her our way in the lobby of the Algonquin the other morning. "Anon. is the begetter of all legends. Most fairy tales are Anon., and many poems. I think of Anon. all down through the ages as being one person. But my publishers wouldn't let me be Anon. when the first Poppins book came along, in 1934. I feel happier if I can live on the underside of a branch. I want to put myself in the position of *listening.* We are all legends—at least when we're dead. Children don't really think that there are authors behind books. They think authors are dead. People often ask me if Mary Poppins had a model. She didn't. I didn't even think her up. She just brushed past me and said, 'You take it down.' The late Hendrik van Loon, who used to take me out to lunch and draw elephants for me, had the right idea. 'How you happened to think of Mary Poppins doesn't interest me,' he said. 'What interests me is how Mary Poppins happened to think of you.' "

We refrained from disturbing the Travers branch, but its inhabitant rewarded us with a fact or two. "I live in Chelsea, in London," she said. "I'm Irish. My family name, Lyndon, is Gaelic. I was born in the north of Australia, in sugar-planting country. My father, who died when I was very young—my first great sorrow—was a poet *manqué*, in a way, a mixture of melancholy and gaiety. He was a wonderful *earth* for a child. We were three little girls. There were long volumes of Walter Scott in our house, and I read my mother's lending-library novels when she slept in the afternoons. You could buy a paper-cover book for a penny in Australia. No child can buy a book today; books cost too much. I wish someone would bring out books that children could buy with a hot little coin in their own hands. My father never explained anything to us. Mary Poppins never explains anything. I don't think explaining helps anything. In my third book, Mary Poppins goes away for good; the things that happen in the next two books took place before that. A little boy wrote me, 'You have sent Mary Poppins away again. Madum'—he spelled it 'Madum'—'you should not have done this. You have made the children cry.' I felt it was a tribute. I answered him, 'I'm not surprised. I cried all over my typewriter.' I get a tremendous mail from children all over the world, and I try to answer every letter. I think if I should ever start to interpret I should be a little lost. I read my books over and think, How did she ever think of that? I sometimes roar with laughter at things I've written. I don't mean to be conceited; it's as though I were reading a book by someone else. Children are so much better than the people who provide their entertainment. I didn't set out to be a writer for children—nobody writes for children, really; you're really writing to make yourself laugh, or yourself cry; if you write *for* children, you've lost them; you write for the most perceptive and highbrow grownup—but I feel that no place is furnished unless it has children."

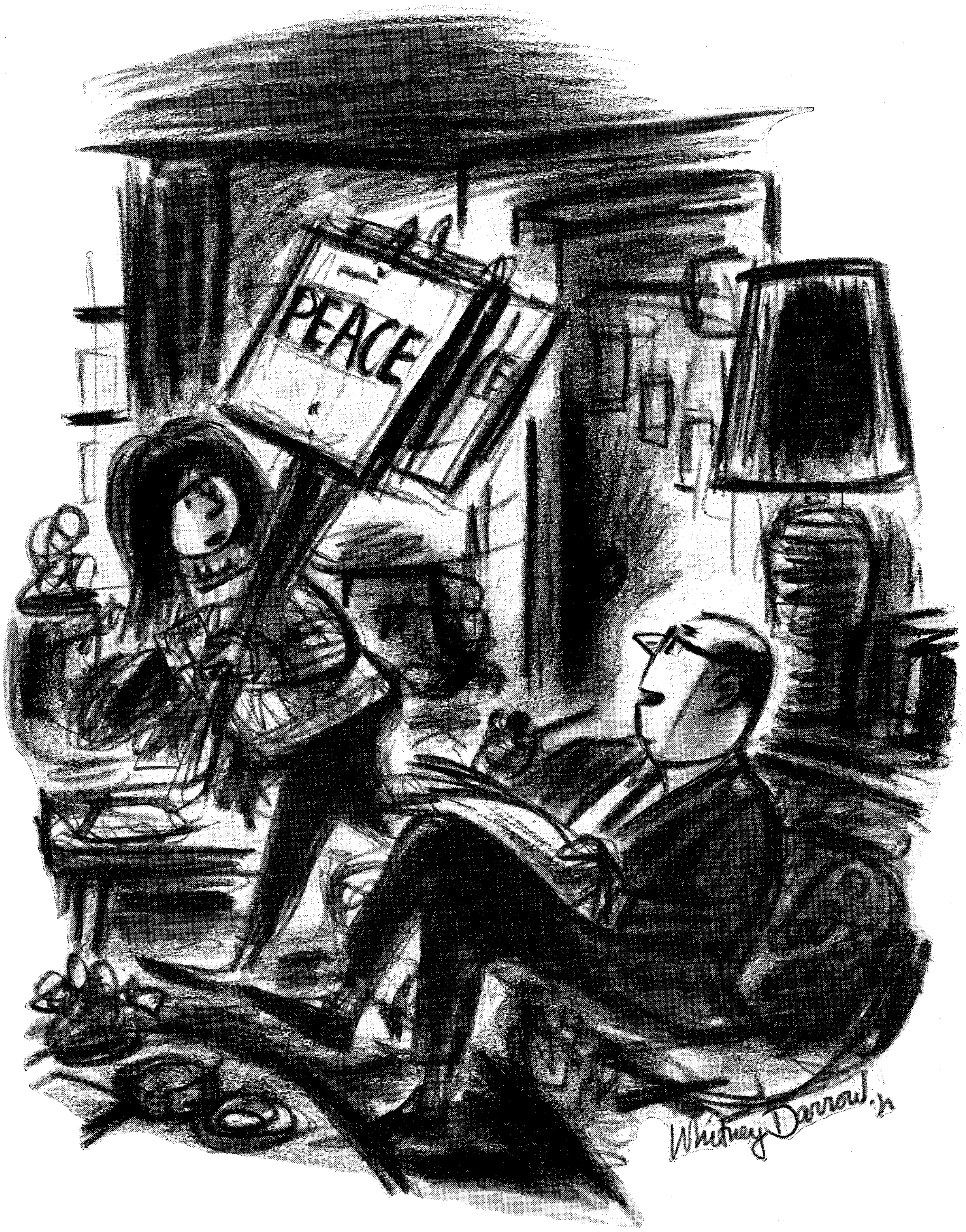
We forbore to ask for an inventory of the Travers furniture, and its owner went on, "I was in Trinidad a few years ago, and I was invited to the local library to meet the children. They'd all read 'Mary Poppins.' I asked them why they liked the books. 'Coz she makes me larf big,' one little boy said. People ask me how it is that Mary Poppins, who is, after all, a nursemaid, appeals to children who have never had a nursemaid. Well, all children are fascinated by servants' talk, and I don't mean to be condescending. Parents don't bring magic to children, but servants do, and sometimes an aunt or an uncle. I remember our Irish maids, and so on, in Australia—not that our house was full of them, I don't want to give that impression—and their wonderful superstitions. We had an Irish nurse who was frightened of lightning. We'd push her under the bed during thunderstorms. In London, I listen in rapture to my charwoman; charwomen have an instinctive folk poetry in them. My father had a stableboy, Johnny Delaney, who taught my two sisters and me to spit, to whittle, to ride, to sing, and to make whistles. He thought we belonged to him. He got drunk one day and was taken to the lockup, and we visited him there, on the street. We sang a rather mean song at him. He stood at a window and conducted with a teaspoon, and when he saw we were making fun of him, he flung the spoon at us. When he died, our mother took us in to see him, and one of us said, 'Now we can have Johnny's whistle.' Death should not be concealed from children. Their brutality is a kind of protection."

"The Fox at the Manger," a non-Poppins Travers book, is being published next month, and its author described it to us as an allegory based on the legend that on Christmas night the animals in the Stable—the ass, the cow, the sheep, and the dove—were given the power of speech. "A child asks whether there were any *wild* animals at the Crib," she said, "and I provide a fox. I've always loved the fox, because he has such a bad time at the hands of Aesop and La Fontaine and mankind generally. He's the untamable creature; that's why man dislikes him."

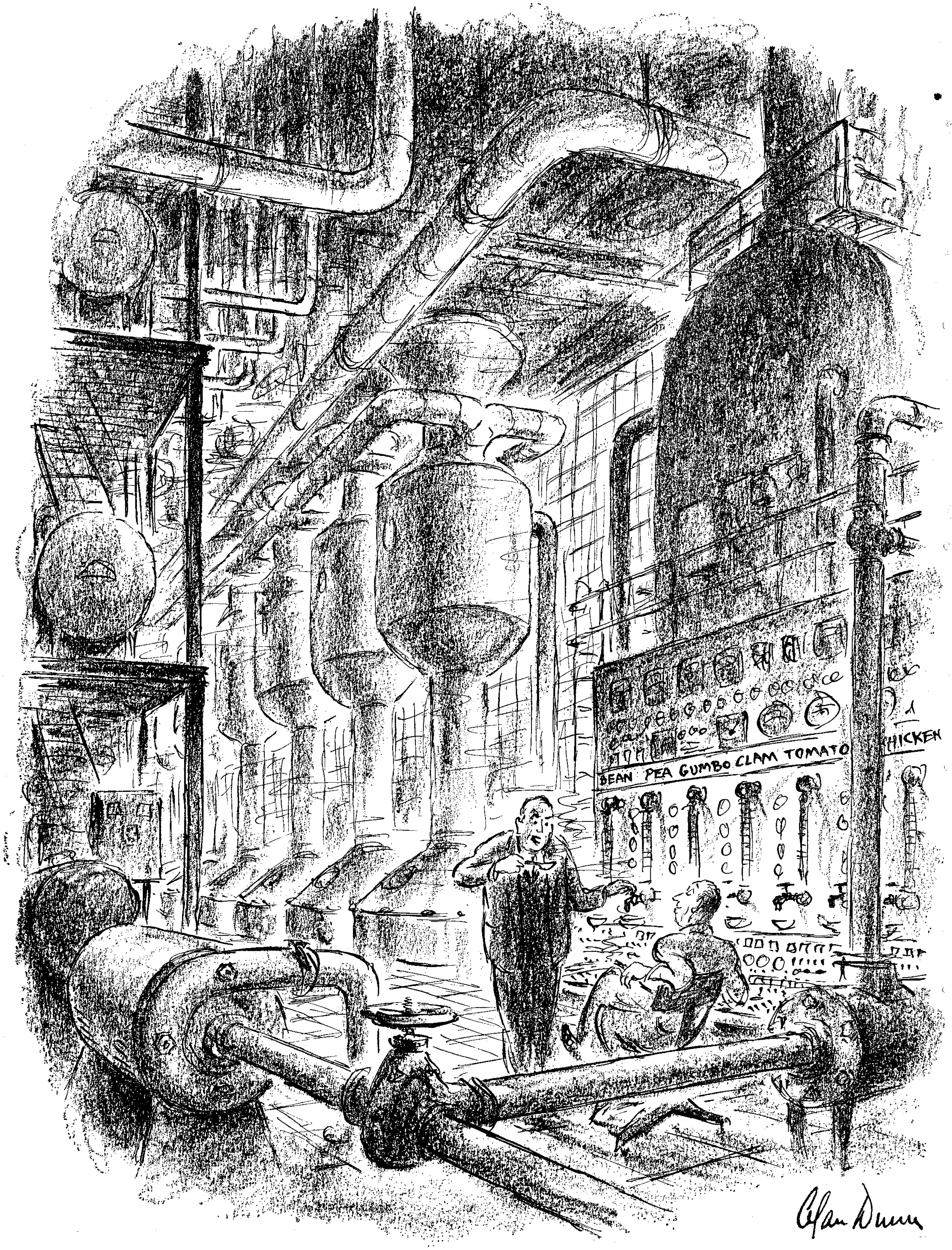
Miss Travers returned, briefly, to Mary Poppins. "My great hope is to have her translated into Russian," she said. "I know we don't have any copyright agreement with Russia, but I say to my agent, 'Never mind. Leave her around where the Russians can steal her.' We haven't left her around enough yet. I suppose the authorities would take her *au pied de la lettre*—they'd say a nursemaid was a bourgeois institution—but the children would understand her."

•

A PUBLISHER we know, quick to sniff a potential best-selling autobiography, put in a person-to-person phone call to James Meredith at the University of Mississippi campus a couple of days ago. The response from the University's switchboard operator was "Is Mr. Meredith a student heah?"



"Any luck?"


BEAN
PEA
GUMBO
CLAM
TOMATO
CHICKEN
Alan Dunn

"Yummy!"

B.B. TURNS INTO RENÉ

THE following, I'm afraid, is an apology to my generally understanding, if taxed, relatives, friends, and acquaintances, who have put up with a good deal of peculiar behavior on my part recently. I can only hope that this, in some small way, will explain what I've been through, and that those affected will feel free to call me up and invite me into their homes again sometime.

It began on a drizzly Wednesday morning. I had extracted my mail from the box in the vestibule of my apartment house and trotted off, under the protection of my umbrella, to catch a downtown bus to my office. Once settled in a seat, I placed the handful of dull-looking envelopes in my lap and prepared to open the top one. But something kept me from immediately performing this simple, habitual task. It was my name. It called to me mysteriously from the center of the envelope in typed capital letters: "BURTON BERNSTEIN." Not much of a name—one perhaps distinguished only by its alliteration and quantity of vowels—and there was certainly nothing novel about it to *me*. However, for some reason that gray morning, its arrangement of letters seemed to mesmerize me. "BURTON BERNSTEIN." I continued to stare at it and suddenly, inexplicably, I found myself anagramming it. The "S," the "I," and an "R" leaped out at me in that order, and the rest was easy. Before the bus had travelled two more blocks, I had created a whole new name—Sir Bennett Broun.

"Not at all bad," I muttered happily, causing the matron next to me to answer, "What?"

"I merely remarked," I went on uncontrollably, "that it wasn't at all bad." With deft manipulations, I rolled my brolly tight and rose to leave the omnibus. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I really must be going. Good morning."

The circular motions the matron was making with her right index finger near her temple did not shock me back to reality, and neither did the fact that I had left the bus twenty blocks short of my destination. With a gait barely distinguishable from that of a brigadier serving his twelfth consecutive year with the Khyber Rifles, I went on my way, unmindful of the drizzle. But somewhere in one of the ensuing rain-darkened blocks, it happened again. The name René Bons-Bruttin skittered into focus before my mind's eye. My smartly furled umbrella instantly became a Maurice Chevalier walking stick, and I was amazed to discover that I had winked charmingly, and rather successfully, at several female pedestrians.

"Morning, sir," said the elevator starter at my office building. "Nasty weather out, isn't it? But I don't think it'll last till noon."

"*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*," I responded, with a jaunty toss of my head. "*Bonjour, mon vieux*." I jigged nimbly into the elevator, not inhibiting a few whistled bars of "Mimi."

I know now that I never should have gone into that elevator. Reason should have turned me on my heels and sent me straight home to bed, where I could have worked out the whole problem in the privacy of my home. But, no. Willingly, excitedly, I plunged ahead.

"Good morning," said the receptionist.

"Hi, chick," I cackled. "Look here, baby, as far as you're concerned, ol' No. 1, yours truly, Buster Binnerton, America's most desirable rich playboy, is out to everyone today. Everyone, that is, except Ernest ('Bub') Rinton, the Texas oil tycoon, and Norbreet Ibn Tuns, his Cadillac-driving business partner and the Scourge of the Persian Gulf. By the way, honey, what's on for tonight? Le Club, Elmo, or how about a chopper ride out to my place in the Hamptons?"

The receptionist fled to the ladies' room and I continued to my office. No sooner had I settled myself at my desk than the phone rang. Could this be the tipoff? Had they found me out? Was my true identity—that of Tornbein Stubner, the notorious fugitive *Obersturmbannführer*—finally revealed to Robert St. Bunnien, the hard-living, wily British MI5 detective-adventurer who had been on my trail ever since '46?

I allowed my monocle to fall and wisely assumed one of my aliases. "*Pronto*," I drawled into the mouthpiece. "Strebenni speaking. Bruno T. Strebenni, the olive-oil king. *Ciao*."

"*Who*? Who is this?" said an alarmed feminine voice.

"Oh, it is you, my dear," I said to my wife, retaining only a trace of my refined Milanese accent.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Have you gone crazy?"

I dared not answer.

"Well, you can explain later. Anyway, the Berinsons phoned and want to know if we can come over to their place tonight for dinner."

"Not *Burnett* Berinson, the noted and respected art critic?" I chirped, after some rapid anagrammatic doodling.

"I don't know," my wife said hopelessly. "*I'm* talking about George and Shirley Berinson, of course. Our dear friends, remember? They're having a few people over and—"

"We can't," I interrupted. "Just this morning, I ran into my old pal from the Cree reservation—Toni N. Ten Rubbers. You've certainly heard me speak of him. Well, I've invited him for dinner tonight. Just make something simple—potlatch or pemmican or bison shank. He's not fussy and he's a terrific guy, except when he drinks. You'll love him."

There was a click, and I was left mumbling to myself. That was no way to treat Torst Inrubbenen, the Olympic record-holding Finnish distance runner.

The rest of the day went like that.

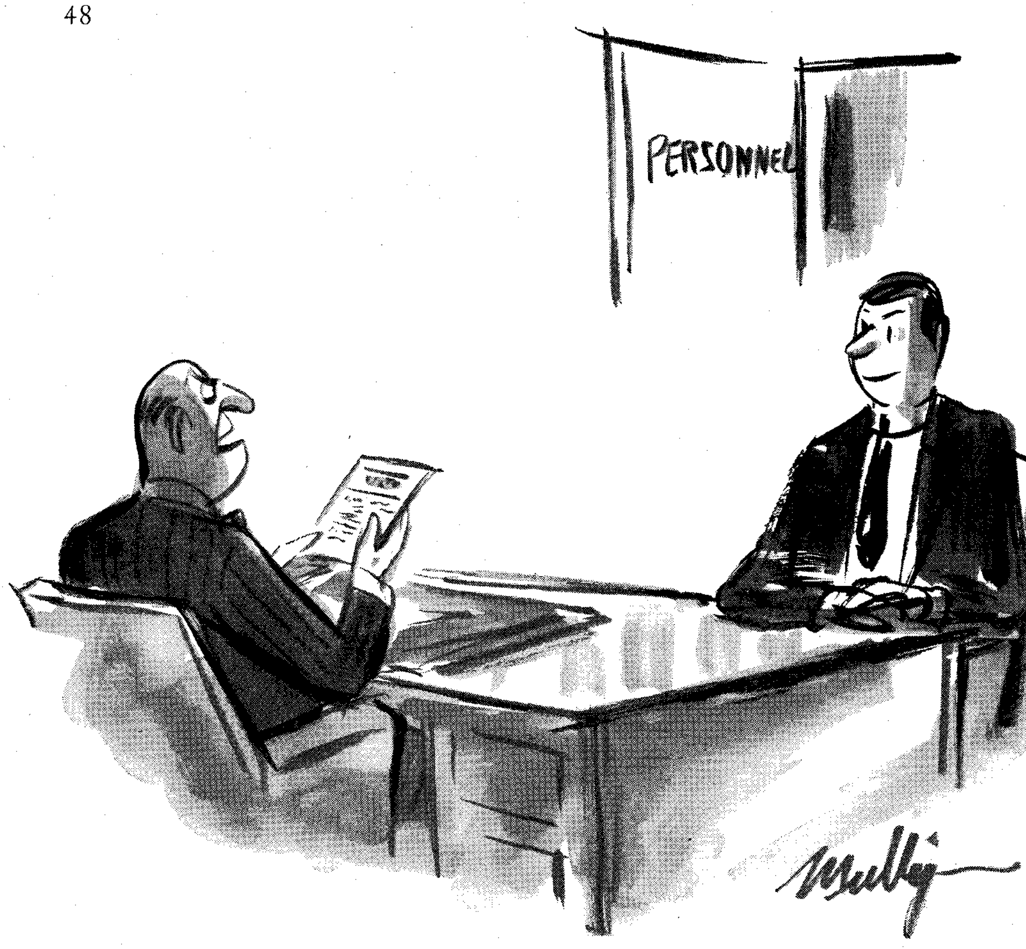
I ARRIVED home that night sunken-eyed and exhausted. The maid was just finishing up her cleaning and I wearily got out my checkbook to pay her. "Let's see," I said, figuring fast. "That would be ten dollars, payable to Rubistone Brennt, right?"

"But my name is Eloise," she said, surveying me out of the corner of her left eye. "You know, Eloise? Eloise Armstrong?"

I placated her with a ten-dollar bill, and she bolted from the room.

My wife wouldn't speak to me, except to announce that she was going over to the Berinsons for drinks and dinner and that I could fend for myself. She prescribed some hot milk, two aspirins, and a lot of sleep. Then she, too, left.

I mixed myself a vodka Martini and turned on the television set. Huntley



"We already have a personnel manager, Mac!"

• •

and Brinkley were exchanging some significant smirks as a prelude to a film clip of an important Senate committee hearing. I lay down on the couch to watch.

The stern-visaged, inscrutable Sen. Trentin Burbo was presiding. "Do yo' honestly believe, suh, that we senators should confirm yo' appointment as Sec'tary of State when yo' admittedly allow as to how you suffer from chronic polyanagramophrenia?" he asked me coldly.

"Sounds like a natural security risk to me," piped up the diminutive Sen. Robin Tut (R., Neb.).

"Let's hear him out, give him a chance," said Sen. T. T. Nubbin (R., Ore.), a robust, white-maned gentleman I immediately felt was a friend.

Fortunately, I had engaged the greatest trial lawyer in the country as my counsel—none other than the much publicized, odds-battling New York attorney Benson Ruttenrib. "Gentlemen," he began, commanding the complete attention of those present with his piercing eyes and booming voice. "May I humbly request that before my distinguished client testifies, I be permitted to read from a laudatory statement on his behalf signed by some of the greatest names in statesmanship, politics, science, and industry?"

"What names?" snarled Sen. Robin Tut (R., Neb.).

"Perhaps these names will relieve the esteemed Senator's patriotic doubts," said Benson Ruttenrib, a half smile curling his lips. "The signatories are: Terbin Neutron, B.S., renowned physicist and refuter of the Second Law of Thermodynamics; Sri Benur-Bonnett, the Anglo-Indian neutralist and doomsday prophet; R. T. Bun-Tsen Bernoi, the Eurasian Nobel Prize-winning chemist; Sr. Benite Bruntón, the former President of Cuba and ransomed Freedom Fighter; N. Robbinn Trustee, steel magnate, philanthropist, and beloved captain of industry; U Bronnerbet Sint, international peacemaker and Burmese diplomat; and, certainly last but by no means least, Ens. Ronn B. Trubite, America's most adored naval hero and currently the President of the United States!"

"Sound like a bunch of Commies," offered Sen. Robin Tut (R., Neb.), on awakening from a short doze.

"Let's have none of that!" Sen. Trentin Burbo reprimanded, banging his gavel. "Call the witness."

I arose and nervously advanced toward the stand, but as I did so I suddenly saw that Sir Bennett Broun, René Bons-Bruttin, Buster Binnerton, Toni N. Ten Rubbers, Tornbein Stubner, Robert St. Bunnien, and several others had also stood up and were trying to take the stand. There was a nasty scuffle; the witness chair was overturned, and a photographer's camera was trampled. Through the clamor, the staccato rapping of the gavel, and Sen. Trentin Burbo's shouts of "Let's have some orduh and decorum!," I heard the resonant voice of Benson Ruttenrib at my ear. "Plead the Fifth," he said simply.

WELL, the worst is over now. All my friends will be glad to know I've been to a doctor, who has said it's really nothing to worry about, and that I should take a fairly long vacation or perhaps adopt an interesting hobby. As far as the doctor is concerned, I'm just about cured. He, by the way, is a top man who used to practice at Bethesda Naval Hospital. His name is Bob Tinner (USN, Ret.). —BURTON BERNSTEIN

• •

FIREWORKS

Not guns, not thunder, but a flutter of clouded drums
That announce a fiesta: abruptly, fiery needles
Circumscribe on the night boundless chrysanthemums.
Softly, they break apart, they flake away, where
Darkness, on a svelte hiss, swallows them.
Delicate brilliance: a bellflower opens, fades,
In a sprinkle of falling stars.
Night absorbs them
With the sponge of her silence.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

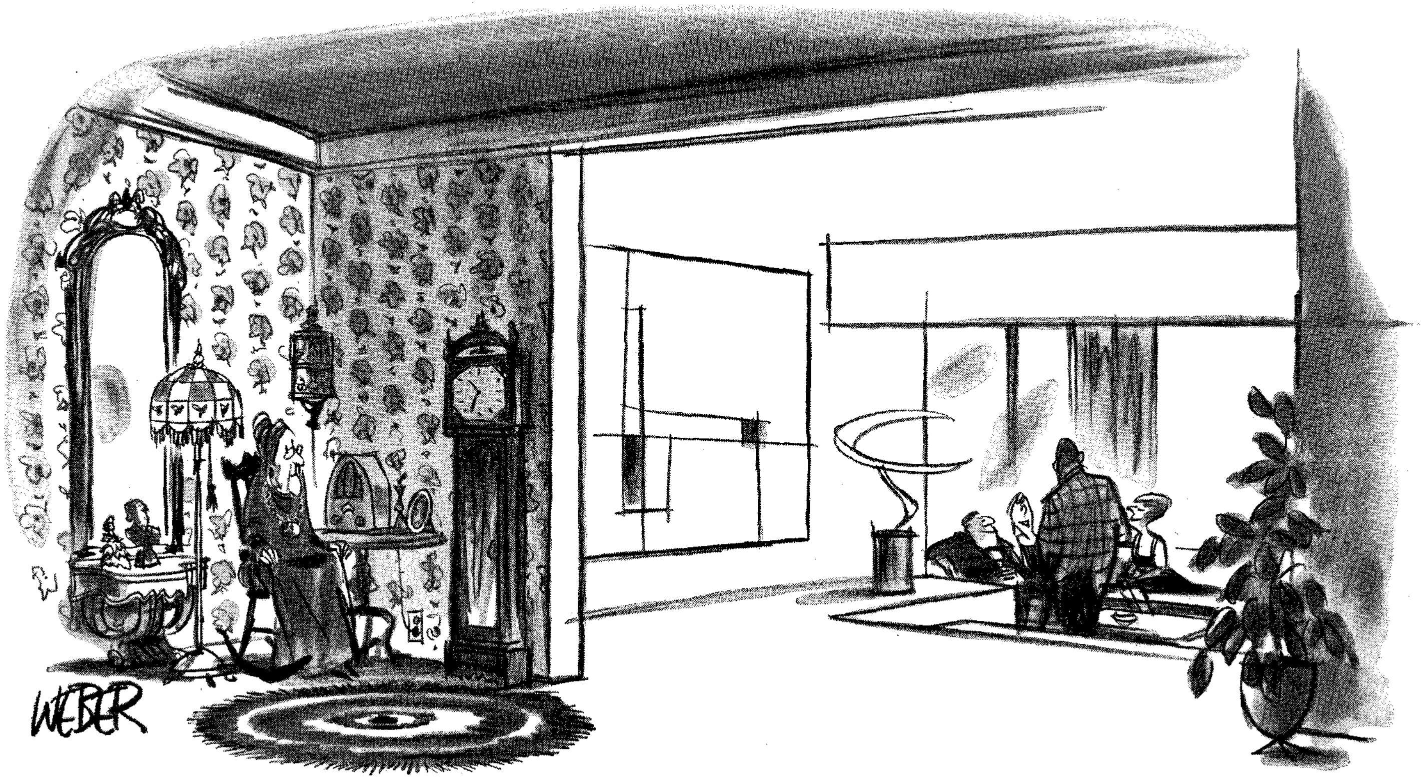
CAROLINA MOON

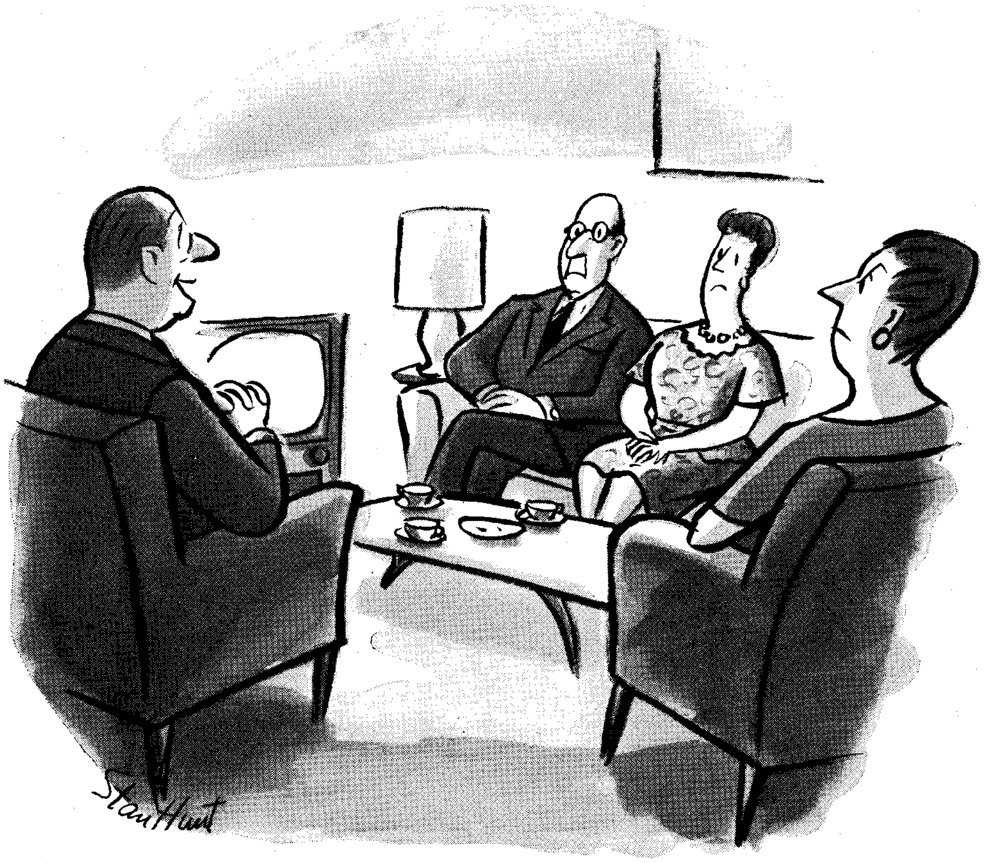
CAMPING out—a long-ago lark in the woods—is not necessarily the first thing to come to mind if you go and sit in a deck chair on a New York roof terrace at night. Still, such a recollection began to pick at me on my own roof one recent evening, and for a while I couldn't place it. I had eaten alone in a restaurant. Later, I had prowled the living room alone, taking down books, putting them back. My wife was away. I thought that she might possibly be telephoning me. Our apartment is on the top floor, and you can hear the phone from the roof. I put on a sweater and went out there. The moon was around a corner of the next building. The air was light, but fall was certainly in it. And it must have been either that or the smell of trees in the park across the street that started me thinking of tents in South Carolina—or merely the fact that I was out-of-doors on a chilly moonlit night in October waiting for a telephone to ring.

Most of all, I think it was the moonlight. The tents were Army Air Forces tents in the autumn of 1942, and though camping out with the Army is not everyone's notion of sport, it did seem that way to four of us, down there, at least for a while. Every time I think back to that place, I see it chiefly by moonlight. Moonlight on the cold sand that squeaked underfoot at night. Moonlight on fallen leaves, on hangars and fuselages, on half-tracks and rifle barrels, on a snake thrashing in a dusty road, on clear water running in a ditch. But, that night on the roof, what I thought of to begin with was only how three other men and I stole a big pyramidal tent and pitched it and moved into it, also by moonlight, and the next night stole a wooden floor to put under it. At the time, we were all nonexistent, as far as the Army knew or cared, but we wanted comfort. It *had* been a lark, down there, I thought, and I was delighted to recall it. After all, I was lonely. I wanted to pass the time.

Stealing the tent was cheerful enough, as I thought of it. Four of us, all radio operators, had no squadron. The troop-carrier squadron we'd been shipped there to join had gone overseas without us. New units were moving in. Somebody stuffed us away in a vacant mess hall, then in a leaky tent surrounded by two vaguely defined squadron areas. One of our group saw an intact, uninhabited tent toward the outside of one squadron's grounds, and dared us to help him steal it and put ours in its place. Very likely he was bluffing; he was an abrasive, scared little man from Philadelphia, nicknamed (I will say) Benjie, who bragged about how brave he was back home. The rest of us called his bluff—or, rather, one man did: a well-to-do grocer from St. Louis, who probably wasn't even aware that that was what he was doing. His name was Sheffler. He was older than the rest of us, and concerned with rectitude—a calm, heavy man, with a shiny nose like a prow, thick eyebrows, and a trace of what (on the chilly roof) I suddenly guessed was a fixed incredulity in his smile. He took counsel with himself about the tent, and somehow judged that we were entitled to it, and he soberly led the expedition that went to get it. At the time, he made me think a little of Moses. It was Sheffler who spotted the tent floor lying in the other squadron's area, and, again, the four of us who filched it—Sheffler, Benjie, a brisk, bright boy named Curtis Long, who pined to be an undertaker, and me. Nobody stopped us either night; nobody ever brought the matter up. I suppose the Army still had the same number of tents and floors when it counted them, and, after all, the four of us were just not there.

We were in the midst of going to war, and we didn't exist. Of course, we hardly thought of the situation that way. On the roof, with a similar moon creeping closer, I began to see that there had indeed been drawbacks to the lark, but down there, once we had learned to be shadowy even in daylight, we were certain that we had never had it so good; we were living the life of Riley in the Army. We could eat in either squadron's mess hall, and we shuttled slyly between them so as not to be noticed much. Mornings, on all sides of us, we could see the existent ones working, and often one first sergeant or the other—knowing we were there in our limbo,





"I wonder how E. G. Marshall and that boy of his are making out tonight on 'The Defenders.'"

not liking to think us idle—would come to put us to work. When we saw him, we would simply fade into the woods. He would hang around for a while and go away; presumably he always thought the other sergeant had got us. They tried to make us drill, listing our names at the end of one squadron's roster. But when the roll had been called and the squadron was marching down the road that wound through the woods to the drill field, we would, being at the end, drop off one by one. When the column came back, dusty, late in the day, then, one by one, fresh as daisies, we would hitch on. The roll would be called. We would be present, accounted for, dismissed. It was a life.

We felt that we were a small, rather debonair conspiracy—four against the Army and possibly the world. Sheffler did go on out to the drill field once or twice; his conscience seemed to expect it of him, and probably he thought it was only polite. But then he said, with his smile, that he felt funny marching up and down, up and down with the squadron and not really belonging there. He was in his late thirties, though he looked much older, and clearly he had always before belonged wherever he was. We talked a good deal in the tent at night—cigarette ends red, moon patches on the canvas, after we had put out the light—mostly about ourselves, Sheffler less than the rest. I did learn that he was married and had no children. Curtis Long was married, too, but his wife had left him. He was cheerful and offhand about it most of the time, seldom mentioning her, but sometimes in the dark he would suddenly make a statement: she liked to dress in yellow or green; she was five feet three; she had gone to college for a year; she was pretty good about money; she was very light on her feet. He was light on his own feet, for that matter—a quick boy, with shiny black hair and a sudden smile. He never seemed like a prospective undertaker to me; he moved too fast and he laughed too much. Benjie had no wife, but he had a mother, whom he spoke of with formal piety. He didn't really seem to care too greatly about her; it was just that she was a mother and had a certain amount of unction coming to her. He wore his cap at all times except in bed at night; it stayed on at meals and for naps. He set it at a sharp angle, and as long as he kept it on he looked almost as tough as he hoped he did. But he had only a fringe of hair, plus sideburns and a yellow mustache, and without his cap he seemed to shrink and grow wizened and old.

The nights in the tent were the good times (I decided, there on the roof). We scattered during the day. It was stupendous, of course, to get out of work and drill, and it was proper as well; one had a simple personal duty to get out of whatever one could. Still, time grew long in the woods—long or short, one was never sure which; it was hard to keep a grip on. Hours blurred, and so did days. I took a book in my pocket, but I didn't read a great deal. After the first time or two, I just sat beside a ditch—a deep chasm with straight, pale clay sides—and watched the bright stream that ran along the bottom of it. Curtis collected bits of wood that looked like animals. Sheffler found a path to the edge of the airfield, where he could see the pilots practicing landings and takeoffs all day. Day after day. Once, I came on Benjie. He was lying beside my ditch, deep in the woods, sailing dry leaves downstream. Now and then, at night, when one squadron or the other was having a sing, we haunted it. The Base Special Services Officer thought well of singing around fires, and whether or not the men agreed, a lot of them attended. There was not much to do in town. And the four of us skulked in the background (under trees, with the moon behind), because, we said, we didn't want people to see us and get ideas; if they did, they might spoil the life of Riley. But chiefly, at night, we stayed and smoked on our cots in the tent, with the sides rolled up for air, and we talked much less, as time went on, except when there were rumors.

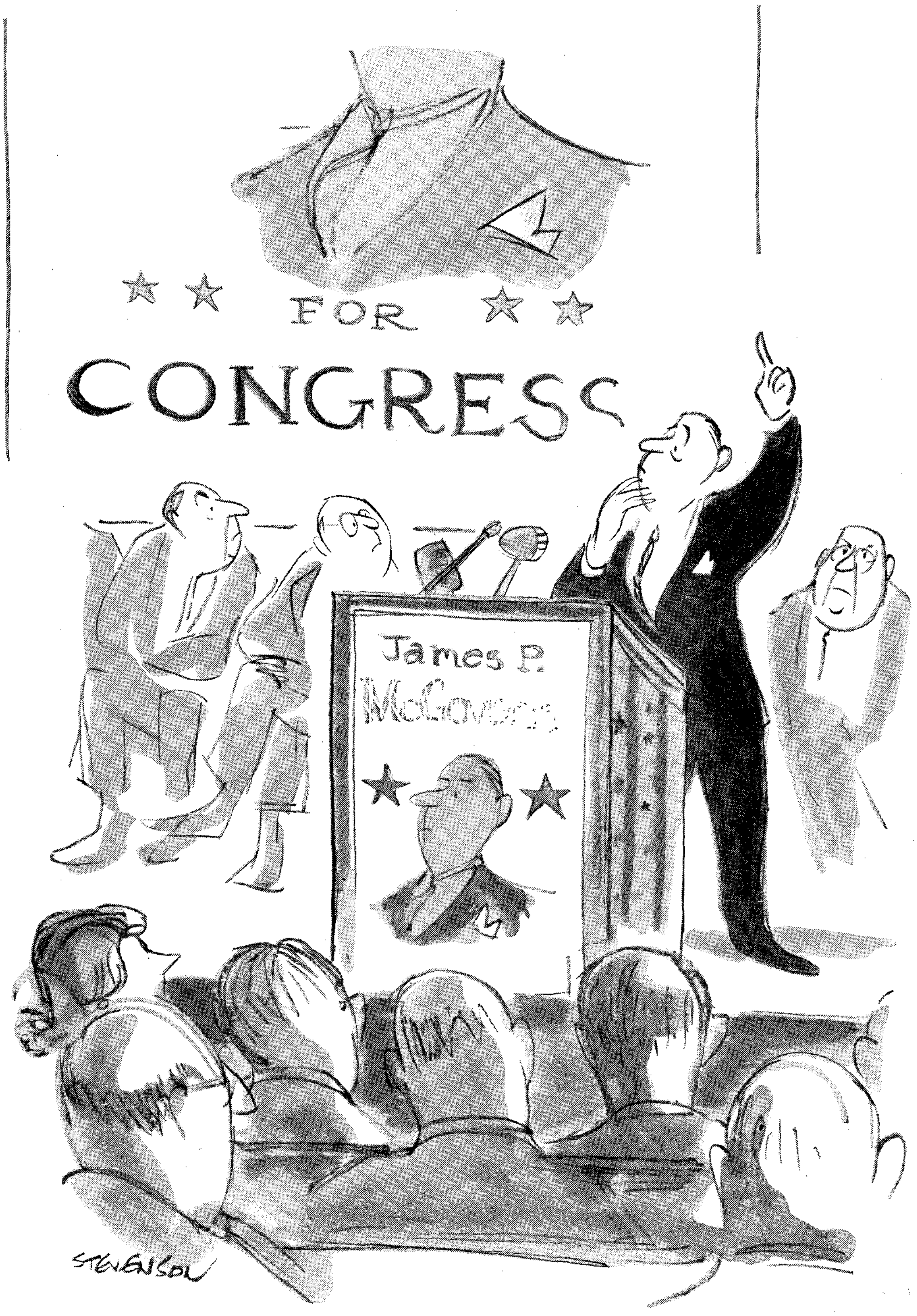
One rumor had it that the squadron we'd come to join had already been wiped out, in part by American guns that had shot the planes down by mistake. It turned out not to be so, but we believed it and it dismayed us. Now we really did belong to nothing. There were other rumors, too, all of them dire. We picked them up in the mess halls. The men in the squadrons got them also, but they just went on working and drilling. We watched them. And we went on telling each other, at least by day, that we had never had it so good.

It was growing cold on the roof, but I wasn't ready to go in. Inside, there would be just the telephone; out there I was on the track of something I thought I wanted to remember. It had to do with being alone, and nothing to do with a lark. I got up and peered over the fence at the park and the passing cars and the changing stop lights, and still I couldn't quite catch it. Instead, I found myself thinking of Sheffler hunting at night for a lost wallet and pretending not to, while a procession of planes with red and green running lights landed and took off again a few yards away. He had lost the wallet in the afternoon, a good part of which he had spent at his post by the airfield. When he discovered that it was gone, he went back, in the fading light, missing supper, not finding the wallet. He shrugged at the loss of two dollars, which was all he said was in it, but he went on looking everywhere he could think to look. Later, he suggested that he and I might enjoy a walk. I was younger than he but older than the others, and he regarded this as a bond; we were the settled men. I said yes, and he steered us straight to the edge of the airfield.

Along the way, he talked in bursts, and I learned a bit more about him. I already knew that he and his brother had inherited a good business—their father, an immigrant, had built it—and I had an idea that Sheffler had enlisted as a form of thanks; he believed the family owed the country a soldier. I also knew that he really wanted to be a good one. He went about it with patient dignity and some humor, never taking offense at officers, and trying to remember to salute them. His salute was sweeping. Now I learned that his wife shared his interests. He and she tried to broaden themselves. He set up mathematical problems, and she liked to help him solve them. On her account, they subscribed to the St. Louis Light Opera, though he enjoyed it, too. They went to the museum, and to the zoo also, though not frivolously. He gave me the Latin names of some animals. Travel, he said, would come when the war was over. His wife was crazy about travel. She was not exactly strong—a little trouble, nothing serious—but he would see that she got safely to wherever she wanted to go as soon as he was able to take her there. I learned, too, that, years ago, she had lost a ring in sand and found it, by a miracle, six months later. He told me that when he had gone home on pass from radio school, which was near St. Louis, he'd stayed indoors most of the time and worn his dressing gown. He explained that this way he was not out of uniform and his wife could never get used to seeing him in what she called a soldier suit. He said that once, on a jammed troop train, he'd had to eat with a shoehorn from a kit his wife had given him, and he added that in his dreams he could never see clearly the faces of the people he knew best.

We got to the airfield, and he scuffed back and forth among spear grass and vines, pretending to watch the planes. After a while—a long while—he gave up, and we started back. He said little, now. He did observe, quietly, that you could grow so used to the look of a photograph that after a while you hardly saw it, and it dawned on me that of course there was one in the wallet. I asked him if there was, and he said yes—a picture of his wife. "I guess I think she's all right as long as I've got her in my pocket," he said. "She would laugh."

We cut across a squadron area and past the orderly-room tent. Outside it was a bulletin board in a glaring white light, and Sheffler saw his wallet clipped to it. Someone had found it, by a miracle, and put it there. He took it down and ran his fingers through it. It was empty. "I can get more pictures," he said, reassuring me. But he said it sadly, and I was certain that he would go right on longing for the one that he had



"So let's all of us in this great nation of ours put our shoulders to the wheel, and like true comrades— Oops! I mean . . ."

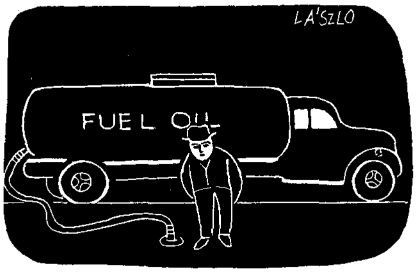
lost—the talisman that had all along been watching out for his wife—whether he could see it when he looked at it or not.

IF the moon is full, it makes a half circle of black knights with lowered visors out of the ventilator shafts on three sides of my roof. They can be eerie, standing there, if you look at them for a while. I had been doing that. The phone still didn't ring. After all, there was no reason why it should—no plan, no promises. And surely she was safe; it would be absurd for me to call her. Still, one gets notions—out-of-shape fancies, thoughts better disregarded. I put a few of them by. Of course she was safe and well. But, looking back once more, I found myself remembering the letter Benjie got, and Curtis Long, like Sheffler, talking in the woods at night, and the snake in the road.

I never knew what was in Benjie's letter. It came while he was sitting angrily on his cot, nursing a sprained ankle. The squadron sings infuriated him, I recalled (discovering, after twenty years, that he had wanted to join them). He would stand warily in the shadows, and swear and sneer at what he called the Camp Fire Girls. Then he would jam his hands into his pockets, walk away, and come back and start in again.

One sing sent Benjie into a special frenzy, and he took to howling and catcalling when the sound was loud. But the singers had a song that stopped in the middle of a line ("Now, you may think that this is the end/ Well, it is—"). They did it that night and left Benjie in mid-howl. The men were startled. Two or three hurried over, thinking someone or something was hurt. Benjie ran, and, before he reached the tent, twisted his ankle. When the rest of us got there, he was lying on his cot, his face white and his cap off. He hobbled to the medics in the morning, and he got to the mess halls for meals, but most of the next week he sat propped up, favoring his ankle—glowering, immune at last from sergeants, cap in place. Then the letter—a special delivery—arrived.

All four of us were there. A corporal from Base Headquarters brought it toward evening, wandering in the area, intoning Benjie's name. Benjie bellowed at him from his throne and accepted the letter, but when he had begun to read it he took off his cap and rubbed the back of his neck, and shrank. A couple of times, he looked up and shook his head at one or another of us, but he said nothing. I felt uneasy. Curtis Long tried to joke with him, pretending that the letter was from a girl who was jilting him. That seemed safe; nobody really supposed Benjie had a girl, much as he boasted. But he just shook his head again and turned his back and went on reading the letter. Curtis looked stricken. He was always doing small kindnesses for people, though from what I knew of his life they hadn't done many for him, and all he wanted was to make Benjie cheer up and swear at him.



It was time for supper, and we all went to it together, but Benjie didn't eat much, and he left the mess hall soon. I left, too. The sergeants had begun to assign us to guard duty, now and then, and I had an early stint at one of the gates. Three hours later, when I was about to go off duty, the bus from town stopped at the gate and Curtis got down. I asked him to wait for me, and he nodded. The next guard came, and Curtis and I started the half mile back to the tent along a dusty woods road, lit by the moon. Curtis picked up a

RAKING LEAVES

Packed with woodpeckers, my head knocks,
Coaxing the drum of the tree to make its sap speak—
My sap, my boned branches, my veined leaves
Staining the wind, dizzying down
Amid a busyness of birds.

And she, in the bedroom, hands warm with work,
Smoothes out the wrinkles from the sheets,
That last night's tumbled sleep may once again
Grow young, that habit, unfolded back
Into desire, may heat the purposed place
Where body's music's sung. Unknown
Even to herself, as they
Who do not live by words, she sings
This place whose memories are birds,
And, as she turns away, back
Into her noon of bells, in her flown eyes
Nothing like gratitude remains;
There are no debts in her farewells.

Raking, taking time quickly,
I watch my own feet move in the ragged shade
Of the shagbark hickory, burly in the blood
Of my own speed, my own strength, now smack
In the sun, barbarously bright (sight
For closed eyes), and up, out again, to seek,
To take, to make what I will, skill of delight
I am not author of. Above, no missing God
I miss; high, satisfying sky, though; and, below,
Chrysanthemums in garb of gaiety,
Little serious clowns—and look, beyond the brook,
The fat grouse bumps across the field
And jumps for berries in the honeysuckle.

Not here, not now, one world goes down,
And not in my head the serious men
Chronicle its going. I cannot tell them
I am raking leaves. This day is hers;
This is my time; with us together
Two chores away, all rocking hours
Support this hour, all knocking days
Repeat this day.

—ROBERT PACK

• •

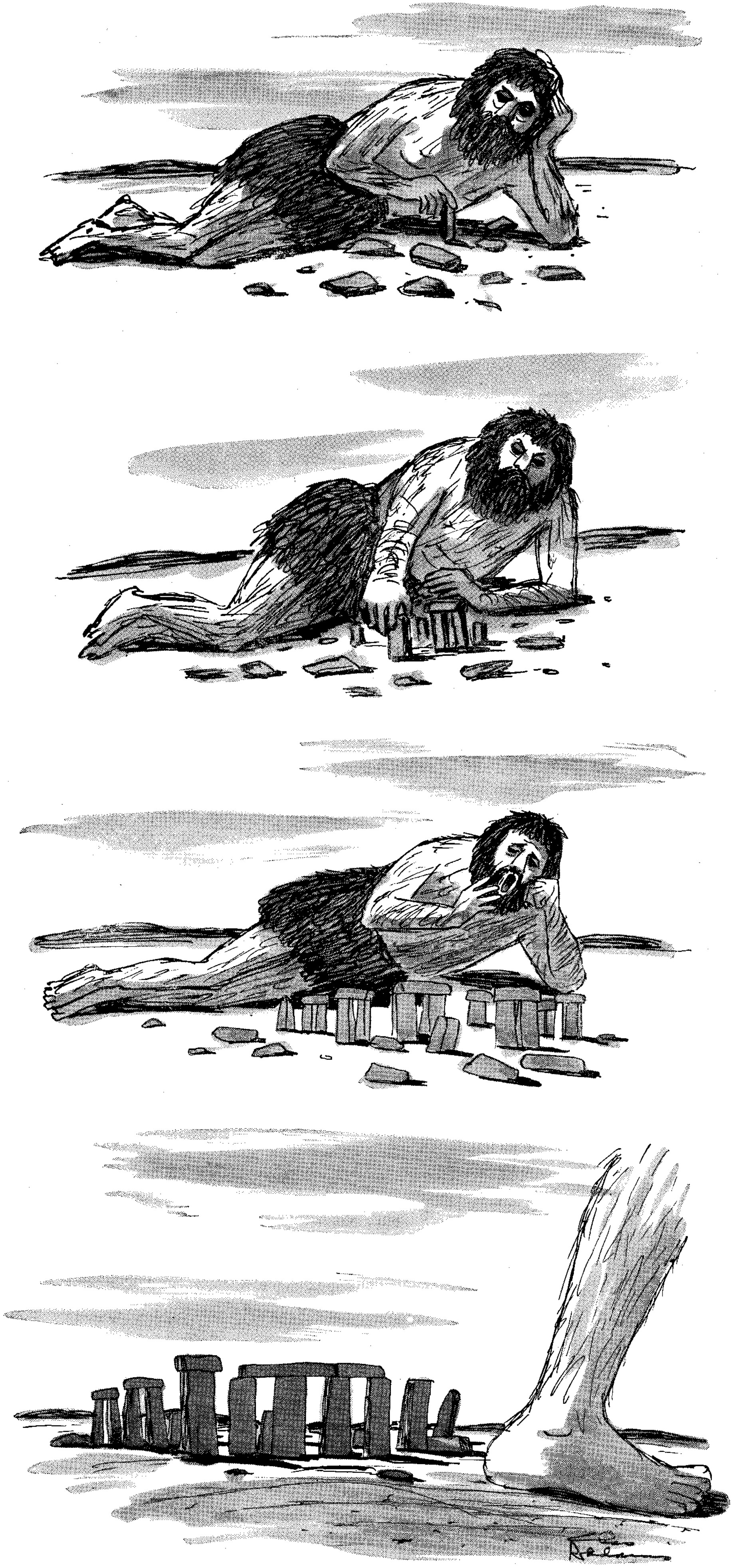
stick and poked at the roadside weeds. I asked him what he had done in town, and he said he had mailed a letter for Benjie at the station. Benjie had been limping to the bus to do it himself. "He ought to keep off that ankle," Curtis said. "I felt bad. He was crying. I wish I hadn't kidded him, there before supper. I wonder what the trouble is."

The letter had been addressed to Benjie's mother in Philadelphia, and that was all that any of us but Benjie ever knew.

Curtis and I walked on, not talking. I didn't like to think of Benjie's crying—or of anyone's crying, just then. And I didn't like to try (though I was trying) to guess what sort of loss had made him cry, there were so many kinds. We crossed an open space, white with moonlight—a little field in the woods—and as we got to the far side we heard a commotion. Some men were running and shouting where the road disappeared in the woods. They had flushed and then lost a snake, and a moment later we saw it.

It came twisting sidewise across the road in our direction and then veered toward the brush on our right. We both jumped, and Curtis, in a reflex, caught it on the end of his stick and flipped it away from us. It landed in the middle of the road a few yards ahead just as the men who were looking for it came out of the woods shouting, "Copperhead!" They were three soldiers, and one, who must have been on guard, was carrying a rifle. He saw the snake, which had stayed, coiling, where Curtis tossed it, and smashed it back of the head with his rifle butt, holding it down. The snake whipped back and forth for a short while, then slowly stopped, and the man who had killed it hooked it over the muzzle of his rifle, said something or other to us, and took it away.

We went on again. We didn't say much about the snake, perhaps because we both were shaken and didn't want to show it, but now Curtis suddenly began to talk. He said that he hated to see people cry, though crying could certainly be helpful. "I made out that I didn't see Benjie cry," he said. He told me how, once, when he was a boy and his grandmother was crying—he didn't remember why—he laughed "to pretend she wasn't," and later his aunt slapped him. He was still sorry. He kept coming back to Benjie. He said that maybe Benjie was bereaved—and his solemn choice of the word reminded me abruptly of his choice of calling. I wondered aloud about that and his hating to see people cry, and he told me that that was



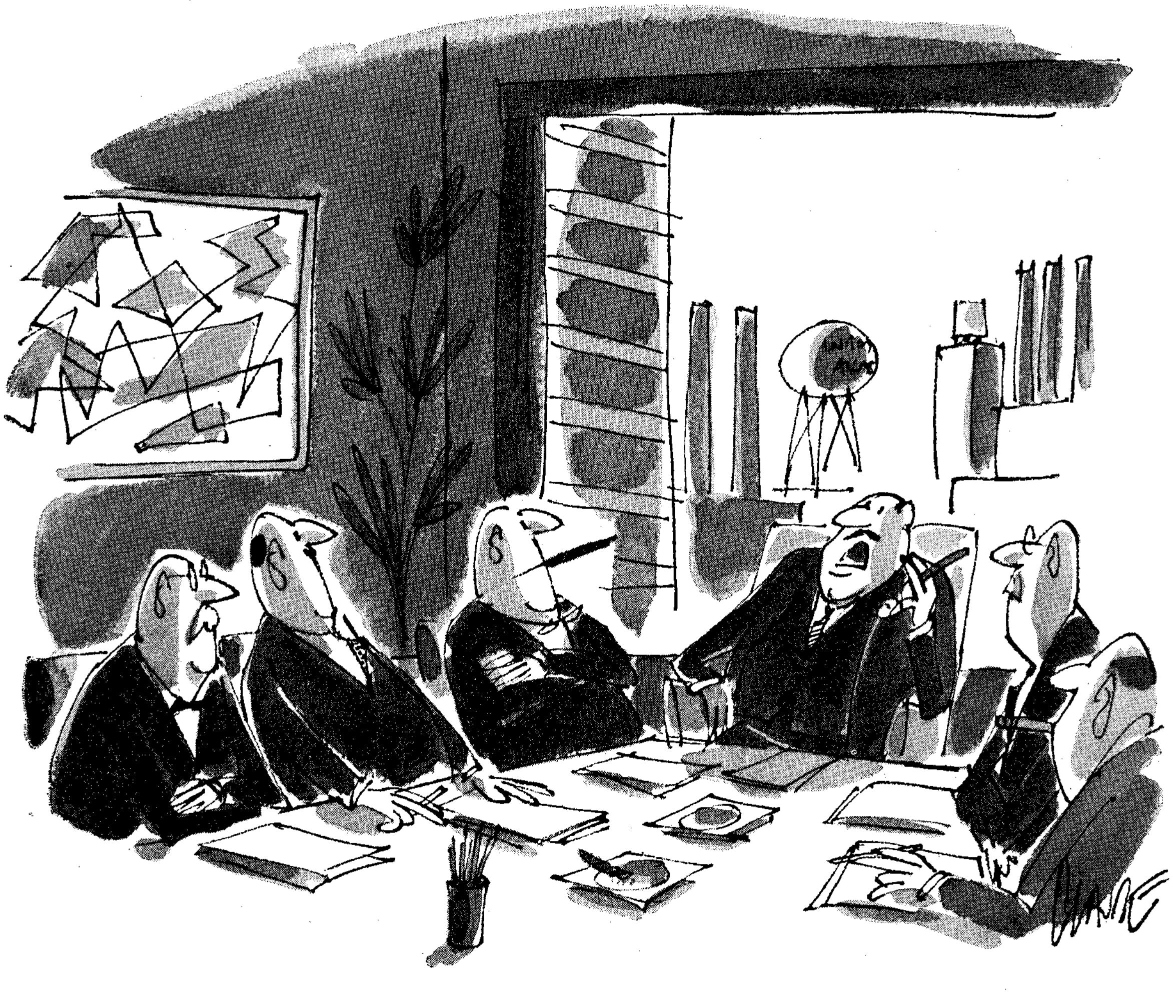
one reason why he had chosen it. It was a very good business, but, more than that, it was useful—it comforted people. He had reached both of these conclusions a few months before the war, when he'd had a summer job in a funeral parlor. He seemed weighed down by a lot of things, and I knew he had his reasons. His parents had died and he had been taken care of first by a bachelor uncle, then by an older half sister, until he was grown. He had gone from job to job, looking for the one he wanted. When he had found it, the war had come along. Now his short marriage was over. (His wife was a funny girl, he said. She always liked to have her cake and eat it. She had dark hair.) He said that Benjie wasn't tough, just lonely all the time, as some people are. And eventually he dropped into silence again. Our feet made almost no sound in the dust, and though he still was walking beside me, it hardly seemed so; he was walking in his own road a good way off.

We came to the clearing around the orderly-room tent where Sheffler had found his wallet, and we had almost gone past the bulletin board in its white electric glare before I glanced at it. The snake was there. Curtis saw it at the same time. They had stuck it up as a warning or as a joke, or both, and it hung there venomous and out of place and dead, though now and then a tremor still went through it. What struck me most was the way the white, utilitarian light made its being there especially outrageous. "They should have left it out in the woods," Curtis said. I was thinking so. It belonged in the woods—alive or dead, it belonged in the woods—and I felt a creeping pity under the revulsion. "I don't know why I have to feel sorry for some damn snake," Curtis said, as we turned away.

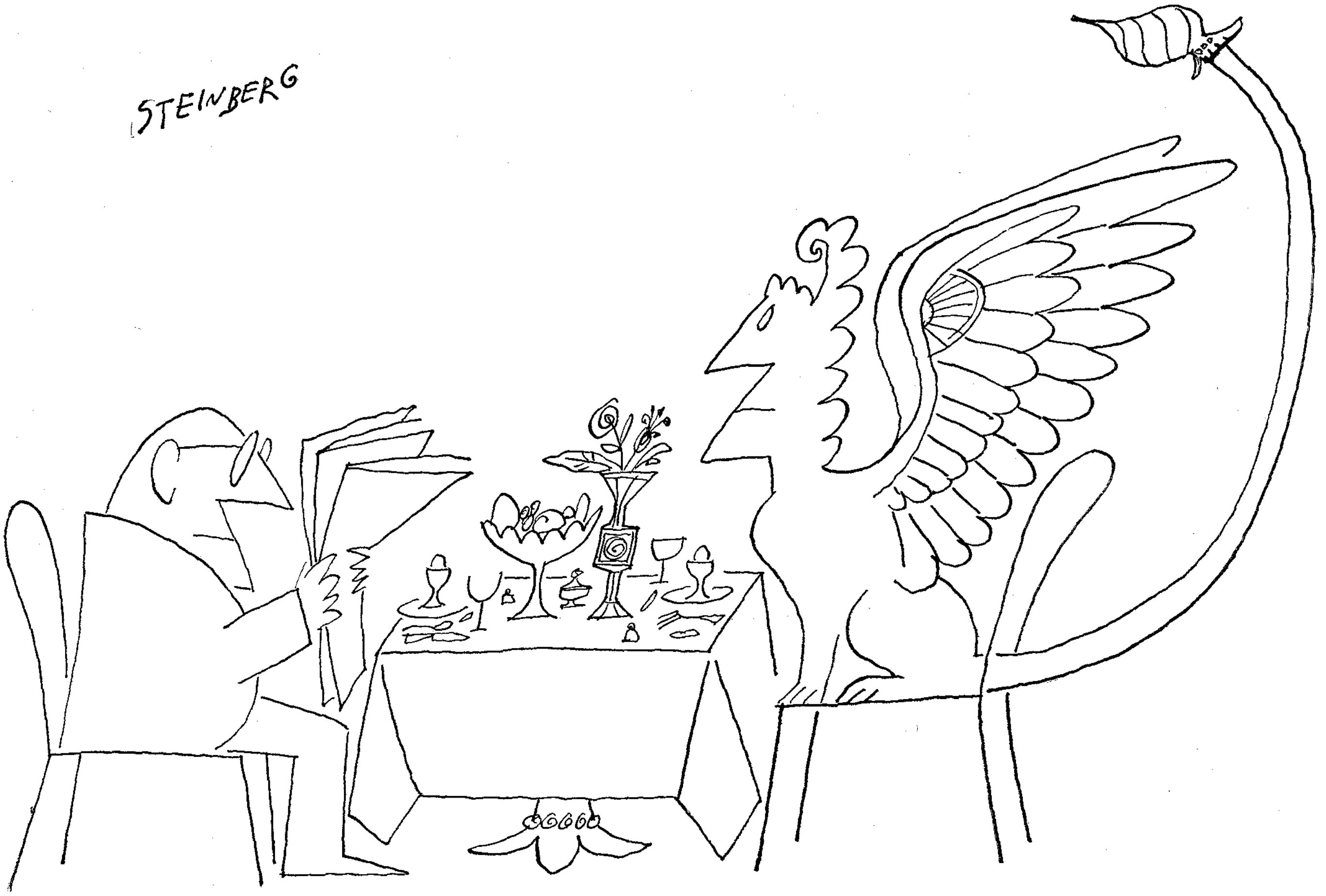
An airplane passed high over the roof, its lights blinking. A breeze moved in from the park and through the grilles of the black ventilators, making them turn with a whispering sound. I knew now what I had been trying to remember, though why I still wanted to call it back I couldn't say; it wasn't even the echo of a lark. On a low bank alongside a sandy road that led to the hangars, there had been a single phone booth. It had a glass door, but the wood of the rest of it was rough and weathered. There was no squadron near it—not a tent, not a building. It stood in the middle of nowhere, and sometimes at night I wondered if the phone was ringing in the woods with no one to hear it. Anyway, it was the only enclosed phone that we knew of, and when we made calls to the civilian world, we made them there, at night if possible, striking matches to see the dial. Calls went through faster at night than by day. Even so, if they had to go any distance, they could take two hours or more. Meanwhile, you sat on the sandy bank and waited.

One time—the last time—I waited by the booth, Sheffler and Curtis were waiting also. All three of us were there because of our wives. I had put in a call to mine just because I hadn't written her for a few days and was therefore worried about her, though she had written me. Time meant less and less in the tent as more of it went by, but every now and then you would start up, alarmed. Sheffler was anxious, too. His wife was to have an operation in the morning—something small and corrective, he told us, omitting details; nothing to worry about. Nevertheless, he had written out a list of the things he wanted to tell her—admonitions, no doubt, instructions, heartening thoughts. He said, making a joke of it, that he had also brought a flashlight to read it by. "I might forget something important," he said. "Like remember to take her toothbrush." Curtis was calling a lawyer in Michigan who had been trying to get in touch with him about his wife's divorce. Two or three men from the squadrons were there when we arrived to put in our calls, but their own calls came before long, and they went away.

The moon was up. There was an inkling of frost. On the roof, with the same small prophecy in the air, I tried to



"The question as I see it, gentlemen, is 'Shall we plow it back into the business or shall we plow it into art?'"

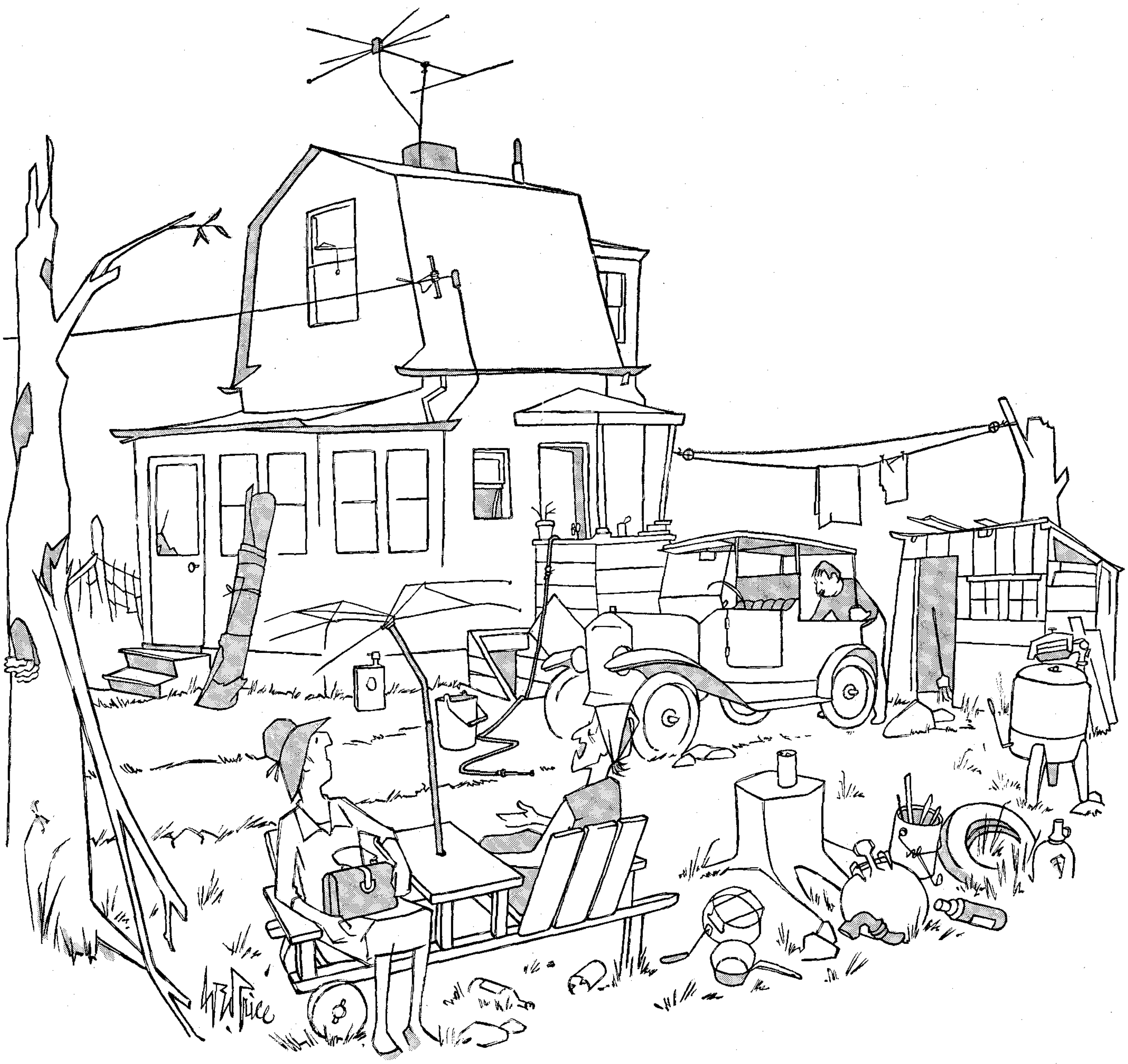


piece together some of the things we had talked about while we were waiting. I couldn't remember what I had said, but I recalled a good deal of the rest, and also that both Sheffler and Curtis had talked about anything at all but why they were there. Sheffler told us about the smells of the vegetables and fruit—celery and raspberries, things just in from the market—that he used to arrange attractively in the grocery-store window soon after daybreak. Sometimes here in camp, when the sun was rising and the air was fresh, he thought of those mornings. He didn't often open the store or arrange the produce nowadays, but once in a while he went down and did it for old times' sake. Curtis said that he was going to get a transfer to bombers. He said he had to do it so that he wouldn't have to remember all his life that he'd been afraid to. But he didn't really seem to suppose that he would survive the war, though he was careful not to say so. He spoke of the undertaking profession wistfully, as if it were something he once had counted on that he wasn't too likely to have. He said he hadn't decided about religion. If it was true, then why weren't things managed better, so that people wouldn't feel it so much when other people died? He seemed quite sure that a good undertaker could help, whatever the situation was with religion.

The moon's reflection moved across the glass of the phone-booth door, and the sand grew colder. Sheffler talked about the past, about the delphiniums in his garden, the first taste of cider in the fall, the double-breasted blue serge suits he wore to church. And Curtis talked on about the future he doubted he would have—about appropriate caskets that reflected both the respect of the bereaved and the personality of the deceased, and about the man he had worked for the summer he had found his calling, who never took advantage of grief, and was also a devoted family man. Then the telephone rang. It was for Sheffler.

His wife was all right. He told us so after he came out of the booth, but not until one of us had asked him. She was perfectly all right—but we could see that something was wrong. The operation was over already, he said. She had had it a day early without telling him, not wanting him to fuss. He tried to sound glad that it was done and she was safe, and, of course, he was. But in one hand he had the list of the things he had been going to say to her, and in the other the flashlight to read it by. He crumpled the list and put it in a pocket. "This morning," he said. "While I was watching airplanes!" He sounded shocked and he looked bewildered. He said that she should never have done it, that she was all alone—and clearly, at the moment, so was he.

Of course, that kind of aloneness does come in moments (I thought on the roof, remembering). It comes in glimpses, unacknowledged, and one shuts them off. Sheffler had surely shut his off as quickly as it came. But I was certain, looking back, that he had caught it. After a while, he'd gone back to the tent, and Curtis's call had come, and he had left, too. Mine had come—things were fine at home—and I had walked back, cutting through the woods and along the ditch, thinking of the two of them sitting on the bank by the moonlit booth, taking turns at talking to themselves; thinking of Curtis's wife, who didn't know that he wanted to transfer to bombers, or that three men she would never see had learned she was light on her feet; of Benjie's mother, who hadn't known when he cried, but who must have known whatever it was that had made him do it; of Sheffler's



"Three months we've been here, and still no Welcome Wagon."

• •

wife, whose husband could never find her face in dreams, going to the hospital a day early so he wouldn't fuss.

I thought I had better go in from the roof. I was getting more than a glimpse. And surely all this couldn't really apply to me, I told myself, shutting it off. I was just lonely. My wife was away on a visit. She would be back in a day or two. Still, loneliness would be easier to manage, it seemed, if it weren't for the other thing lurking under it that showed up only at moments. Loneliness—day-by-day loneliness—could come to an end.

And, true, it could, for now the phone was ringing. My wife had come back early; she was calling from Idlewild. I was glad. I told her I would meet her at the terminal. I changed and picked up a paper here, a glass there. I went out and looked for a taxi. It was a rush, but it was very cheerful. And I found that, as far as memory goes, one tends to remember what applies. For now—in the street, where the moon was hidden by buildings—I thought how the four of us, down there, were assigned at last to a squadron, and the squadron suddenly was ordered overseas, we didn't know where. We worked through the last night with the other men, loading the airplanes by flashlight and glancing firelight. Curtis was full of jokes again, Benjie swore, Sheffler saluted. We were far too busy to think of the phone booth, or the snake, or the moon, though they all were coming back later, in odd moments, at least to me. We had a lark. And by morning, as we flew away, when we happened to speak of the tent, we had begun to say we would never have it so good again as there.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

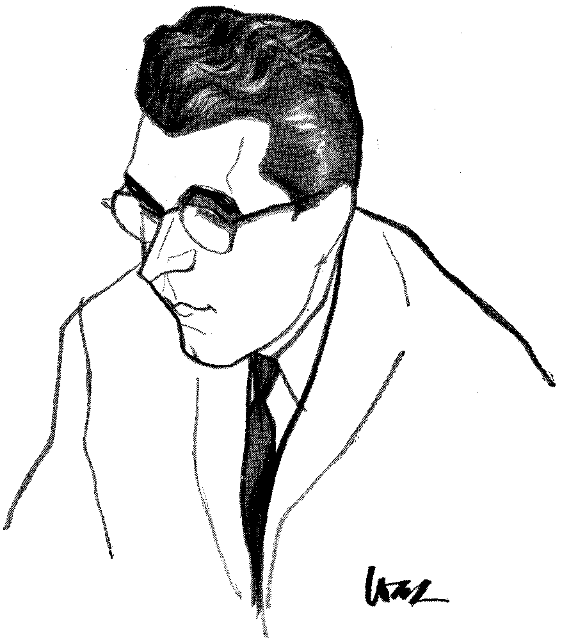
•

Keep your replies coming. I treasure Sophie *Tillinghast* Crolius' card. "I am sorry to be of no help to you. My own status seems to be static, *same* six children and twelve grandchildren, so no news. I have nothing on classmates either. Am I not stupid?" Knowing Sophie's big heart and boundless energy—*what an understatement!—Wellesley Alumnae Magazine, 1914 class notes.*

Just give the news of the class, please.

PROFILES

A FEELING OF INTENSE CONCENTRATION



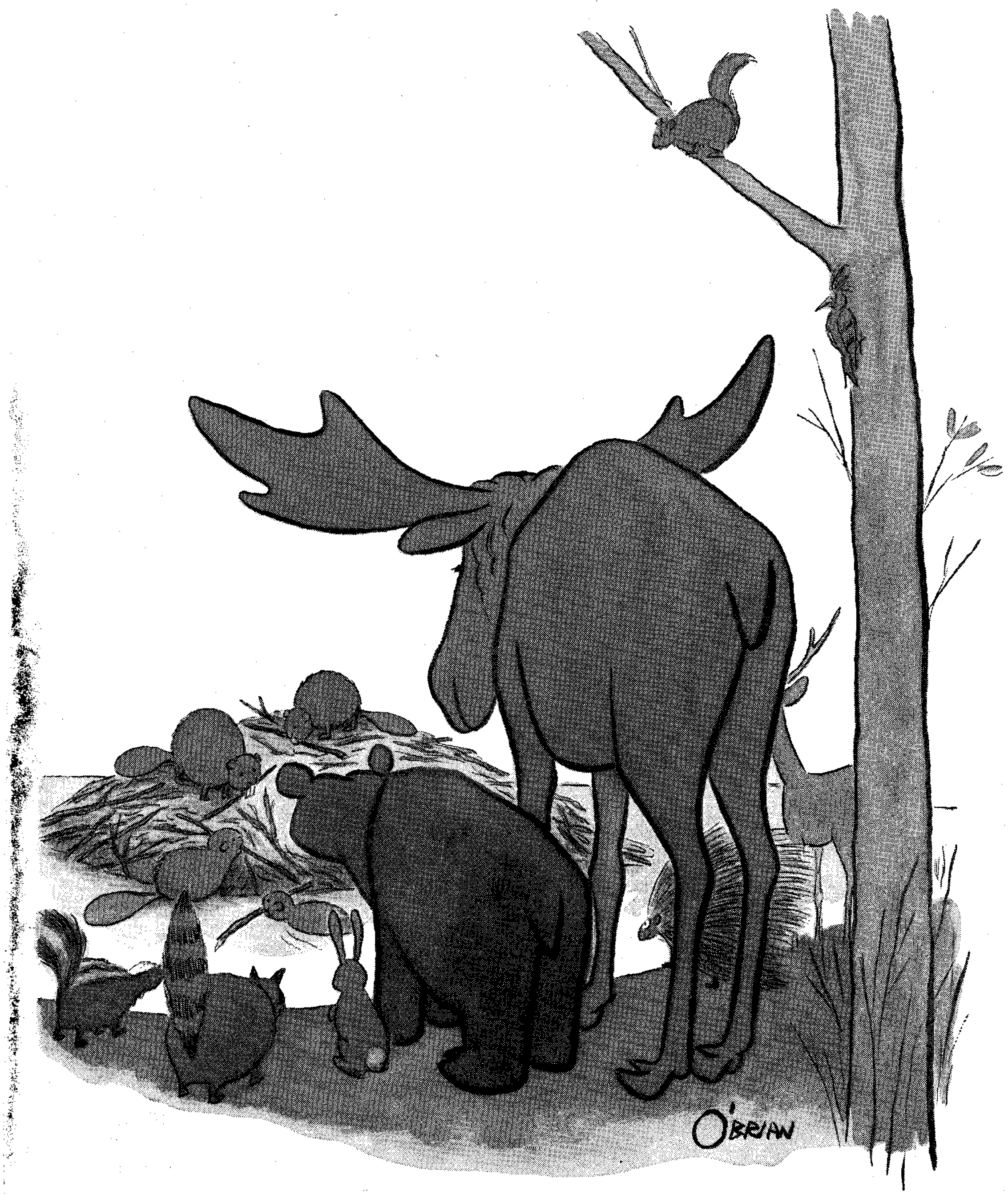
Julius Rudel

WHEN the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, in 1923-25, built the edifice known as Mecca Temple on West Fifty-fifth Street, they could hardly have foreseen the part it would play in the cultural life of New York City. It was a good example of the florid neo-Saracenic architecture affected by the Masons for their gathering places throughout the country, and it had, among other things, a large auditorium, which unkind critics have often described as the ugliest theatre in Manhattan. But although the auditorium was filled from time to time with non-ceremonial events—the old New York Symphony, under Walter Damrosch, used to play there when the rival New York Philharmonic had preëmpted Carnegie Hall—the Shriners were unable to pay the taxes on the building during the depression, and in 1942, after garlands of red tape had been unwound, Mecca Temple became the property of the City of New York. The city was at something of a loss about what to do with it. At first, Newbold Morris, then the President of the City Council, supported by Morton Baum, a former city tax counsel, proposed to use it for the presentation, at popular prices, of previous Broadway successes. Then the publicist Jean Dalrymple, who had long been interested in the theatre, came up with an even better idea, and in 1944, at her behest, the enterprising Hungarian conductor, László Halasz, was brought to New York from the St. Louis Opera to put on seasons of popular-priced opera. Mecca Temple was rechristened the City Center of Music and Art, and in return for a rental eventually set at one and a half per cent of the gross receipts (a fee later reduced to a dollar a year), the city put up sixty thousand dollars to clean the place up and give it a paint job. It remained one of the ugliest auditoriums in New York, however, and the problem of keeping it in repair continued through subsequent administrations. At one point, according to Mr. Morris, a leak in the roof became so bad that instant action was necessary, and one rainy night, in order to dramatize the emergency, he gave Mayor Impellitteri some complimentary tickets for seats immediately beneath the weak spot. The Mayor was convinced. Mr. Halasz's opera company, thanks in part to the small subsidy provided by the city's low rental fee, was not only a financial success, as such things go, but an artistic success previously unmatched in opera at popular prices. After eight years, Mr. Halasz resigned his directorship, and his place was taken by a succession of other maestros. But the New York City Opera continued to flourish, and to present a rather remarkable repertoire, combining standard classics with new, controversial, and seldom performed items that otherwise might not have had a New York hearing. Meanwhile, George Balanchine had moved in and organized the New York City Ballet, which has since become one of the principal jewels in the city's cultural crown. Gaps in the auditorium's schedule were filled with contributions by visiting groups—London's Old Vic Company, the Polish National Ballet, and so on—and the opera company started a series of Gilbert and Sullivan seasons. Altogether, the ugly duckling of Mecca Temple had turned into a rival of New York's more lavishly endowed centers of entertainment. Today it is a unique institution, attracting not only the slender-pursed public but the avant-garde intellectuals, and often making history by the range and quality of its spectacles. And its opera company, which in a year puts on more than a fifth as many performances as the Metropolitan Opera—and chooses them from a far more varied repertoire—is now an indispensable part of the city's musical life.

The New York City Opera is not exactly like any other organization of its type. Its audience, which pays a maximum of four dollars and thirty-five cents for a seat, is entirely distinct from the Met's. The City Center audience probably includes many people of the sort who used to go to the popular-priced Italian productions staged by Alfredo Salmaggi at the old Hippodrome, and certainly includes nearly everybody who is on the lookout for new and unusual operatic experiences. For this extremely mixed clientele, the company puts on what is known as a "ham-and-eggs" repertoire—Verdi, Puccini, "Carmen," and so on—plus a large scattering of less familiar productions, such as premières of native American operas, Broadway musicals of special quality, and no end of contemporary European music dramas. In the eighteen years of its existence, it has presented close to a hundred operas, of which only twenty-five could be described as belonging to the standard repertory, and of which thirty-one were written by Americans. At one point, it put on ten new operas in the course of a five-week season—something of a record for any opera house anywhere. Some of these productions have been flops and many of them merely *succès d'estime*, but others have been considerable box-office draws. The company, unlike the Met, does not have a list of subscribers who buy up its seats in advance; it depends almost entirely on immediate public response for success or failure, and this fact has had the effect of keeping its casts, its directors, its conductors, and its scenic designers on their toes and requiring them to use the greatest ingenuity to insure the greatest possible effectiveness within the limits of what is, for opera, a very small budget. Losses—and every opera house in the world is, of course, doomed to operate at a loss—are made up by irregular pleas to wealthy music lovers and, more recently, by assistance from the Ford Foundation, which, starting in 1957, put up funds for the performance of American operas by the troupe, and later actually commissioned the composition of new works. Somehow, the company manages to stay on a fairly even financial keel. Profits from successful revivals of Broadway musicals and from Gilbert and Sullivan operettas pay for losses incurred by artistically significant but less popular works. The system is unique, and apparently quite practical.

One very important contribution to all this is the loyalty, dedication, and spirit of self-sacrifice evident backstage and in the honeycomb of studios and rehearsal halls that towers over the rear of the building. Everybody seems frantically busy, very coöperative, and extremely proud to be involved in a significant artistic enterprise. Even the elevator boys sing out the floor numbers in Italian. Between rehearsals, leading singers can be found in a modest little luncheonette across the street, poring over their scores as they munch ham on rye, and at rehearsals the company's chorus can sometimes actually be observed weeping over the tragedy conveyed in what they are singing. Even more surprisingly, members of the orchestra often take their parts home to practice (something that very few members of Local 802 of the musicians' union ever do) and may sit in on vocal rehearsals to get a more accurate idea of the entire opera—or sometimes, apparently, just for fun. This kind of attitude, plus admirable technical accomplishment, has made the New York City Opera's orchestra one of the city's virtuoso ensembles, and its experience has made it an unusually gifted one at the specialized business of sight-reading new scores. The troupe's solo singers are motivated by the same spirit. Even the best of them receive only a hundred and fifty dollars a performance, compared to the Metropolitan's five to fifteen hundred. Most of them fill out their incomes with more remunerative concert tours and television appearances, but when the spring and fall seasons of the New York City Opera come around, they drop all outside engagements to work much harder for far less pay. Singing at the City Center, for them, has certain priceless advantages. It offers a chance to sing leading roles in a tremendous variety of operas, some of them new and sufficiently important to demand the attention of the first-string critics, and all of them sure to attract a knowing and critical public. It also offers a chance to participate in a rather headlong season of exacting and instructive work under enthusiastic, imaginative stage directors and conductors. Some of the singers eventually move on to the Metropolitan (about fifty have done so), but others, even though they have been offered Metropolitan contracts, do not; they seem to feel that it is more exciting to be in the top rank at the City Center, with a great variety of roles at one's disposal, than to be a Rhine maiden or a Parpignol at the Met, where the policy of shifting casts would provide them with only a few appearances a season. Still others manage to sing at both places, since the two seasons do not overlap. Scenic designers, too—including such well-known practitioners as Donald Oenslager and Rouben Ter-Arutunian—work for the City Opera at a fraction of their usual fees, because the creative atmosphere allows them a freer rein.

All this artistic idealism and loyalty makes the New York City Opera something quite different from the secondary opera houses to be found in most great musical centers—the Vienna Volksoper, for example, or the Paris Opéra-Comique. Occasionally, despite its limited resources,



Give yourself the luminous look of youth with

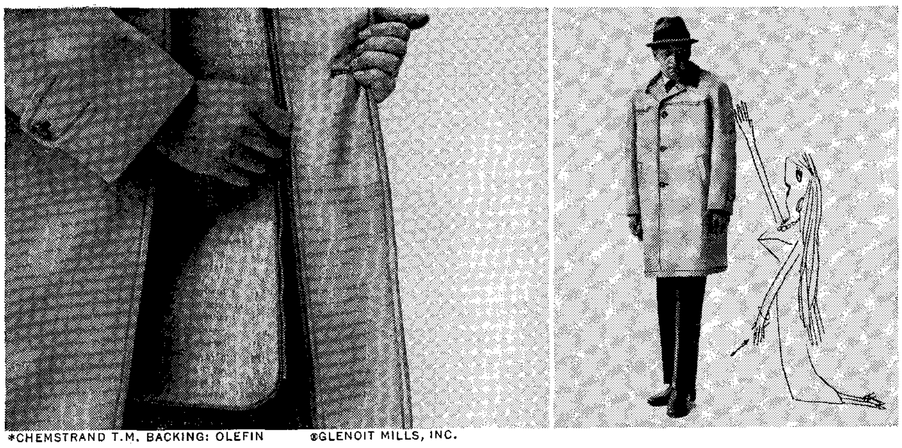
Superglow fluid make-up

The only make-up containing "Lumium," a discovery of Germaine Monteil which reflects light instead of absorbing it, to give your make-up the very glow of life. "Superglow" is made in a wide range of shades. One of them was designed for you.

Germaine Monteil

GLENOIT MILLS, INC.

The richly lustrous, zip-out Acriliner® lining of Acrilan acrylic pile is deep as a snowdrift, warm as a hearth, weightless as a feather.*



*CHEMSTRAND T.M. BACKING: OLEFIN ®GLENOIT MILLS, INC.

See Douglas's rich-looking "Bobby Coat" by Zero King (discussed at length on the opposite page) at any one of the following stores:

NEW YORK CITY
DePinna
Wallach's

ARKANSAS
Little Rock; *Baumans*

COLORADO
Denver; *Neusteter's*

CONNECTICUT
Hartford; *G. Fox & Co.*
New Haven; *Enson's*
New Haven; *Gentree Ltd.*
Norwalk; *Nat Goodwin*

DELAWARE
Dover; *Jos. Levi & Co.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington; *Hecht Co.*
Washington; *Raleigh Haberdasher*
Washington; *University Shop*
Washington; *Woodward & Lothrop*

GEORGIA
Atlanta; *Parks-Chambers*
Augusta; *Cullum's*

ILLINOIS
Arlington Heights; *Joe Svoboda & Sons*
Chicago; *Capper & Capper*
Chicago; *For Men, Inc.*
Chicago; *Marshall Field & Co.*
Chicago; *Princeton Shop*
Danville; *Jules Straus*
Galesburg; *Stern & Field*
Hammond; *Jack Fox & Sons*
Highland Park; *Fell Co.*
Highland Park; *Art Olson*
Hinsdale; *Squire Shop*
Joliet; *Al Baskin*
Kankakee; *Plant Kerger*
Naperville; *Rodney's*
Normal; *Hall's Tog Shop*
Oak Park; *Joel McGregor*
Peoria; *Howard A. Heller*
Pontiac; *Clevenger's*
Rockford; *W. B. Doran*
Springfield; *Barth's*
Winnetka; *Fell Co.*
Wenatchee; *Mills Bros.*

INDIANA
Fort Wayne; *Meyers & McCarthy*
Gary; *The Gentry*
Indianapolis; *L. Strauss*
La Grange; *Steven's Store for Men*
South Bend; *Rasmussen's*

IOWA
Des Moines; *Badower's*
Sioux City, *Mickelson's*

KANSAS
Wichita; *Henry's*

KENTUCKY
Lexington; *Graves Cox & Co.*
Louisville; *Martin's*

LOUISIANA
New Orleans; *Porter's*

MARYLAND
Baltimore; *Hamburger's*
Baltimore; *Hochschild Kohn*

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston; *Jordan Marsh*
Boston; *R. H. Stearns Co.*
Brockton; *Tonis, Inc.*
Fall River; *Tom Ellison*
Haverhill; *Gerro's*
Lawrence; *Gentry Men's Shop*
Lynn; *Sam's*
Quincy; *Milton's*
Salem; *Clark & Friend*
Springfield; *Hillhouse Ltd.*
Winchester; *Chitel's*
Worcester; *Lujon's Men's Store*

MICHIGAN
Birmingham; *Young's*
Detroit; *Capper & Capper*
Detroit; *Whaling's*
Flint; *Roberts-David Alan*

MINNESOTA
Duluth; *Big Duluth*
Duluth; *McGregor & Sonderstrom*
Duluth; *Oreck's Men's Shop*
Minneapolis; *Rothschild-Quinlan*
Minneapolis; *Sim's*
St. Paul; *Hagstrum Bros.*
St. Paul; *Rothschild-Quinlan*

MISSOURI
St. Louis; *Boyd's*
St. Louis; *Famous-Barr*

NEVADA
Reno; *Menard's*

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park; *The Fair University Shop*
Bernardsville; *Olympic Shop*
Englewood; *Ben Daniels*
Paterson; *Kaplan & Kaplan*
Paterson; *Louis Levine & Sons*
Trenton; *Croyden Men's Shop*
Upper Montclair; *Olympic Shop*

NEW MEXICO
Santa Fe; *Moore's*

NEW YORK
Elmira; *H. Strauss Inc.*
Newburgh; *E. W. Jansen, Inc.*
Niagara Falls; *Wake's, Inc.*
Olean; *Gavin-McCarthy*
Poughkeepsie; *M. Schwartz & Co.*
Rochester; *National Clothing Co.*
Schenectady; *Dall's*
Syracuse; *Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop*
Syracuse; *Winter's*
Troy; *Krall's Ltd.*
Utica; *Augustino Vitullo, Inc.*

OHIO
Canton; *C. N. Vicary Co.*
Cincinnati; *Burkhardt's*
Cleveland; *B. R. Baker*
Cleveland; *The Higbee Co.*
Cleveland; *May Co.*
Columbus; *Harry J. Rook*
Middletown; *Sol Schneider's Men's Wear*
Rocky River; *Captain's Quarters*
University Heights; *Skall's*

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City; *Cutchall's*
Tulsa; *El Mar Men's Shop*

OREGON
Portland; *Aden & Josi*

PENNSYLVANIA
Bethlehem; *Silverberg & Goldberg*
Doylestown; *Ely Clothiers*
Easton; *Chief Levin's*
Erie; *P. A. Meyers*
Harrisburg; *David's*
McKeesport; *Cox's*
Philadelphia; *Gimbel's*
Philadelphia; *Jacob Reed's Sons*
Philadelphia; *John Wanamaker*
Pittsburgh, *Kaufman's*
Scranton; *Samter Bros.*

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington; *Phillips Men's Wear*
Providence; *Herbert Brown*
Providence; *Peerless Co.*
Woonsocket; *Lanoie's*

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City; *Seeley's*

TENNESSEE
Nashville; *Levy's*

TEXAS
Dallas; *Reynolds-Penland*
El Paso; *White House*
Fort Worth; *Washer Bros.*
Houston; *Cromwell Ltd.*
Midland; *Albert Kelly, Inc.*
San Antonio; *Frank Bros.*

UTAH
Ogden; *Fred M. Nye Co.*
Provo; *Hoover Clo. Co.*
Salt Lake City, *Arthur Frank Inc.*
Salt Lake City; *Wolfe's*

VIRGINIA
Portsmouth; *Quality Shop*
Richmond; *Thalhimer's*

WASHINGTON
Seattle; *Bon Marche*
Seattle; *Klopfenstein's*
Seattle; *Martin & Eckman*
Seattle; *Steil & King*

WEST VIRGINIA
Parkersburg; *Stern Bros.*

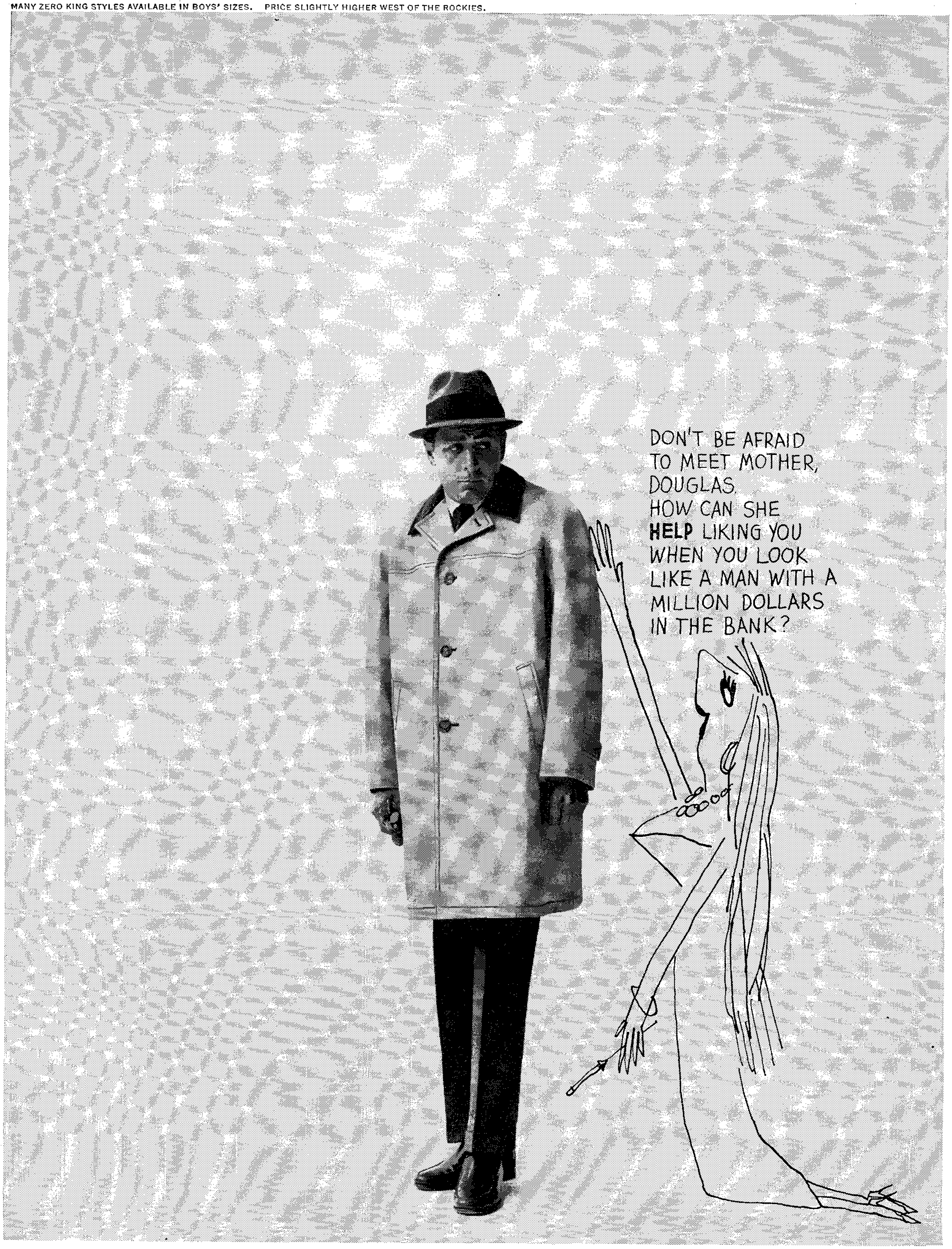
WISCONSIN
Appleton; *Matt Schmitt*
Fond du Lac; *T. E. Ahern*
Kenosha; *Chiappetta's*
Milwaukee; *Marshall Field & Co.*
Milwaukee; *Polacheck's*
Racine; *Jacobson's*
Racine; *Levin Bros.*

For names of other fine stores in your area, write B.W. Harris, Park Square, St. Paul, Minnesota.

ZERO KING

the company at the City Center puts on performances that are equal, or even superior, to those of the Met. And, of course, it is far more versatile than the Met, since it tackles controversial items that the Met, with its more expensive and sometimes cumbersome grand tradition, cannot afford to do. The distinction between the two organizations is, in fact, a rather interesting one, and it is not always a distinction in favor of the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan is, to be sure, a great international opera house, which hires, with a few exceptions, the finest singers to be found anywhere in the world. It is a sort of musical United Nations, and it is just about as loosely affiliated as the U.N. with the country in which it is situated. Its casts are largely international and tend more and more to be part of the great European-American circuit, travelling to and from Berlin, Vienna, Salzburg, Bayreuth, Milan, London, New York, and Buenos Aires, and fitting themselves into productions at short notice, like glorious spare parts. Indeed, the big, sensational stars—Birgit Nilsson, Joan Sutherland, Leontyne Price, Anna Moffo, Mario Del Monaco, Cesare Siepi, and so on—are not so much members of the Metropolitan Opera Company as they are riders on a huge merry-go-round that deposits them temporarily in New York and then whisks them off to Salzburg or Milan. The system has its advantages for the Met, for most of these great stars are superb performers. But it has its disadvantages, too. It makes the preparation of any considerable number of new works very difficult (the stars are not in one place long enough to rehearse a new repertoire), and therefore tends to discourage the production of contemporary opera. It is expensive—so expensive that the Met cannot afford to take a chance on anything much out of the ordinary. It sometimes has the effect of emphasizing personal glamour at the expense of sound musical production. (Most people who went to hear Joan Sutherland's "Lucia" last spring did so because they had heard that she was the world's greatest coloratura, which she possibly is, and paid very little attention to the production, which was, in fact, slipshod.) It discourages young singers who may be quite comparable to the stars but cannot possibly compete with them, because the stars hold the edge in international publicity. And it undoubtedly destroys any star's loyalty to one opera house. All this tends to deprive the Metropolitan of any very intimate connection with the development of local mu-

MANY ZERO KING STYLES AVAILABLE IN BOYS' SIZES. PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.


DON'T BE AFRAID TO MEET MOTHER, DOUGLAS. HOW CAN SHE **HELP** LIKING YOU WHEN YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN WITH A MILLION DOLLARS IN THE BANK?

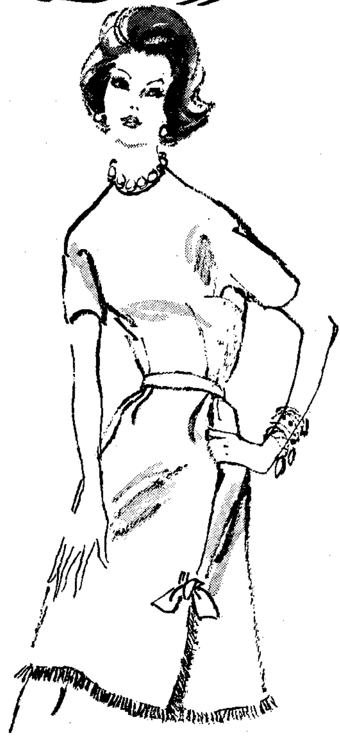
Ramona is right, Douglas. Her mother (and everybody else) will absolutely *fawn* on you in your 'Bobby Coat' by Zero King. It's so civilized. So cosmopolitan. So obviously superior in every way. Lustrous Supima cotton with a rich cotton suede cloth top collar...it warms the inner man when necessary with a rugged zip-out lining of GLENOIT'S Acriliner®. Why tell anyone it only costs about $50? B.W. Harris Mfg. Co., Park Square, St. Paul 1.

ZERO KING

sical culture. Thus, the Met in recent years has produced only one American opera (Samuel Barber's "Vanessa"), even though American opera has lately been arousing considerable interest—mainly at the City Center. If the Met does decide to do a contemporary opera, it is apt to be a work by Stravinsky or Benjamin Britten—two fashionable composers who are as much a part of the international merry-go-round as Birgit Nilsson and Joan Sutherland. (Both composers, as it happens, have already been represented at the City Center.)

The New York City Opera is very different. It commands the loyalty of an extraordinary group of singing actors, who, in turn, command the loyalty of a solicitous management. It finds and utilizes the talents of good American artists without demanding the imprimatur of previous European celebrity. It is in the thick of a battle for the recognition of the modern school of American operatic composers—a battle that is turning up some very interesting works and, in the long run, may well prove to be one of the most influential musical events of our era. The time may come when program notes for classics staged all over the world will include the intelligence "First performed by the New York City Opera." Thus, while the Metropolitan goes its proud way, secure in the knowledge that it is America's greatest operatic institution, the New York City Opera—poor, eager, and venturesome—makes up in zeal for what it lacks in glamour.

FOR the past five years, the man in charge of the New York City Opera's diverse undertakings has been a conductor named Julius Rudel, who not only has presided over a great many of its new productions but is also in complete control of its artistic policies. Though Rudel's career, and even most of his training as a conductor, has taken place in this country, he is, like many of our more important operatic impresarios, an Austrian by birth. (It is a curious fact that Austrians have nowadays largely taken over this profession, which as recently as thirty years ago was widely regarded as more or less the exclusive province of Italians.) He has just turned forty-one, though slightly graying hair and the habit of command make him seem older. Of middle height, with dark—almost black—eyes, he is built along the athletic lines characteristic of conductors, who pursue what is possibly the most calisthenic of all callings. He speaks English with almost no trace of an Austrian accent. Altogether, he is



Fringed and bowed dress.
Combining the
contoured bodice
with the gayest of skirts.
Shannon Rodgers design
for Jerry Silverman.
Coral, turquoise
or sandalwood wool chiffon.
Sizes 6-16 $55.00

MONTALDO'S

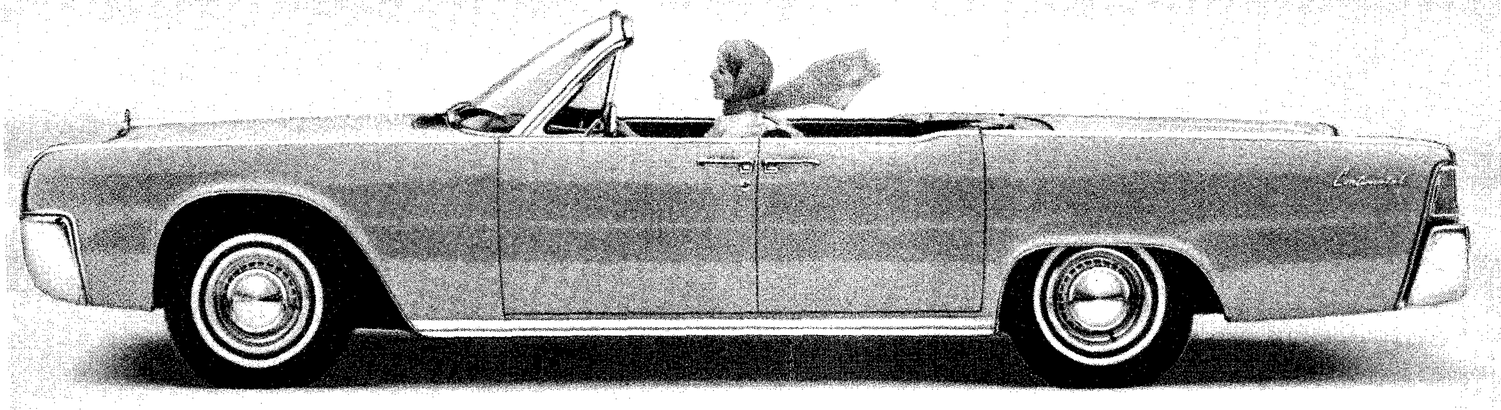
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
and Doop's *East Orange and Short Hills, N.J.*

For a Brilliant New Season—The matchless magnificence of diamonds shimmering in platinum . . . in an airily looping clip, $3,300 . . . in ear clips, gracefully curved, $3,950.

Actual size Fed. tax incl.

Cartier

INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELLERS SINCE 1847
FIFTH AVENUE and 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PLaza 3-0111



THE ADDED POWER IS MORE THAN A MATTER OF HORSES

It is a matter of performance. The most exciting performance of any automobile in America today.

In the Lincoln Continental for 1963, you will experience a significant increase in power for safe passing at turnpike speeds, and swifter, far smoother acceleration at every speed. This is the result of advanced engineering: a new high turbulence piston and new full range carburetion that make the 1963 engine superior even to the remarkable 1962.

As with every other modification we make in the Continental, these advances in performance are designed primarily to add to your pleasure and satisfaction. For the same reason, we have increased the leg room in both seating compartments for 1963, and expanded the usable space in the trunk compartment.

All these things add to the quality, the comfort, and the luxurious ride of the finest car built in America. They also add to its resale value, making this car a prudent investment indeed: timeless in look, in defiance of passing fads, and precise in engineering to the most demanding standards.

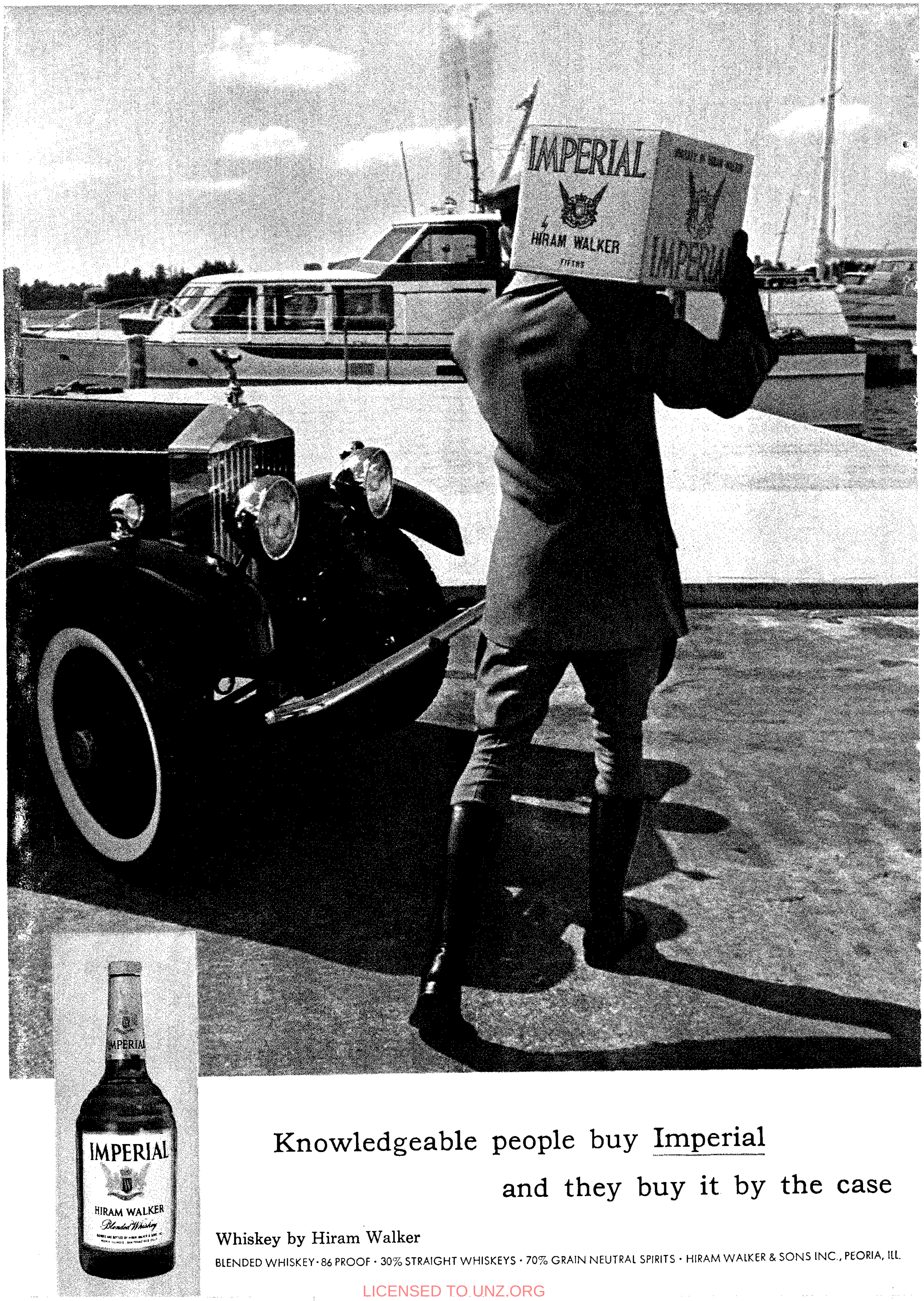
The Lincoln Continental is a fine investment. The warranty is its final proof. It is the longest total-car warranty offered by any American automobile: two full years or 24,000 miles.*

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Product of Ford Motor Company Lincoln-Mercury Division

---

*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate adjustments will be made by tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.


IMPERIAL
by HIRAM WALKER
FIFTHS
IMPERIAL
IMPERIAL
HIRAM WALKER
Blended Whiskey

Knowledgeable people buy Imperial

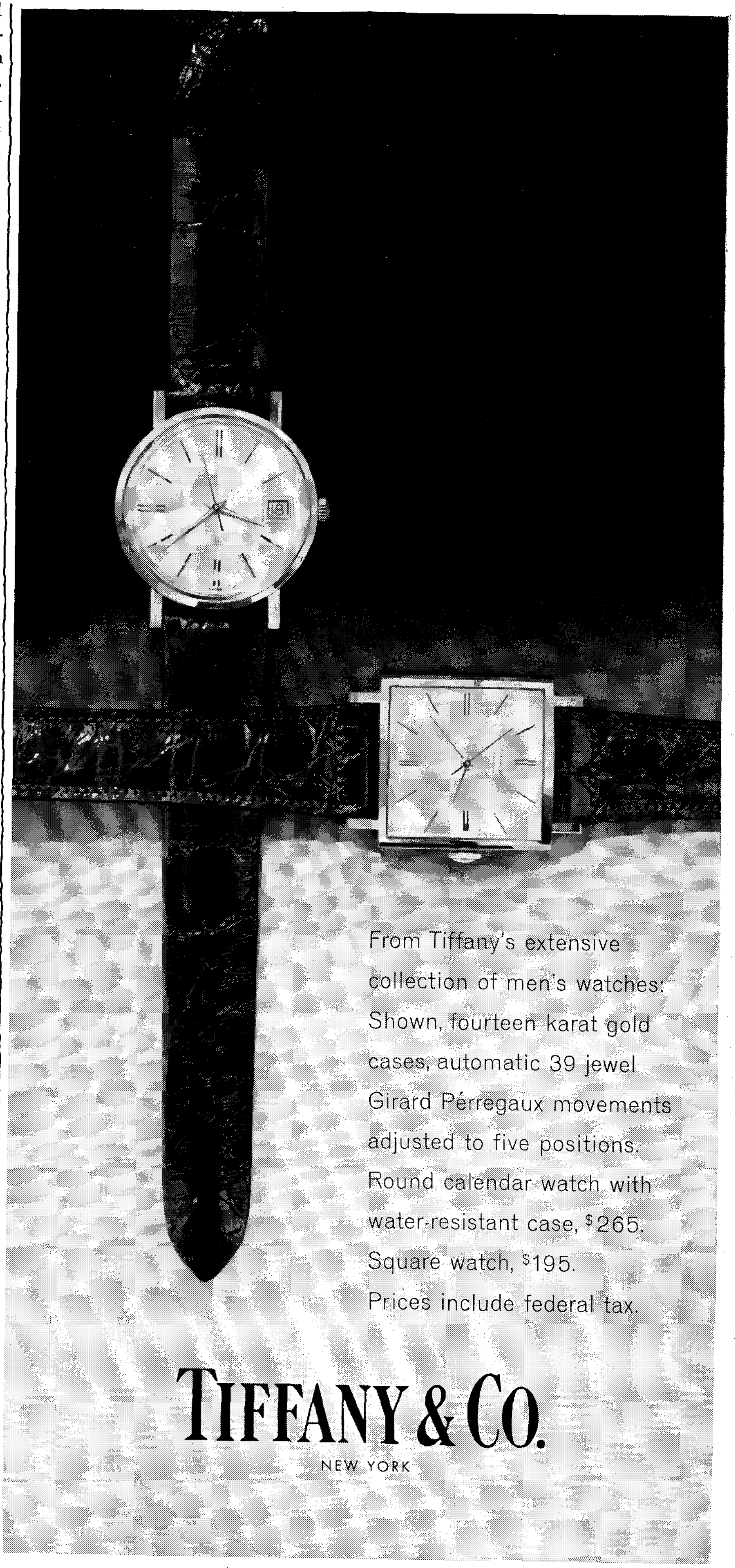
and they buy it by the case

Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKEY · 86 PROOF · 30% STRAIGHT WHISKEYS · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.

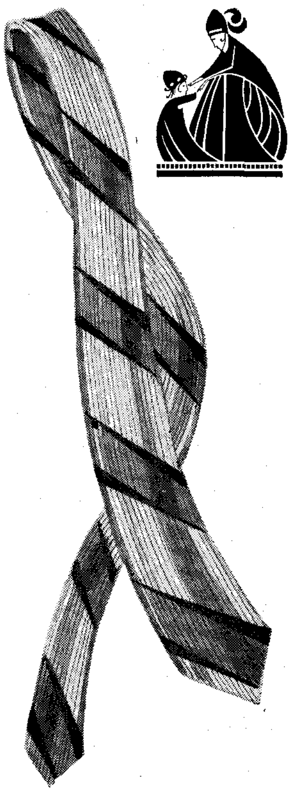
not a man one would pick out of a crowd for special attention, and he is perhaps the most unflamboyant figure in his notoriously flamboyant profession. Opinions differ about his abilities purely as a conductor. He is not regarded as the most brilliant one before the public, but, on the other hand, nobody has ever questioned his unusual technical competence in the orchestra pit, and he has frequently led performances of outstanding clarity and forcefulness. He makes no special efforts to be noticed. On the contrary, when he is conducting, his energies seem to be completely devoted to the functional business of getting an opera efficiently performed. In temperament, he is almost nerveless. He has never been known to indulge in a tantrum, and he is apparently immune to stage-fright. "Well, there's a kind of feeling of intense concentration," he once told a friend who had asked him about this. "Is that what you call stage-fright?" Evidently, Rudel is too busy getting the job done to worry about anything else.

The job, in his case, involves a good deal more than the baton-waving demanded of the average opera conductor with a standard score before him. It often begins with the discussion of a new opera, in the course of which Rudel acts as an editor, suggesting cuts, changes, or additions to the composer—and most composers seem to have a high respect for his instinct as to what is, and what is not, theatrically and musically effective. Then, once the opera has assumed its final form and the singers have been coached in their parts by subordinates working with them at a piano, he takes over all the rehearsing himself, doing a large part of the spadework that in bigger companies is often delegated to those credited with the "musical preparation." He also works closely with his scenic designer and stage director, seeing to it that every detail of the setting and action coincides with the exigencies of the musical score. He is as much a man of the theatre as he is a musician. His ideas about what a soprano should be *doing* are as emphatic as his ideas about how she should be singing. He is, in fact, something of a crusader for greater attention to the dramatic side of opera, and most of the singers who work with him tend to develop their acting ability as much as their vocal talents. All this makes Rudel a very busy man, especially since his company is forever involved in mounting new works, which offer a producer no precedents. But these are merely Rudel's duties as a conductor. Superimposed on them are his



From Tiffany's extensive collection of men's watches: Shown, fourteen karat gold cases, automatic 39 jewel Girard Pérregaux movements adjusted to five positions. Round calendar watch with water-resistant case, $265. Square watch, $195. Prices include federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK



The Lanvin collection of ties, now in the United States

For the first time in this country, distinctive ties by this noted designer.
Here is full play for the originality of Lanvin, retaining the typical restraint that assures good taste.
Here, also is the painstaking tailoring which gives true luxury to the discriminating wearer. From our exclusive collection. **7.50** to **$15**

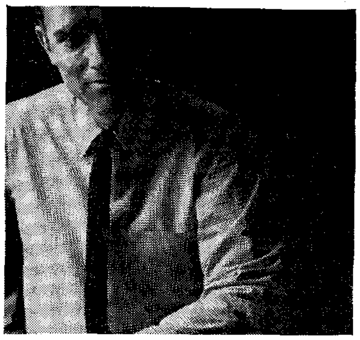
Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

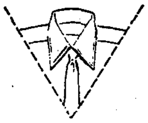
duties as an impresario, which are almost equally taxing, though here he is assisted by a number of advisers, chief among them being the lawyer and pianist Morton Baum, who is chairman of the City Center finance committee, and a fellow-Viennese of philosophical and literary tastes named John White, who practically lives in a book-lined office at the City Center and takes on jobs ranging from the auditioning of new singers to the management of the company's business affairs. Rudel's dual role as conductor-impresario has certain advantages. As a result of it, he probably knows more about singers, scenery, orchestras, choruses, ballets, and so on, than most impresarios this side of Vienna (where the great Herbert von Karajan performs a similar dual function). And he certainly knows more than most opera conductors about running an opera house, choosing a repertoire, gauging public taste, and hiring talent. As an executive, he has a personality that is fatherly rather than Napoleonic. He rules not by edict but by persuasion, and he takes his singers fully into his confidence, explaining just why he chooses certain people for certain roles, soothing ruffled feelings, and stressing the value of self-denying teamwork. One result of this approach is that the City Center singers have a universal willingness to do practically anything but die for the good old New York City Opera. All candidates for membership in the troupe are given serious auditions (after the obvious incompetents have been screened out), and nobody gets a job through the intrigues of booking agents. All manuscripts of new operas are appraised by Rudel himself—a task of considerable proportions. Under these manifold pressures, Rudel sometimes makes mistakes, but he never makes them through ignorance of the complicated machinery he works with.

Over the years, the opera company has accumulated a group of artists who might be considered the backbone of the City Center casts, particularly in the more demanding productions, and who consistently appear in such undertakings as premières of new works, revivals of unfamiliar ones, and Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. To most opera singers, such performances would be extracurricular, and therefore especially exacting. Critics often unthinkingly refer to "the New York City Opera's young singers"—a characterization based on the persistent illusion that the lesser opera houses have younger singers than the grand ones. Actually, of course, most opera singers, because of the ath-

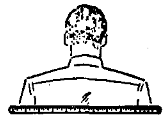


Excello SHIRTS ARE "YOUR FORM IN FABRIC"

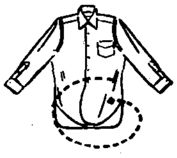
Excello shirts differ from any other shirt you have ever worn. They fit better because they are specially hand-cut to conform to your body contours. This means that Excello shirts fit smoothly across the chest, yet allow neat fullness across the back. There is no excess fabric in front to billow out and the single needle sleeves are set in at an angle to eliminate underarm bulk.



THE VITAL TRIANGLE
The area across the chest is designed for freedom from wrinkles, while material is added to the back for comfort.



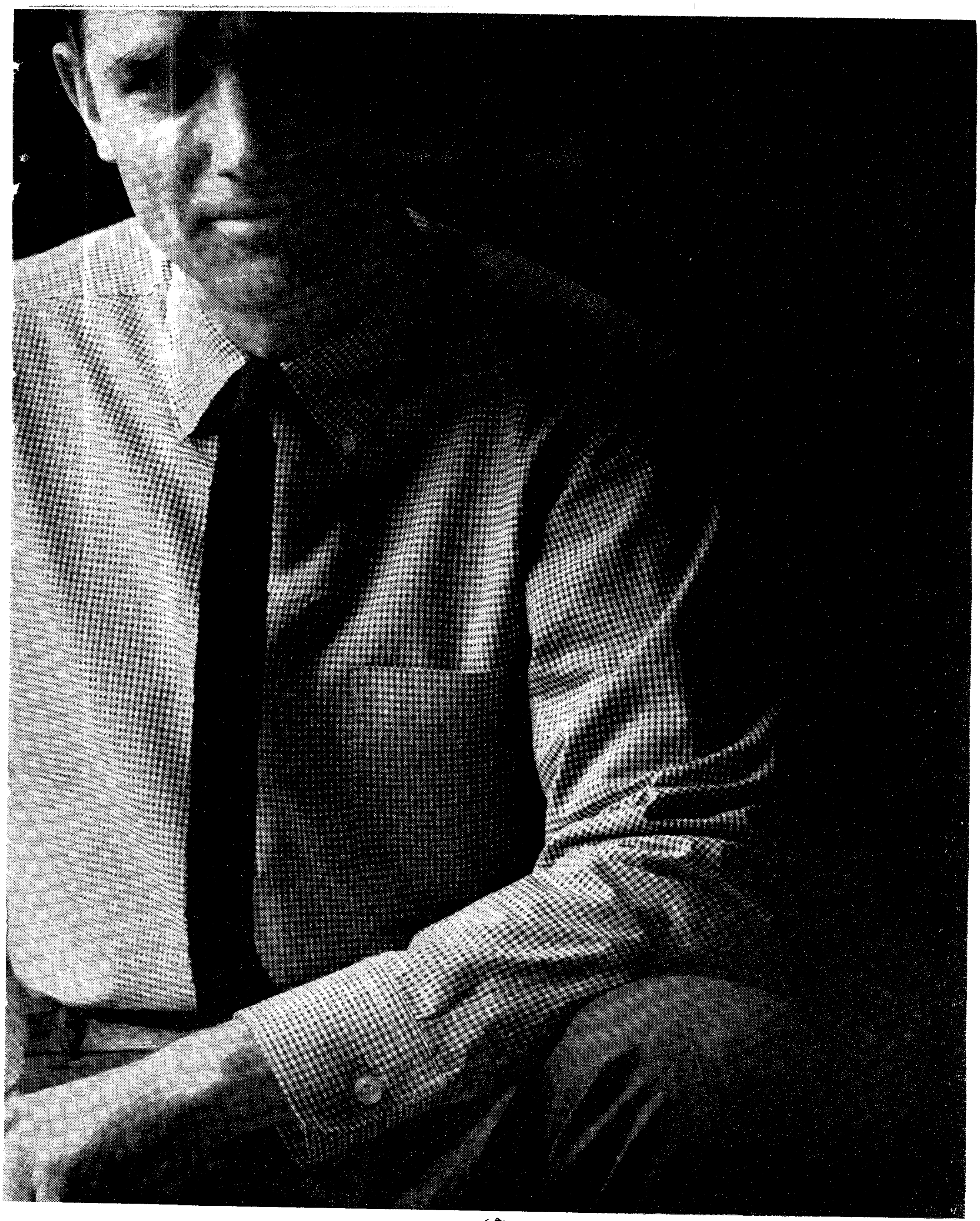
THE CURVED YOKE
Eliminates unsightly gathers or pleats. By following the natural curve of the shoulders, the result is a perfect fit.



THE EXCLUSIVE "BELL-FRONT" LAPOVER
and the extra length of the shaped back, keep EXCELLO shirts neatly in trousers.

THE WAIST IS SUPPRESSED—
giving true meaning to EXCELLO'S phrase "your form in fabric".

Excello SHIRTS INC.
390 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



A Shirt Is Excello

This One Is The Cocktail Shirt

"Tailored like a jacket" of 100% imported cotton in black, red or gold gingham checks. About $8.95
For the name of the fine store nearest you, write to Excello, Inc., 390 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

Fragrant allurements...

MARY CHESS

Toilet Water

Enchanting fragrances prized for their sparkling beauty and lingering loveliness.

Delightful to wear, always charming for gifts.

Classic White Lilac, romantic Tapestry, flowers-and-spice Strategy, Gardenia, mysterious Yram or Carnation fragrances. 8 Ozs., 6.50; other sizes, 2.00 to 17.50 plus tax. At fine stores.

MARY CHESS *New York • Montreal • London*

TOILET WATER
MARY CHESS
NEW YORK

The next best thing to a visit to Jensen's is our 1962 Christmas Gift Portfolio, full of distinguished gifts from all over the world. Please send for your copy now.

name ______________________
please print

address ______________________

city ______________ zone ______ state ______

GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

letic nature of their profession, are comparatively young, and those at the City Center are, by and large, no younger than those anywhere else. They aren't artistically less mature, either. The mezzo-soprano Frances Bible, for example, is one of the supreme artists of her type currently singing anywhere. The bass Norman Treigle is also among the first singing actors of his time. And many of the other stalwarts—among them the sopranos Adele Addison and Judith Raskin; the tenors John Alexander (he was recently hired by the Metropolitan, and Rudel, asked to comment, said, "Heartbreaking! Still, he came back to do 'Louise' with us"), Richard Cassilly, and Norman Kelley; the contraltos Martha Lipton and Claramae Turner; and the baritones William Chapman and Chester Ludgin—are artists of distinction. So are such celebrated singers as Phyllis Curtin and Regina Sarfaty, who sometimes willingly drop engagements in Europe to come back temporarily to their alma mater. In dealing with them backstage and onstage, Rudel is firm and authoritative, but in public he gives them all the credit for any triumphs brought to pass at the City Center. "I don't know whether Julius really lacks the exhibitionism of the average conductor or whether he is just a lot brighter than most conductors," one of his associates remarked a little while back. "If you praise him, he'll pretend that he's nobody at all and point out what a fine bunch of artists, or what a fine chorus, or what a fine orchestra he has to work with. That attitude, of course, makes the artists feel great, and they all break their backs to do their best. So he gets a fine performance—a better one, most of the time, than a yelling despot would get. But whether the method is natural with him or the result of a devious Viennese plot is his secret." The method may be a little of both, but it contains a good deal of plain realism, too. When Rudel was asked about it recently, he said simply, "You can't treat a group of American artists the way the old-fashioned dictatorial conductor used to treat a European company. These artists know that temperamental fits are childish. They are not impressed by threats. They have to be approached differently—less pretentiously and more reasonably."

Rudel is not merely an importer and an adapter of a great European operatic tradition of the past; he is—or at least he thinks of himself as—a cultivator of a brand-new tradition. His response to this role is, when all is said and done, probably the most interesting thing about

Original watercolor painting of Curaçao by Arne Lindmark

"You're sweet, dear–but I still want to go to Curaçao."

Plainly, the lady has an eye for islands.

Curaçao has a way of charming even the most sophisticated travelers with its delightful *unexpectedness.* For here, only 30 miles from the coast of South America, is a storybook island where European elegance mingles with the color and spice of the tropics. Where cheerful, clean-scrubbed streets are lined with pastel houses in the 18th century Dutch tradition. Where, as you wander through picturesque Netherlands atmosphere, you hear a burst of native music...see a splash of brilliant poinciana...feel the tradewinds over the blue Caribbean.

There are beaches and lagoons to dream upon. There's fishing, golfing, sailing, swimming. Impeccably modern hotels and restaurants where you'll find wonderful Dutch and Curaçaoan food. And world-famed shops that offer fabulous imported treasures—at low, free-port prices. Most of all, there's the enchanting gaiety, warmth, and hospitality of people who inhabit one of the world's most *cosmopolitan* islands.

If you have an eye for the unusual, sooner or later you'll find yourself in Curaçao. And you'll give yourself time to explore its pleasures to the full.

The Island of Curaçao

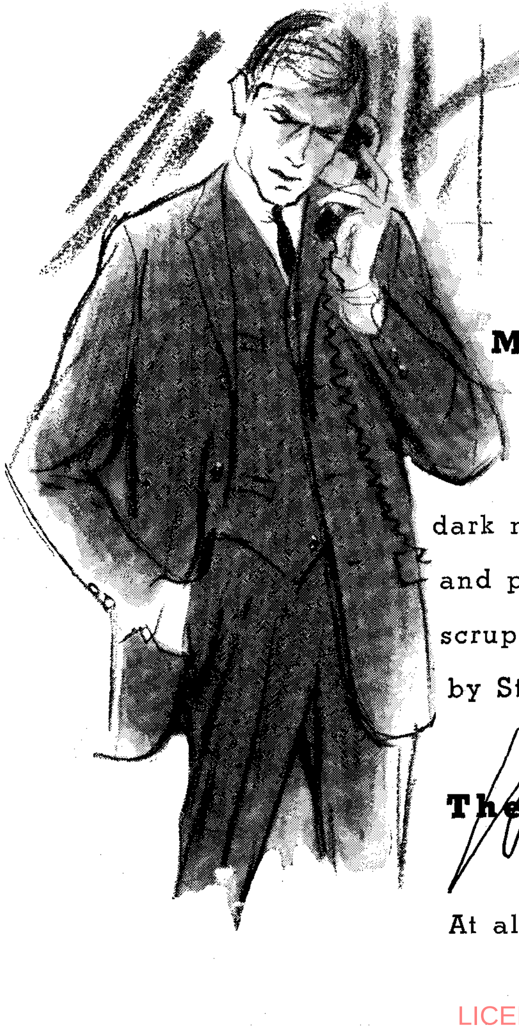
For information see your travel agent or write: Curaçao Information Center, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York

HENNESSY

Cognac

This is the Bras Armé, trademark of Hennessy, the name that means the most in cognac. Hennessy Supremacy is maintained by the world's largest stocks of choice cognacs. The Bras Armé is your assurance of the finest quality cognac . . . Hennessy.

84 PROOF • SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK



Miniature herringbone in a fine-hand, dark navy wool. Coat, vest and plain-front trousers, scrupulously tailored by Stein Bloch, 105.00

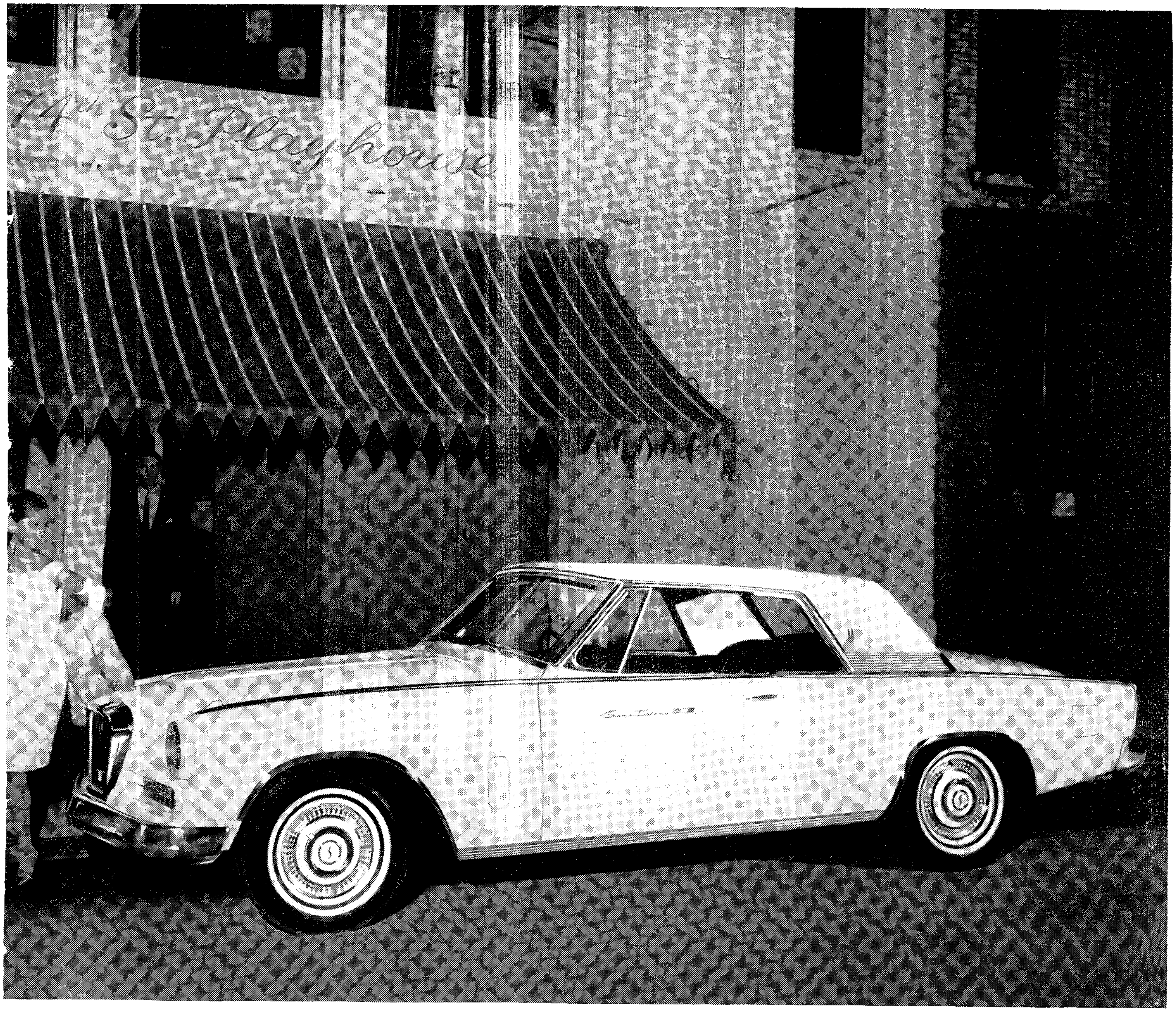
Lord & Taylor

The Man's Shop

At all Lord & Taylor stores

him. He is quite articulate on the subject, and his mind is not in any way fettered by artistic snobbery. He can turn with equal enthusiasm from Richard Strauss to Cole Porter, sensing the elements in each that might provide guideposts to the development of the musical theatre in America. He believes that American opera is more likely to grow out of the Broadway musical show than out of imitations of "Pelléas et Mélisande" or "Wozzeck." In fact, he thinks that it would be a great idea if some of our successful musical-show composers would write full-scale operas. He believes that opera in America should, whenever practicable, be sung in English, and that opera will catch on with a large public in this country only if so many good American operas are written and performed that people begin to recognize opera as a genuine native form of musical expression. He thinks that it is very helpful for any opera company to present musical comedy on the side, because, as he puts it, "musicals are an extremely vital part of the American theatrical know-how." On the other hand, he thinks that musical shows are often done better at the City Center than on Broadway, because the City Center uses singers who can really sing and "an orchestra that plays without the ear-shattering hysteria of Broadway pit bands." Moreover, as he points out, the New York City Opera can confer a certain degree of immortality on a musical show by letting audiences hear revivals of it long after Broadway has put it on the shelf—"Brigadoon," for instance, and "Lost in the Stars." He feels strongly that for American audiences musical shows are a bridge to opera, especially when the two are presented at a single theatre. And he thinks that the traditions of the Broadway musical shows are bound to influence operatic production—as, indeed, they have already done at the City Center, where the influence is noticeable in the ability of its singers to move and dance instead of merely standing around. In Rudel's view, a stage director and a cast capable of putting on a good production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" are likely to be more resourceful than most in putting on a performance of "Rigoletto." "Our aim," he once said, "is the best of two worlds: a company of flexible singing actors who can be equally convincing in Monteverdi's 'Orfeo' and Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Gondoliers.' "

If these ideas have an air of American pragmatism about them that might be thought to conflict with the musical



STAR PERFORMER...SHOW STOPPER

This long, sleek, hot performer is the 1963 Gran Turismo HAWK—blood brother to the sensational Avanti.

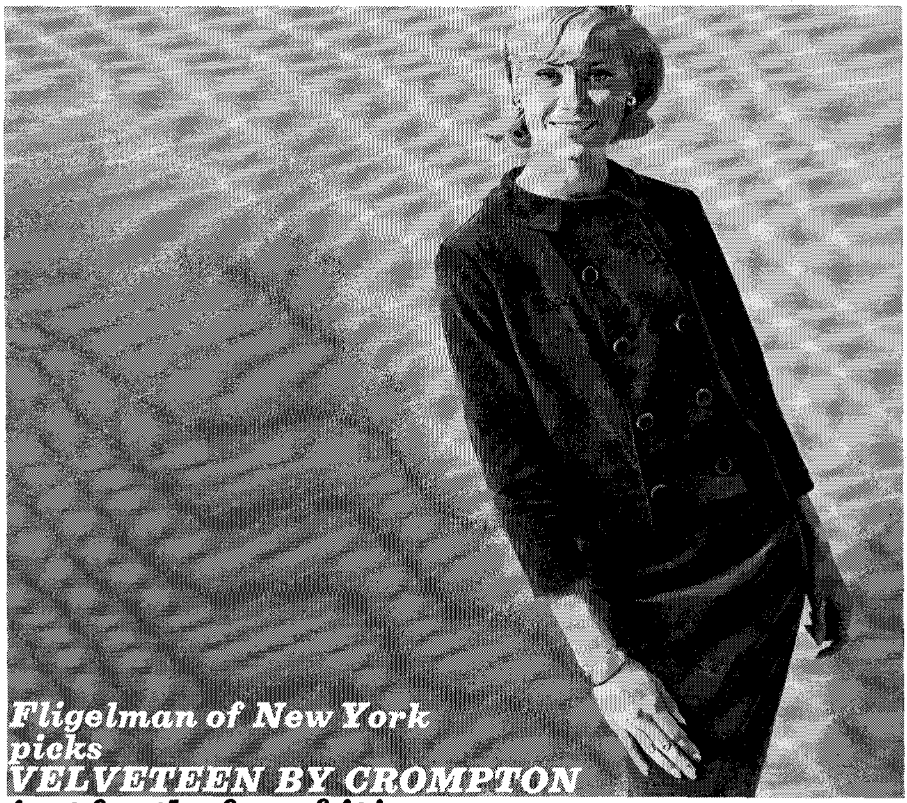
A "personal" car in the true sense, driving it puts "Esq." after your name.

So why buy an ordinary car when this is yours at the same price?

This beauty is at your Studebaker Dealer. The dress is at Saks Fifth Avenue. A pretty girl, though optional, tends to become standard equipment.

FROM THE ADVANCED THINKING OF **Studebaker**
CORPORATION

See the other exciting cars from Studebaker too: ***AVANTI. . . LARKS. . . CRUISER.***


Fligelman of New York picks VELVETEEN BY CROMPTON just for the fun of it!

The superlative suit, double breasted at the jacket, singularly shaped at the skirt, in glowing cotton velveteen by Crompton. Black or breen. 5 to 15. About $30. Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc., 1071 Avenue of the Americas, New York 18.

PECK & PECK, NEW YORK & BRANCHES

NAPIER features the real look.

The necklace is richly gold plated and spiralled with dainty simulated pearls. Also available in coral, turquoise or other gem colors..........$18
Matching earrings $9

Shown approximately ¾ actual size.
Plus Federal Tax

Leaders in Fashion Jewelry Since 1875
THE NAPIER CO., 530 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 36
Available At Fine Stores Everywhere

idealism of most Austrian artists, the explanation undoubtedly lies—at least partly—in the fact that Rudel left his native country at the age of seventeen and took up residence in New York under circumstances so humble that practicality was forced upon him until it became second nature. He was born into the family of a prosperous Austrian lawyer and insurance-company executive, and, like many Viennese boys, grew up with an intense love of music. (He was given a quarter-size violin at the age of three, and began to take piano lessons very shortly afterward.) He was fascinated almost from the beginning by the theatre—by opera, in particular—and he spent night after night in the standing-room section of the Vienna Statsoper, a section that has always been thoughtfully situated immediately under what used to be the Royal Box, so as to provide students with the best possible view of the stage. As a child, he was especially absorbed by the mechanics of stagecraft, and he tinkered endlessly with miniature theatres, which he constructed out of shoeboxes and such. Some of these theatres were pretty elaborate—better equipped, in fact, than the City Center is today, since they contained revolving stages and were capable of reproducing the complicated scene changes involved in things like Wagner's "Parsifal." He also took lessons in composition at the Vienna Stats-Akademie, and even entered a one-act opera of his own, based on the story of a peasant revolt, in a competition for works by young composers. (He didn't win a prize, and peasant revolts were shortly to become an increasingly unpopular subject in Central Europe.)

Then, rather suddenly, circumstances dictated a new course. His father died, leaving him the head of the family, and Hitler entered Austria, making life dangerous for the Rudels, who were Jewish. So migration to America became logical. The family (Julius, his mother, and a younger brother) arrived in New York in the summer of 1938. Rudel was not one of those distinguished refugees who went straight from Austria to a post in the upper echelons of the American social structure. Indeed, since he had not had time to develop a career or a reputation, he landed in a button factory. His next jobs were with the National Refugee Service, where he worked as a delivery boy, a stock clerk, and, ultimately, a switchboard operator. In fact, there is an almost embarrassingly Horatio Algerish atmosphere about everything concerning him during this period. He supported not only his moth-

One to Dream On
akes Mink Association–Producers of Premium Natural Dark Ranch Mink

GUERLAIN
Mitsouko
Vol de Nuit
L'Heure Bleue
GUERLAIN
Shalimar
Guerlain
Paris

the
GREAT CLASSICS
of GUERLAIN *parfumeur*

Four of the most famous perfumes in the world...now in a *new size*—a precious *half* ounce...in an elegant French bottle of frosted crystal...at prices that come as a pleasant surprise—and make a perfect gift!

SHALIMAR, 13.50 · L'HEURE BLEUE, 9.00 · MITSOUKO, 9.00 · VOL DE NUIT, 11.00

Prices plus tax

er but his brother, whom he helped to educate; he composed a string quartet while plugging in calls at the switchboard; and he got scholarships to study music at night at various settlement schools and then at the Mannes School of Music, where he earned a diploma in conducting. As a rule, diplomas in conducting lead to absolutely nothing, but Rudel was undaunted. He gave up his job at the switchboard, married a pretty, intelligent, and certainly optimistic girl he had met at the Greenwich House Music School, where they had both studied, and decided irrevocably to become a conductor. He had one important advantage in the pursuit of this goal: he was an excellent pianist and score-reader, with a broad knowledge of the operatic repertoire. Although opera companies are seldom on the lookout for young conductors, they are always short of people who can help out at the piano during rehearsals and serve as a coach for singers, and Rudel soon found a niche. Unfortunately, the niche was with a small company that operated something like a vanity press; it would, for a fee, mount a modest production around an untried but aspiring Tosca or Carmen. The performances, which Rudel conducted from the piano, were unbelievably awful—so awful, in fact, that Rudel, with a sure instinct for self-preservation, had himself listed in the programs as "Rudolfo di Giulio." Meanwhile, he was busy conducting an amateur orchestral group known as the Parkchester Symphony, a choral group at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and various other relatively minor musical outfits.

Then, in 1943, he heard, rather vaguely, that the City Center was thinking of putting on a season of opera. Without bothering to confirm this information, he applied for a job—any job, at any pay, provided he could take part in the venture. He was put to work on the spot as a piano accompanist for the auditions that were being held to select singers for the company. This was a niche exactly tailored to his size. For the next decade, he went on playing the piano at the City Center, both for auditions and for the endless rehearsals in which a piano substitutes for the orchestra—solo rehearsals, choral rehearsals, ensemble rehearsals, full-scale stage rehearsals. He also began to take over the backstage conducting jobs that are so numerous and so indispensable in opera—seeing to it that offstage choruses, bands, and solos mesh accurately with what is going on out on the stage and in the orchestra pit;

Q What Do These Stock-Market Terms Mean?

A

Arbitrage. Arbitrage is a technique used to take advantage of a temporary price difference in a particular security between a U. S. exchange and a foreign stock exchange, between old and new securities of the same company, and between convertible securities and the securities into which they are convertible. For example, an arbitrageur may buy a stock in New York at $20 a share and almost simultaneously sell it in London at $21 a share, making a profit of $1 a share, less expenses, by taking advantage of the different prices that sometimes occur in the two areas. Arbitrage requires detailed up-to-the-minute knowledge of market conditions and involves considerable risk. It can be profitable, but it is not for amateurs.

Book Value. The book value of a common stock is the company's total tangible assets less its liabilities and its preferred stock divided by the number of shares of common stock outstanding to put the figure on a per-share basis. Note that "tangible assets" does not include such items as brands, patents, and good will, to which some companies assign large values on their books and others assign a nominal $1 or nothing at all. Book value is not the same as market value and generally has little or no relation to it.

Bull and Bear. In Wall Street usage, a bull is someone who thinks the market is going to go up, and a bull market is an advancing market. Contrarily, a bear is someone who thinks the market is going to go down, and of course a bear market is a declining market.

"Locked in." An investor is said to be "locked in" when he cannot sell stocks in which he has a substantial profit without paying capital-gains tax on it. Thus he has an unrealized or "paper" profit which he is reluctant to take because the tax may consume a good part of it.

Penny Stocks. The term *penny stocks* is applied to low-priced issues (usually under two dollars) of a highly speculative nature, such as cheap oil or mining stocks. At Merrill Lynch, we will not accept orders to buy such stocks.

Proxy. One of the privileges of ownership of common stock is that of voting for directors and on certain matters of company policy or practice. A stockholder who cannot be present at his company's annual meeting to cast his own vote can give written authority to someone else, including his broker, to represent him and to vote his shares in accordance with his instructions. That written authority is called a proxy.

Registered Representative. The term *registered representative* generally refers to a securities salesman employed by a brokerage firm who has passed certain tests and met certain standards required by the New York Stock Exchange and the National Association of Securities Dealers. A registered representative is sometimes called an account executive (at Merrill Lynch, for example) or a customer's man, and many an investor refers to the registered representative with whom he does business as a stockbroker or "my broker," although the registered representative may actually be an employee of a brokerage firm.

Settlement Day. Settlement day is the day by which a buyer of securities must pay for securities he has purchased and a seller must deliver certificates for securities he has sold. In regular trading, settlement day is the fourth business day after execution.

Stock Split. A stock split is a division of the outstanding shares of a company into a larger number of shares with the same total value. Thus if a company had 1,000,000 shares of stock outstanding and the directors and stockholders voted a 2-for-1 split, there would then be 2,000,000 shares of the stock. Each stockholder would automatically become the owner of twice as many shares worth half as much per share, so that his proportionate ownership of the company would remain the same as before the split. The lowering of the per-share price of a stock sometimes has the effect of broadening the company's ownership, since some smaller investors are thus better able to buy the company's stock in round lots.

Street Name. When an owner of securities leaves his securities in his broker's name and custody instead of his own, those securities are said to be in street name. Securities bought on margin are usually left in street name, and some investors leave all their securities in street name as a matter of choice and convenience.

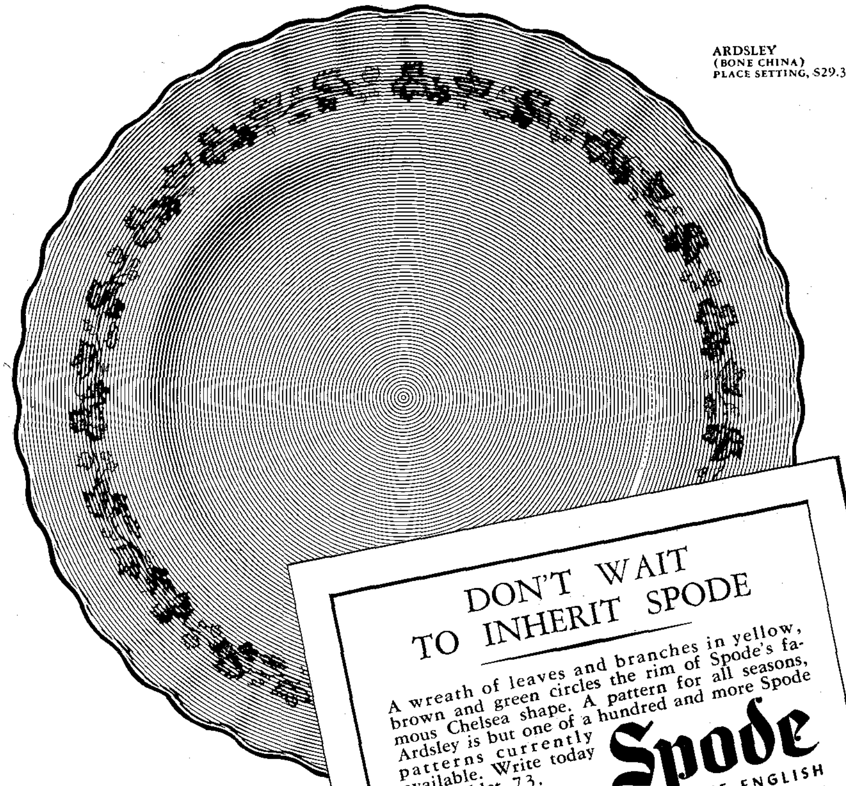
"When Issued." "When issued" is a term used to describe a new issue of securities that has been authorized but not actually issued to purchasers and that are being bought and sold in the market on a conditional basis, with all transactions settled only when, as, and if the securities are finally issued. In newspaper stock tables, such an issue is labeled *wi* to distinguish it from any securities of the same company which have been previously issued and are being traded on a regular basis.

Reprints of this series of advertisements available on request.

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK



ARDSLEY
(BONE CHINA)
PLACE SETTING, $29.30

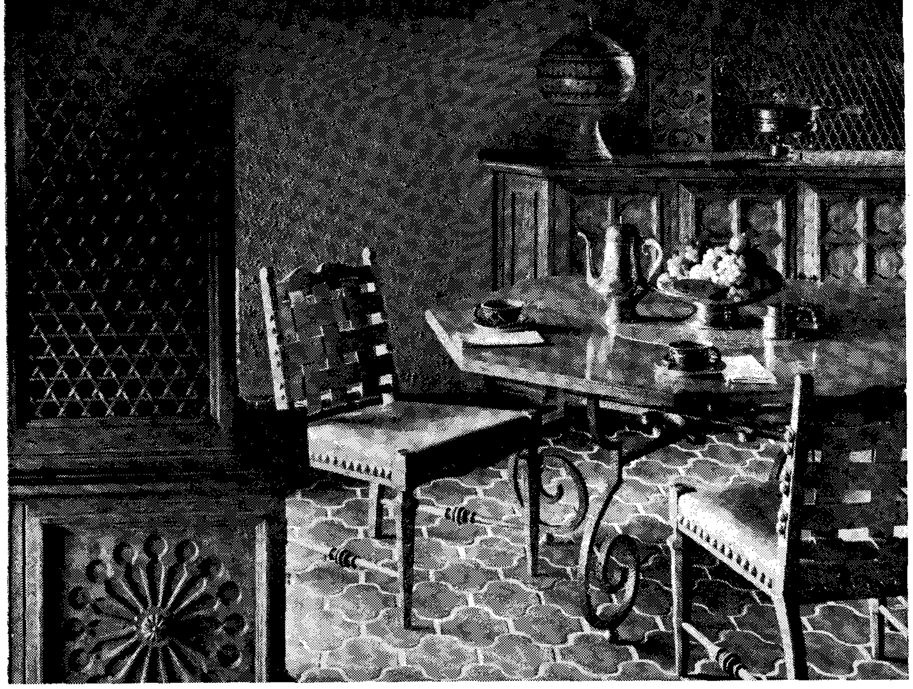
DON'T WAIT
TO INHERIT SPODE

A wreath of leaves and branches in yellow, brown and green circles the rim of Spode's famous Chelsea shape. A pattern for all seasons, Ardsley is but one of a hundred and more Spode patterns currently available. Write today for Booklet 73.

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

wholesale distributors:
COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC.
206 Fifth Ave., N.Y.10, N.Y.

HERITAGE®
A LIVING TRADITION IN FURNITURE

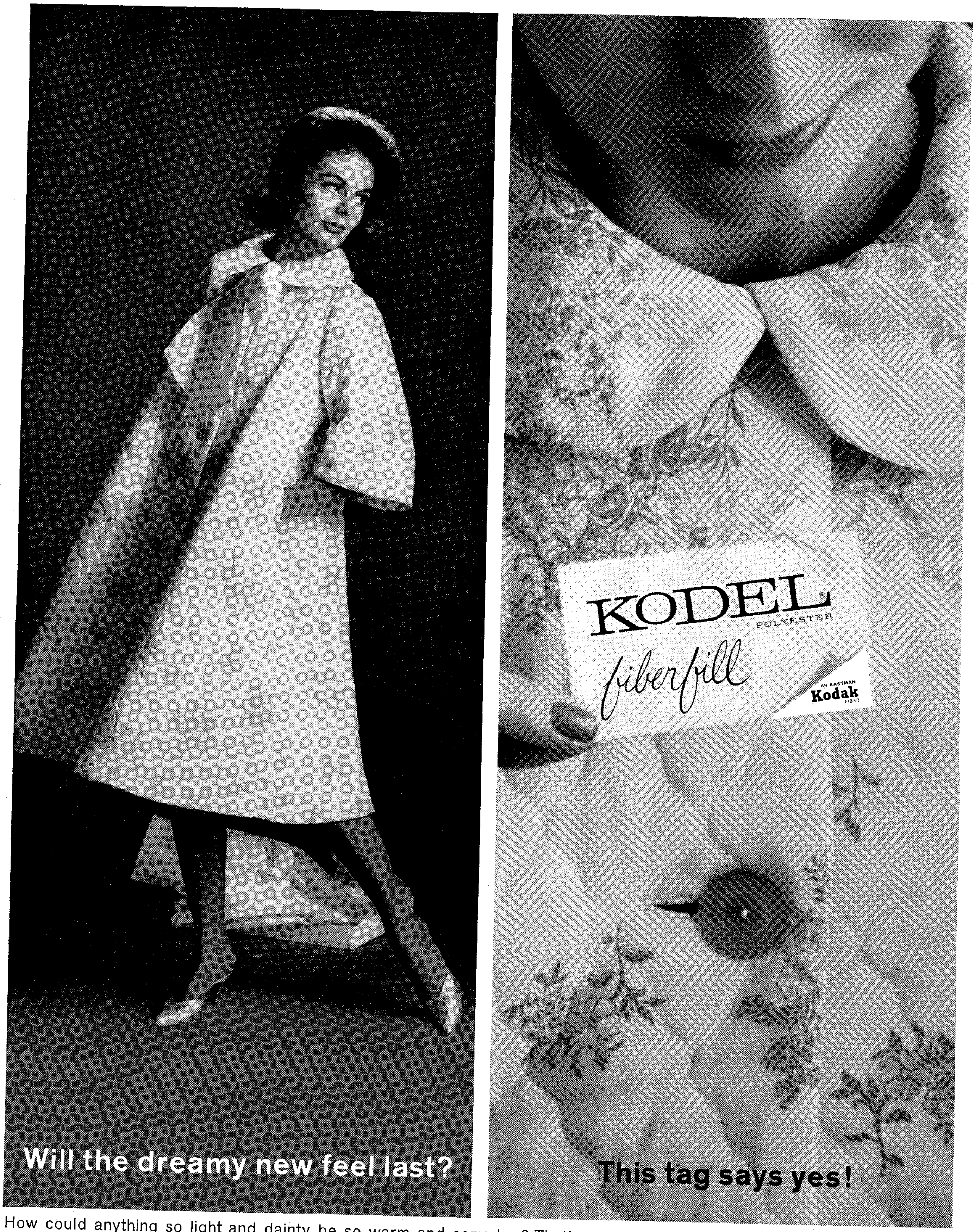


SIMPATICO A New Collection of Fine Furniture with the Romantic Accent of Spain

For your personal Simpatico catalogue send fifty cents, or for catalogues of three major Heritage collections send one dollar to Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, North Carolina, Dept. NY1022.

prompting; making sure that singers are shoved onstage at the precise moment for their entrances; standing in for big-time conductors at orchestra and ensemble rehearsals. He became so familiar with every inch and detail of the City Center's stage, pit, rehearsal halls, and lighting arrangements that he eventually knew more about them than most of his superiors. Little by little, he was pushed toward the administrative end of the organization, starting with the almost insanely intricate job of laying out rehearsal schedules. This job, which he likens today to doing a crossword puzzle, probably has no counterpart outside of opera. The problem is to keep casts, choruses, ballet, and orchestra simultaneously at work on different phases of the preparation of perhaps a dozen operas, wasting as little as possible of anybody's time, allowing extra rehearsals for the more troublesome passages or the more troublesome singers, shuttling artists from the dress rehearsal of one opera to the preliminary coaching rehearsals of another, making sure that the auditorium is free at appropriate times for staging and lighting rehearsals, making sure that no singer wears out his voice by using it too much, and so on. It is basically a problem in the coördination of traffic, but it also demands an intimate knowledge of the repertoire and of the diverse abilities of singers, choristers, and instrumentalists. Any opera house regards the drawing up of a rehearsal schedule as one of the major headaches of a season, and at the City Center, where seasons are comparatively short and very concentrated, it is almost a matter of life or death.

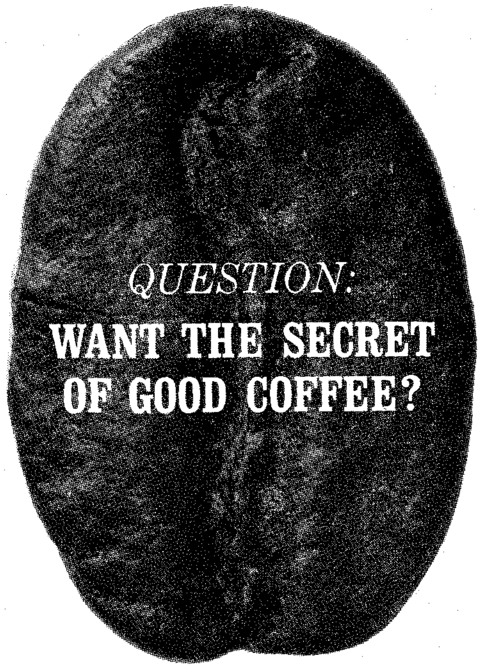
Rudel's ability to work out these crossword puzzles made him a very useful man. But he was not yet a famous one. He was leaned on by a succession of more celebrated conductors, the chief ones being Mr. Halasz (from 1943 to 1951), Joseph Rosenstock (from 1952 to 1956), and Erich Leinsdorf (briefly, in the autumn of 1956). He got a chance to conduct a number of performances, mostly of routine works. (He made his début in November, 1944, with "The Gypsy Baron.") He also learned a great deal from assisting in the production of some pretty interesting events: the American première of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos;" a production of "Pelléas et Mélisande" with the veteran Mélisande Maggie Teyte; a "Tales of Hoffmann" that is still remembered as visually perhaps the most beautiful ever seen in New York; a revival of Verdi's "Falstaff," which had

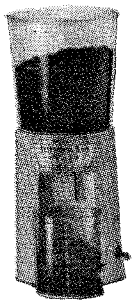

Will the dreamy new feel last?
KODEL®
POLYESTER
fiberfill
AN EASTMAN
Kodak
FIBER
This tag says yes!

How could anything so light and dainty be so warm and cozy, too? That's easy. The tag tells you it's insulated with Kodel polyester fiberfill. And Kodel stays light and fluffy washing after washing. You stay snug. Robe in nylon chiffon with nylon lining, insulated with 100% virgin Kodel polyester fiberfill. Pink, white or blue. Sizes petite, small, medium and large. About $30. Longer length, about $40. Children's sizes, about $17. At fine stores: Bonwit Teller, all stores; Montaldo's, all stores; Doop's, East Orange and Short Hills, N. J.; Neiman Marcus, Dallas and Houston; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast. By **PERFECT NEGLIGEE®**

COUNT ON KODEL...MEMBER OF THE EASTMAN KODAK FAMILY

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 260 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 16. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester. Eastman makes only fiber, not fabric or garments.





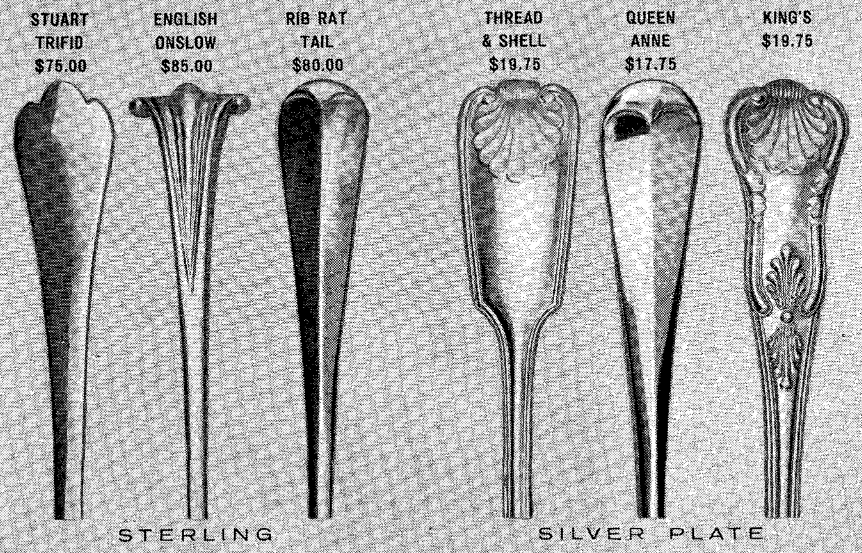
(Answer: Grind it fresh before you brew!)

Delicate oils, locked inside the coffee bean, give coffee flavor and aroma. As soon as ground coffee is exposed to air, these exotic flavor-oils begin to evaporate. Within minutes the peak of coffee's full flavor is gone. With a KitchenAid Electric Coffee Mill you get *consistently* great coffee because you grind it fresh and brew it right away. Fourteen different grind settings. Get one! 27.75 at good stores.

KitchenAid® ELECTRIC COFFEE MILL

KitchenAid Electric Housewares Division, Dept. KY-2, The Hobart Mfg. Co., Troy, O.

WORCESTER



For over 200 years, Worcester tableware has given its individual importance to both traditional and contemporary homes. Beauty, precision and durability are qualities guaranteed in every pattern...every piece, wrought in London Hall Marked Sterling or Silver Plate. All prices are quoted for 6-piece place settings. Federal tax included. All patterns shown are open stock at leading stores. Ask for our illustrated folder or write:

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
LONDON 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. NEW YORK

been neglected locally since the time of Lawrence Tibbett; and productions of the contemporary British and Continental operas "Troilus and Cressida," "The Trial," and "Wozzeck," and of the contemporary American operas "Regina" (which he conducted), "The Tender Land," and "Susannah." During all this, the New York City Opera's board of directors was having a difficult time with its famous conductors. The fiery Mr. Halasz left the company following some stormy scenes, and the very able but somewhat pedantic Mr. Rosenstock turned out to be a distinguished conductor but not a particularly canny judge of artistic policy. When Mr. Leinsdorf made an abrupt departure after temperamental differences, the board of directors, in casting about for a successor, thought of Rudel—not with any overwhelming enthusiasm (the idea struck them as a little like promoting a top sergeant to general) but by the workings of a certain unavoidable logic. Rudel did not have much in the way of glamour to recommend him, but, as one of the board recently remarked, "We were terribly tired of prima-donna conductors, and Rudel was the only man in the place who knew where all the scenery was buried."

Rudel didn't regard himself as very glamorous, either, but then he has no trace of the self-importance that glamour feeds on. (From time to time, he has hired other conductors for special projects, and never has he evidenced the slightest anxiety that they might outshine him; indeed, he is delighted whenever one of them—Leopold Stokowski, for instance—*does* outshine him and becomes a box-office draw.) As the new conductor of the New York City Opera, he immediately extended the Mozart repertoire, introducing "The Abduction from the Seraglio" and "Così Fan Tutte," both sung in English. This was followed by two seasons of American opera, and then by the inauguration of the Gilbert and Sullivan cycle, which not only provided the artists with a welcome change of pace but made a lot of money. In all these enterprises, Rudel showed himself to be a master of casting, for the obvious reason that ever since the company was founded he had been acquainting himself with the personal quirks and the vocal abilities of every singer on the roster.

So far, the most important new undertaking of the New York City Opera under Rudel's administration has been the production of contemporary American operas on a fairly extensive scale, and the consequent encouragement of

Where there's drama... there's Barwick nylon

For the most dramatic reflection of your personality . . . for the star role in any setting . . . for your long, long lasting pride and joy . . . lush, plush, enduring and alluring nylon carpet by Barwick. In an endless choice of radiant colors . . . wide variety of heat-set permanent textures . . . made of 100% nylon with the highest crush recovery and longest wearing record of any fiber yet used underfoot (*proved in over a thousand torture tests*). Outwears comparably priced wool carpet three to five times . . . all this, *and* a magic resistance to soil and stain, a quick sponge-away of spots and spills. Only $7.95 to $24.95 a square yard at better stores everywhere.

E T Barwick mills, inc.
CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA
World's largest maker of tufted carpets and rugs

MUMM'S

the word
for champagne

H. MUMM
VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE
G.H. MUMM & C°
BRUT
REIMS
BY APPOINTMENT
CONTENTS 1 PINT 10 FLUID OUNCES
G.H.MUMM & C°
S^TE VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE
REIMS
FRANCE
BRUT
CHAMPAGNE
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH BY VOLUME

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY
G. H. Mumm & Co. Ste. Vinicole De Champagne, Succr.
Sole U.S. Distributors, Browne-Vintners Co., N.Y.C.

an American school of operatic composers. This undertaking, made possible by discerning financial assistance from the Ford Foundation, has set composers all over the country to turning out good, bad, and indifferent operas at a rate previously undreamed of in a nation that has never considered itself particularly opera-minded. Although the Ford Foundation's search for and commissioning of new American operas is on a national scale, the New York City Opera has played a dominant role in the enterprise, partly because it has the organization, the initiative, and the public to make it an ideal laboratory. The Foundation's interest in the project was certainly aroused in part by the encouraging artistic and relative financial success of the two five-week seasons of American opera that the City Center put on in 1958 and 1959—something that nobody had previously thought possible. Now inducements have been offered to opera companies from New York to San Francisco to find composers and set them to work. The results of all this have yet to be tabulated. Obviously, not every city has a public as ready as New York's to accept what is, after all, a rather revolutionary notion. Often, moreover, the composers of the best operas have not been among the big names familiar to symphonic audiences, and consequently their operas have failed to draw public interest. In New York, however, the interest has been fairly constant, and a number of quite impressive American operas have been given their first important showing at the City Center, the finest of them being, in most people's judgment, Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe" and "The Wings of the Dove," Robert Ward's "The Crucible," and Vittorio Giannini's "The Taming of the Shrew," plus the previously unearthed "Susannah," by Carlisle Floyd (whose "The Passion of Jonathan Wade" opened last week). The most notable aspect of the whole undertaking has been the tendency toward improvement that some opera composers have shown under these conditions of encouragement and public interest. Last season's City Center offerings—"The Wings of the Dove" and "The Crucible"—were among the strongest and most effective new operas produced anywhere in many decades.

In all this, Rudel has played the role of a picker and chooser as well as that of a producer and, in many cases, a conductor. On the whole, his choices have been wise ones, and the resourcefulness and diligence of his singers and orches-

Southwick

DIRECTORY OF STORES

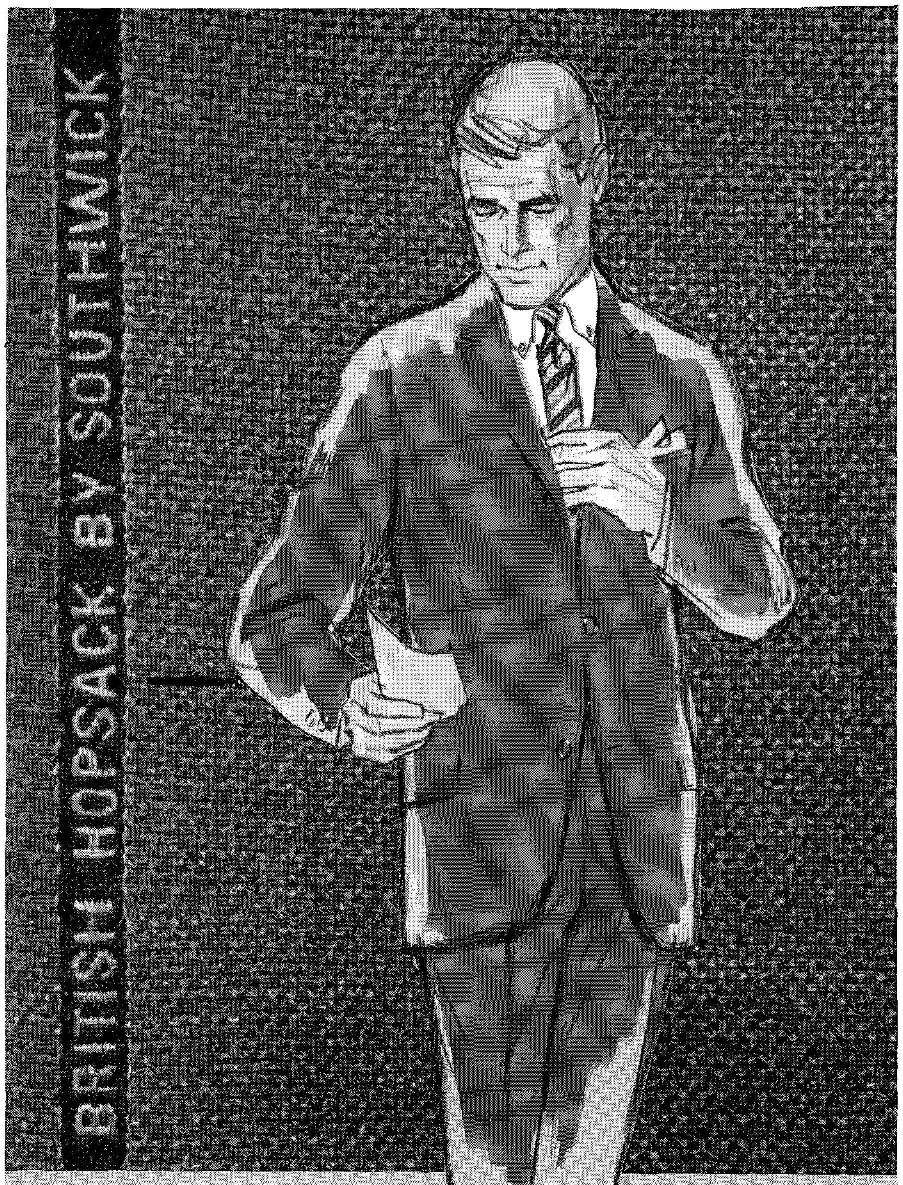
NEW YORK, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller and Mure
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Cincinnati, O.	Vonder Brink and Baron
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-De Boe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego and Son
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd's
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag and Sons
New York, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback and Lea, Ltd.
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Phoenix, Ariz.	Hanny's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes and Hatcher
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson and Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Gene Ronald
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud

The British Hopsack is obtainable in all of these fine shops

TAILORED BY
Southwick

tra, whether under his own baton or that of Emerson Buckley (who has presided over two of the new works), have given the performances an admirable degree of finish. At the moment, Rudel has in mind a season of contemporary opera that will combine American works and the best available European ones. He expects the comparisons to be highly instructive, and he thinks that the American operas will stand up very well against the foreign entries.

CONTEMPORARY opera is only one of Rudel's preoccupations. He has a large repertoire of more conventional operas and operettas to consider, and he is constantly occupied with the problem of discovering and promoting new singing talent. He is, moreover, a dedicated family man, engaged in bringing up two daughters and a son, aged fifteen, twelve, and five. The Rudels live in a large apartment in a fairly old-fashioned upper West Side building—old-fashioned enough, that is, to have walls sufficiently thick to insulate his piano playing from the clamor produced by the children. Mrs. Rudel, a tall, handsome woman with a round, Slavic face and extraordinarily large dark eyes (she was born in New York of mixed Russian and Lithuanian parentage), is almost as busy as he is, being an assistant professor at New York University and a research associate connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. (Her field is the physical aspects of psychology, particularly in relation to developmental problems in children.) As might be expected from this remarkable schedule of activities, the Rudels have very little social life, and what there is of it is spent with fellow-professionals—singers, composers, psychologists, and so on—who drop in once in a while for dinner. The apartment contains a study, with a large library, where Rudel works over scores. Its atmosphere is not, however, one of crushing scholarship. The books on the shelves range from encyclopedias and musical scores to detective stories, which Rudel reads voraciously, especially while travelling. According to friends, he is not, in fact, a particularly scholarly man but, rather, one who is accustomed to absorbing knowledge through experience. He is especially good at remembering plots, and has almost total recall of the scenarios of the plays, operas, and movies he has seen. It is probably not going too far to say that practically everything he observes or experiences is automatically transformed into a possible opera, complete with scenery and cast-



Southwick Clothes

The most unique suit you will ever own is cut of BRITISH HOPSACK, a most amazing cloth woven in Huddersfield, England. Its all wool, six-ply construction consists of six of the finest quality worsted yarns twisted together. Naturally tailored by **Southwick** expressing the good manners of traditional styling. Tastefully detailed with lap seams and deep hooked center vent. Unusual heather tones, mixtures and solid colors.

coat and trousers $125, *vested* $140

For the ultimate in comfort and distinction TAILORED BY Southwick

Cloth woven by Broadhead & Graves, Ltd., Huddersfield, England

ing and geared to the peculiarities of his opera house.

The artistic success and the versatility of Rudel's company have from time to time caused the Metropolitan to cast a covetous eye on its productions, and there was a moment, several years ago, when a movement was actually set on foot to incorporate it with the larger opera house, under a single management. This plan, fortunately, fell through—fortunately because it would have deprived the Metropolitan of its only serious competition. There are still rumblings of a possible merger of the sort in connection with Lincoln Center, where provision is being made for a secondary opera company. But the loyal fans of the New York City Opera, in common with its artists, hope that the company will continue to preserve its independent identity, even if this should mean remaining in the ugliest theatre in Manhattan. Its stage may be too small and its auditorium less than handsome, but many historic things have happened there, and so have many magical things.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Undaunted by the loss of their gundalow, a reproduction of the first boat that carried merchandise from Alton Bay to Lake Village and Meredith in a fire early Friday morning believed the work of vandals the residents of Governor's Island prepared to have an entry in the Historical Parade this morning.

They did not waste time crying over spilt milk. The embers had not cooled when they were at work under the leadership of chairman Jack Predmore throughout the day that began at one a. m. No one took time for much sleep.

The idea of reproducing the boat with the carefully made sail was abandoned. Even if the committee had old lumber the work couldn't be done in time for this morning as it took three carpenters three days to build it.

Mrs. Ruth Weeks produced some colonial gowns worn by her grandmother who was a tiny woman and a canvass was being made of the girls on the island to find some tiny enough to wear them.

Then the committee got on their thinking caps to produce a slogan referring to the fire to use on whatever type of transportation they use. That and the slogan are a surprise.—*Laconia (N. H.) Citizen.*

O.K., but wait till we mop this milk up.

•

WASHINGTON

David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, was kissed following a Friday hearing before a House subcommittee by his daughter, Mrs. Jean Appleton, and not his secretary, as reported in the Herald Tribune Saturday.—*The Herald Tribune.*

A good newspaper has to be dull.

OUR VERSATILE
English Wool Cardigan

Fashioned expressly for Rogers Peet in England, our all wool double knit jersey cardigan serves handsomely as sweater or lounging jacket. In houndstooth checks of navy/olive or brown/navy. In stripes of red marl with navy, or olive with navy. Sizes M. L. XL. $39.50.
Mail Orders Invited.

Rogers Peet company
NEW YORK BOSTON
WASHINGTON

Fifth Ave. at 48th St. • Fifth Ave. at 41st St. • 258 B'way at Warren St.
Boston: Tremont at Bromfield St. • Washington: 14th & G Sts., N.W.

There's one!

Wherever you travel east of the Mississippi from Canada to Key West, you'll find the friendly hospitality of a Quality Courts Motel nearby. ■ There are 600 individually designed and decorated motels that feature: SWIMMING POOL • FREE TV • AIR CONDITIONING WALL-TO-WALL CARPETING • ROOM TELEPHONES RESTAURANTS (usually on premises or nearby) • FREE ICE • BABY CRIBS • FREE PHONE-AHEAD RESERVATION SERVICE.

THE MOTEL EMBLEM TRAVELERS TRUST

QUALITY COURTS UNITED INC.

QUALITY COURTS MOTELS
Executive Offices
Daytona Beach, Fla.

BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON
1911, 1924
ESTABLISHED 1820
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
JAMES BURROUGH Lᵀᴰ LONDON, ENGLAND
94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
KOBRAND CORPORATION
Sole U.S. Distributors
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Imported by Kobrand, N.Y., 94 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Enchanted evening

Bahamian pleasures are timeless. By day these verdant isles are a paradise for sun seekers. And when the sun goes down, the happy life goes on.

The winding lanes may sleep between their borders of Bougainvillaea. Crystal seas will sigh for tomorrow and the pink-powder beaches will wait to blush back at the dawn. But the Bahamian night casts a spell all its own.

Set the tempo to your taste. Bright lights glitter a gay welcome to the magnificent hotels of cosmopolitan Nassau. Goombay goes till the wee hours at "over the hill" native night clubs. And if your mood is misty . . . can you think of a more romantic setting?

All in all, night or day, the Bahama Islands are unique . . . and they're so easy to reach. Just see your Travel Agent. Or, for additional information, write to Dept. UZ, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20. Telephone PLaza 7-1611.

Nassau
AND THE
Bahamas

BY SEA: From New York—Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $170. The M.S. Italia sailing every Saturday at 4:00 P.M. The S.S. Hanseatic sailing October 26, November 2, 9, 16 at 9:00 P.M. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4.

From Miami—Three-day, all-expense cruises (two days and a night in Nassau) from $54. The S.S. Bahama Star sailing every Monday and Friday at 5:00 P.M. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (50 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

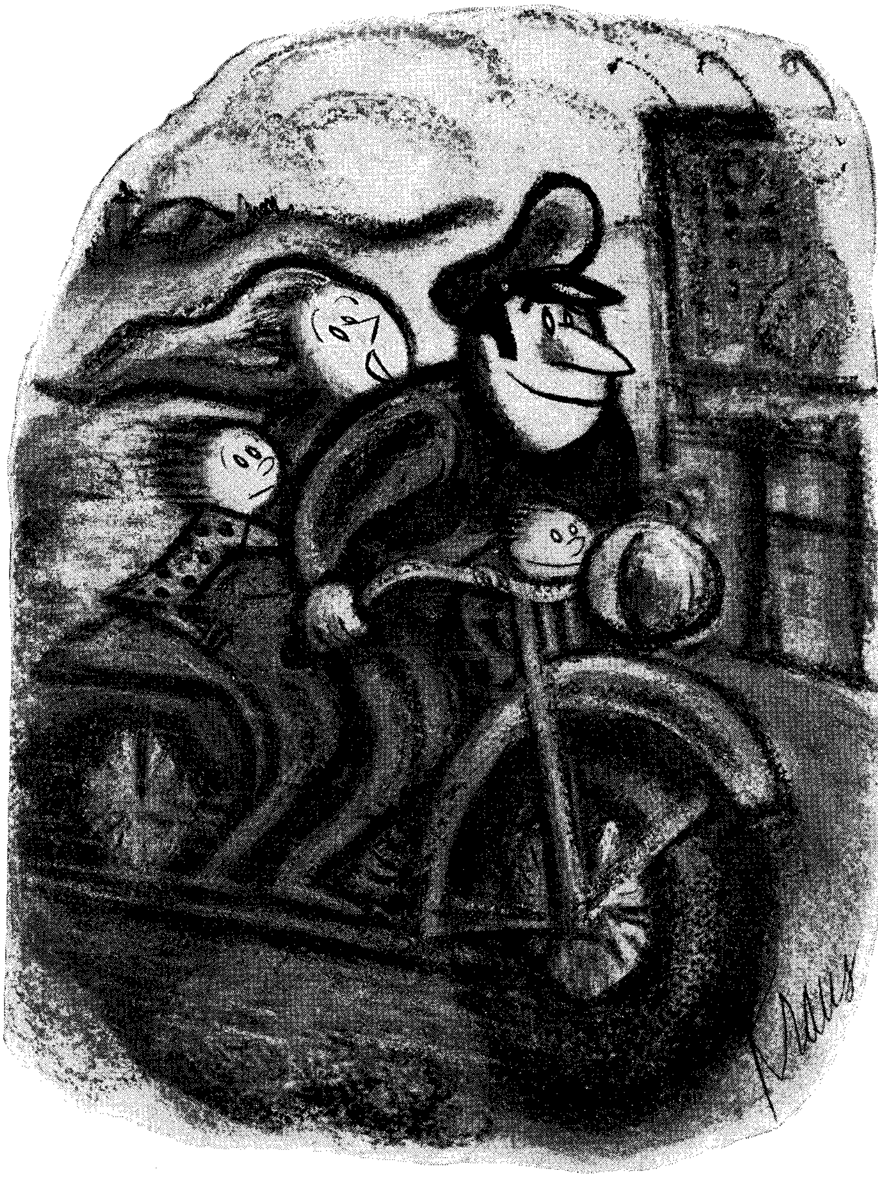
PHOTOGRAPH BY BURT GLINN

THE THEATRE

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY INTO DAZE

EDWARD ALBEE, the creator of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," at the Billy Rose, is a young man who has written some short plays that have become quite popular Off Broadway, and, for that matter, from Berlin to Buenos Aires. Having achieved fame in short sprints, he has now set out to experiment with his talent over a route, so we have with us a three-and-a-half-hour interpretation of what makes a weird quartet connected with a New England college tick. Mr. Albee, it seems to me, has assumed the prerogative of loquacity that must be granted to, say, O'Neill, and has done so without having anything much to talk about. His dialogue is so heavily burdened with elementary epithets that I imagine the running time of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" could be cut in half just by the elimination of all the "God damn"s, "Jesus Christ"s, and other expressions designed, presumably, to show us that this is really modern stuff. It is Mr. Albee's whimsey to entitle his three acts "Fun and Games," "Walpurgisnacht," and "The Exorcism." In "Fun and Games," an associate professor of history staggers home to his campus digs with his wife after a cocktail party at her father's manse (the old man is president of the college), and is immediately set upon by his spouse for not laughing very hard at "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?," a joke she made up or heard at the gathering. That leads to interminable bickering between the couple, with the conversation boiling down to the cruel facts that he is not an academic world beater and that she, when the opportunity presents itself, is promiscuous and is also inclined toward an incestuous relationship with her father. This colloquy begins at 2 A.M., and in the course of it we learn that the wife has invited a newcomer to the college and his wife over for a drink. When the pair arrives, there ensues a consumption of booze that might have given pause to the late W. C. Fields. (How the actors could absorb all that tea, water, or whatever it was is beyond me.) Through a cloud of double-entendres, fo'c'sle witticisms, and general dishevelment, we learn that the newcomer is a biologist, that his wife is a hysterical alcoholic, and that they are lately come from the Middle West. Since the newcomer has been a college middleweight boxing champion, and has kept in good shape, our heroine suggests that they should waste no time in cuckolding the history professor. In "Walpurgisnacht," or Act II, we have more of the same, including a lot of arguments between the historian and his wife about a mysterious son who is supposed to be just reaching his majority. The professor says that his wife has had a practically incestuous relationship with their son (obviously, Mr. Albee is crazy about incest), and the wife contends that the boy hates his father because the pedagogue is an insipid sort. Now, as it happens, the historian is a great one for making up games, among them a form of Truth or Consequences in which, I guess, he hopes to establish the truth, even though everybody is evasive, or tries to be, upon being grilled. During one of these frolics, he asks his wife whether he has a son or hasn't, and we get around to the answer in "The Exorcism," when day is ready to break. (Mr. Albee, you see, observes the unities, if nothing else.)

In this vulgar mishmash, there are indications here and there that Mr. Albee has a certain dramatic flair, however ill-directed it may be in the present enterprise, and the actors—Uta Hagen, as the wife; Arthur Hill, as the put-upon professor; and George Grizzard



"Seriously, Joe, isn't it time we considered buying a car?"

Scotch & Swiss

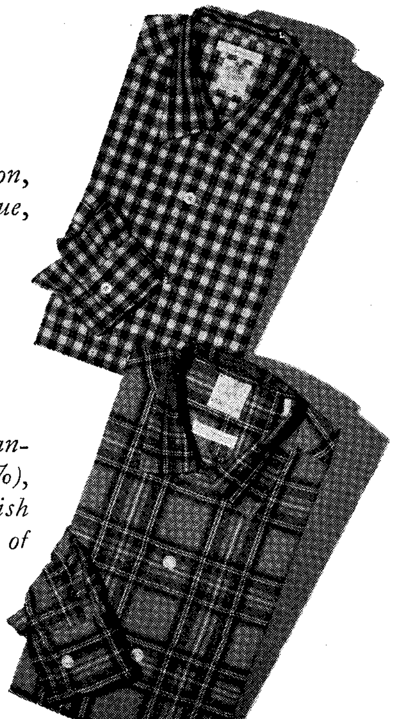
TWO EXCELLENT SHIRTS

SPORT SHIRT, *of fine quality cotton, from Scotland. Neat checks of blue, red or brown—all with white*
SIZES: S. M. L. ExL.
$17.50

SPORT SHIRT. *Hand washable Lanella flannel (wool 50%, cotton 50%), from Switzerland. Authentic Scottish tartans in predominating colors of red, green or dark blue*
SIZES: S. M. L. ExL.
$19.95

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK

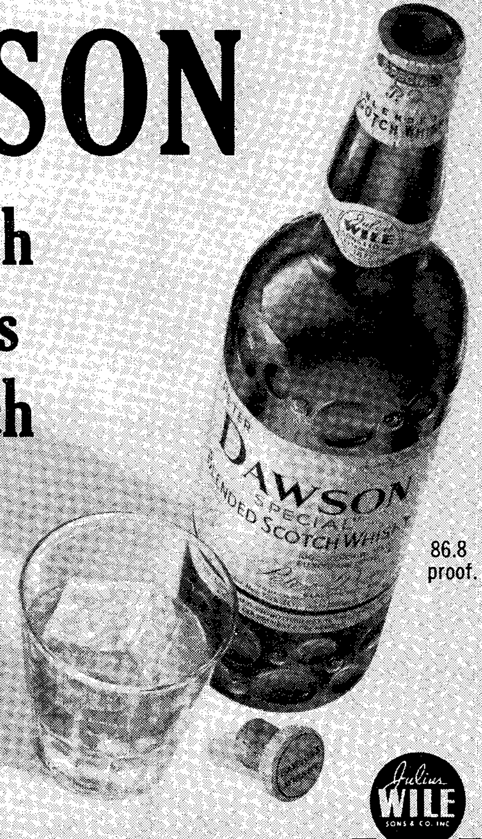
MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL



Peter
DAWSON
The Scotch
that tastes
like Scotch

86.8
proof.

Bottled in Scotland Let this seal be your guide to quality. Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC NEW YORK



and Melinda Dillon, as the Middle Western couple—are interesting and often exciting, even when they aren't making much sense.

—JOHN McCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Can't See Much

"O SAY CAN YOU SEE!," at the Provincetown, is part parody and part repository of the treasures of the wartime musical movies of the nineteen-forties, when Hollywood, panting with eager-beaverism but without the slightest diminution of its self-importance, came to the aid of the country. While the show is done with assurance and proficiency by everyone concerned, I would gladly have swapped some of the competence for a touch of impudence or originality or daring; even so, I had quite a good time watching it and remembering some of those dopey movies that I once had quite a good time watching, too. Perhaps the best way to describe the show is to list some of its song titles—"Dreamboat from Dreamland," "The Dogface Jive," "These Are Worth Fighting For," and "Chico-Chico Chico-Layo Tico-Tico." (There are a lot more "Chico"s and "Tico"s in this last, but I didn't bother to count them.) The numbers are ably sung and danced, singly or collectively, by Nicolas Coster, Elmarie Wendel, Joyce Kerry, Jan Chaney, and Joel Warfield, among others. In "Dreamboat from Dreamland," the shrewdest of the lot, Mr. Coster, as a movie star half turned soldier, manages to capture not only Bing Crosby's voice and peculiar taut ease but the popping "b"s of his "babababa"s, and the quartet that sings behind him sounds exactly like any of the sister acts whose harmonies are probably still available at 78 r.p.m. The music, by Jack Holmes, is bright enough, and so are the dances, by Ray Harrison. As for the book and lyrics, I don't think that Bill

Minestro
J.L.

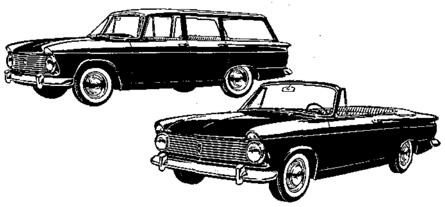
The "super" in Hillman Super Minx is a typical British understatement!

The new 1963 Hillman Super Minx: most powerful economy-priced sedan, with the biggest engine, biggest brakes and heaviest steel in the under-$2,000 range. Five-passenger comfort, too.

Super, indeed! Tight and solid and stacked, Super Minx features unitary construction for amazing strength and durability. Inter-axial seating and a finely balanced suspension give a smooth, stable ride, and the new Hillman engine turns out all the speed the law allows.

But Super Minx is built to grow old slowly, which explains its high resale premium. Operating economy? More understatement: you get up to 30 miles per gallon, even with automatic transmission. Value? There's a wealth of standard equipment—windshield washers, leather-like upholstery, undercoating, turn indicators, and more—that comes only as "extras" in fine print with most other cars.

See your Hillman Dealer soon—*for the* new Super Minx, 1600 Sedan and Husky Station Wagon. Starting prices sound like understatement, too: $1599 poe.*



Also see the Hillman Super Minx Estate Wagon and Super Minx Convertible.

Going abroad? Ask your Rootes dealer about our overseas delivery plan.

*East p.o.e., slightly more in West. State & local taxes, delivery charge, if any, white walls optional, extra.

HILLMAN SUPER MINX A DESIGN OF DISTINCTION BY **ROOTES**

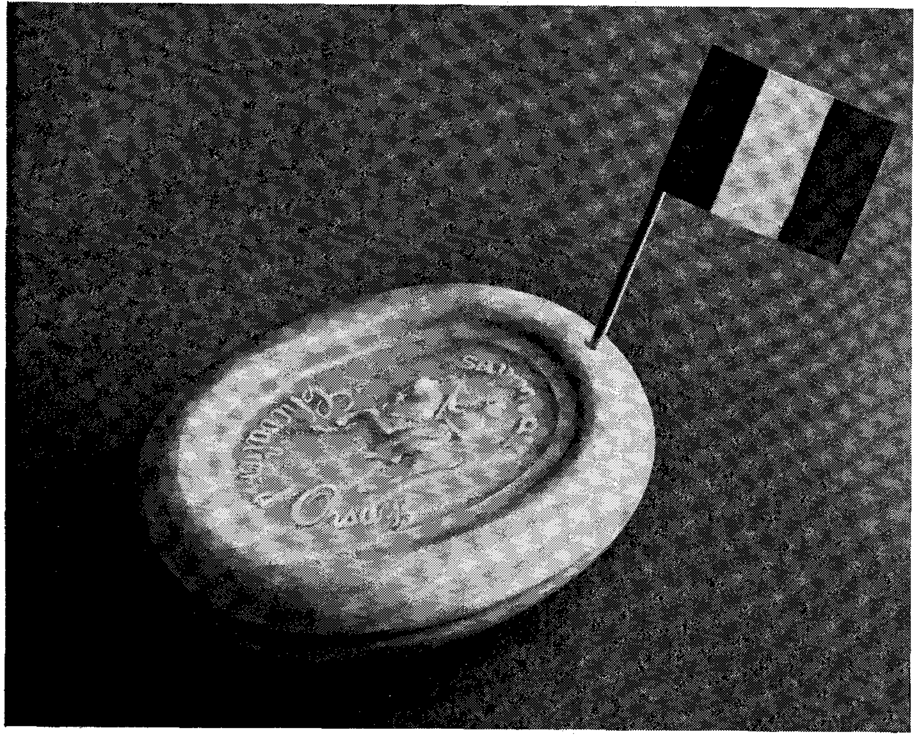
Complete the picture with Sulka slacks.

Nothing so befits the gentleman at leisure as the casual sweater. Case in point, this alpacca cardigan made in Austria expressly for Sulka... supremely soft to the touch, handsome enough to merit only the perfect accompaniment. Sulka sweaters deserve Sulka slacks. Grey, black, blue, brown, navy, white, olive, gold or beige. Sizes 38 to 46. $45.

Our new booklet available on request.

A. Sulka & Company

NEW YORK: 405 PARK AVENUE AT 54TH STREET, PLAZA 8-3030
CHICAGO: 6 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE AT MADISON, FRANKLIN 2-1425
SAN FRANCISCO: 278 POST STREET AT STOCKTON, TEMPLE 2-2162
PALM BEACH: 305 WORTH AVENUE, DOUGLAS 2-3450



MONSIEUR CLEAN

50,000 bubbles can't be wrong and Savon du Chevalier is the soap of the French gentleman who has the quality habit. Imported directly from France by D'Orsay along with a superb, snappy cologne, it's available for you now for the first time in America. At fine shops everywhere, or write D'Orsay's U. S. Agent, 1 East 57 Street, New York, N.Y., for name of your nearest store. **D'ORSAY**

SAVON, 3 BARS, 4.50/COLOGNE, 4 OZ., 3.50; 8 OZ., 6.50/SAVON & COLOGNE SET, 5.00/AFTER SHAVE LOTION, 2.50/PLUS TAX

Conklin and Bob Miller, who wrote them, saw anything in those old movies that anyone else couldn't have seen. It is all fooling about foolishness, somewhat dampened by the fondness that so often blurs these intramural occasions when show business starts kidding show business. A comment on the other side: The musical arrangements, by Lanny Meyers, seemed to me extremely clever, and occasionally even witty.

FOR THE RECORD: "Angels of Anadarko," at the York, describes, with rubber-fingered solemnity, the visit of an evangelist and his followers to a small Oklahoma town and the effect of the visit on the sexually unstrung family of an Armenian junk peddler. There is a chance, I guess, that the play would seem better with other actors or that the actors would seem better in another play, but I doubt it.... Samuel Birnkrant, the author of "A Whisper in God's Ear," at the Cricket, has pieced together at least twenty-six weeks of old daytime radio serials into a little over two hours. His plot, which is all but smothered in heartwarming chuckles, is concerned with the efforts of a tremulous young man in Brooklyn to marry off his encroaching widowed mother, so that he can get married himself. The characters are well-worn props, just too cute for words—or my words, certainly—and the actors have no choice but to play them in a variety of well-worn Jewish or Brooklyn dialects with appropriate gestures. —EDITH OLIVER

●

WHAT COLUMN OF "NEWSWEEK" D'YA READ?

But last week the White House, reportedly after the President discussed the whole problem with Glenn during the water-skiing weekend, agreed to continue the policy of allowing personal contracts beyond Mercury both for the old and the new group. There are new ground rules: No information about the program can be used in the personal story unless it has already been made public, and no "exclusive" labels can be put on the stories by hard-sell publishers.—*Newsweek, October 8, 1962, page 31.*

THE SCIENCE OF SPACE. Putting man on the moon—The practical satellites—A guide to the solar system—An exclusive article by John Glenn—The theoretician—The explorations ahead.—*Same magazine, same date, page 17.*

●

Late registration will be held in the admissions office, in the south wing of the cafeteria building, as follows: A-L, 4 P.M.; M-Z, 5:30 P.M., and others at 7 P.M. —*Los Angeles Times.*

The late diphthong crowd, probably.

FOOTBALL

Follow the Leader

WHAT is on display this fall is still the same old line of goods, bolstered (well, sometimes) by what has come up to the varsity from last year's freshman team, but the national tendency toward fancy packaging has finally seduced the management. Army began the change by calling its second team the Go team and its defensive team the Chinese Bandits. Now Yale's three teams are the Bulldogs, the Apaches, and the Commandos. Dartmouth has its Savages, Harvard its Continentals and Minutemen, and one of Pennsylvania's battalions is the Green team (no comment). One good reason for all these teams (though not for the names they go by) is the steady loosening of the rules that govern changes of cast during a match; nowadays, whole new squads go onfield together, instead of one or two men at a time. What is to happen as the afternoons get shorter will be interesting to see; my private army of clock watchers reports that games are running from fifteen to twenty minutes longer, largely because of the frequent replenishments of personnel, and it is not impossible that the Ivy League will soon be venturing into involuntary night football. We have come a long way (but in which direction?) from the days when Fordham's Blocks of Granite (there's a name for you) and Yale's Eleven Iron Men (that would be the Larry Kelley squad) spent an entire afternoon at work together. We have, too, come a long way from the days when the secondary and tertiary performers got no more than five or six minutes of playing time in their whole career. What may have been the seasonal high arrived a couple of weeks ago, when Princeton used fifty men to beat Columbia, 33–0; last weekend, beating Pennsylvania, which was a more difficult task (21–8), required a mere forty Princetonians.

What may have been the season's best game in this region was Army's defeat of Penn State, 9–6, last Saturday. This is not a great Army team, and, like many of its better ancestors, it had fumbled away a game against Michigan the week before, but, coming up against an absolutely gigantic Penn State team that had managed to run up touchdowns in every game of the last four years, and

Your
Alligator
goes
with you
everywhere

Alligator Stormwind®—most outstanding value in finely woven cotton poplin, $19.95. Also with zip-in all wool plaid and zip-in luxurious pile warmers slightly higher.

You'll always look your best in an Alligator coat! Available in smart styles and colors in fabrics of the finest all wool worsted gabardines, finest colorful wools, finest yarn dyed multicolor cottons in gabardines, poplins and woven patterns—also blends of natural and polyester fibers—all water repellent—and waterproofs, too.

See America's most wanted coats, from $11.95 to $70.75 at better stores everywhere.

Alligator® THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR

The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

EN ROUTE TO EUROPE

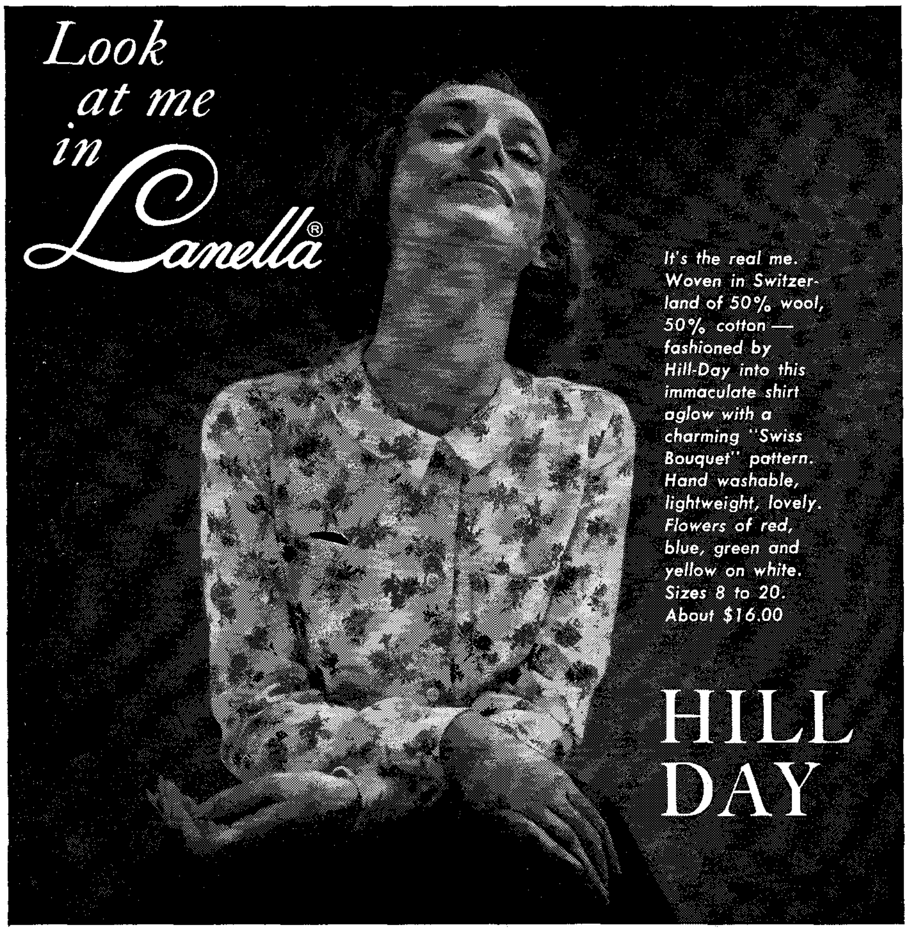
THE FIRST 750 MILES ARE FREE

Now you too can sail Holland-America to Europe. The secret? Our new Thrift Season Budget Plans. Starting August 16, if you travel round trip, we'll lop 10% off the already low Thrift Season fare. If you travel as part of an organized group of 25 or more, you'll all get a 25% discount. (That's like getting the first 750-or-so miles free—each way.) Starting October 1, if you take a 30-day-or-less "Excursion," you'll also get a 25% discount.

Same geniality and joviality as on our Summer "happy ship" sailings. Plus five gateway ports to all Europe—Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway. So see your travel agent for details.

Holland-America Line

29 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. • Offices in Principal Cities

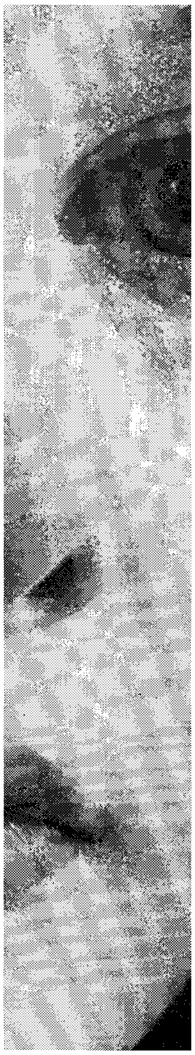


Look at me in Lanella®
It's the real me. Woven in Switzerland of 50% wool, 50% cotton — fashioned by Hill-Day into this immaculate shirt aglow with a charming "Swiss Bouquet" pattern. Hand washable, lightweight, lovely. Flowers of red, blue, green and yellow on white. Sizes 8 to 20. About $16.00
HILL DAY

Bloomingdales, New York City, N.Y./Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia, Penn./R. H. Stearns Company, Boston, Mass.
The Village Store of Birmingham, Birmingham, Michigan/Port o' Call, Pasadena, California
OR WRITE: LANELLA CORPORATION, 185 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

had beaten both Air Force and Navy this fall, it allowed the enemy two field goals and no touchdowns, and got stronger as the afternoon got longer. The Penn State fumble that gave Army its chance for the winning play was brought about by exactly the sort of all-out tackling that had brought about the Army fumbles against Michigan. Once in three or four years, you will see a team penalized for having more than eleven men onfield at a time; there was no penalty against Army on Saturday for running off the final play of the match with just ten men onfield. So many Army men, including Blackgrove, the quarterback, had walked away, thinking it was all over, that a request was issued over the public-address system for volunteers to fill the ranks. Among them was Lewis, a substitute quarterback, who came in from the bench to direct his team, one man short, through its final maneuver of the day.

MOSTLY, everything else followed form last week. Yale, still lonesome without a quarterback, kept throwing the ball to Columbia men instead of to fellow-members, and Columbia, rising from its deathbed (that day with Princeton), won handily and—let it be said—smartly, 14–10. Cornell once again met Navy, once again got soundly thrashed for venturing outside the Ivy League (41–0), and once again lost a Grade A player—Gary Wood, who was removed, badly damaged, in the second quarter. Harvard once again went up against hulking Holy Cross and once again had a poor time (Holy Cross 34, Harvard 20) on *its* journey outside the League. Pennsylvania once again showed that it understands the principles of the



single-wing offense, and once again showed that it didn't have enough manpower to make its knowledge work. And so on, and so on.

WHAT happened in the Princeton-Pennsylvania and the Navy-Cornell matches showed something else, too—that studying the newspapers on Sunday is not the same as studying teams from the top row of a stadium. For both Navy and Princeton, reasoning that they had their matches in hand, were trying out the greener players a good part of the day. On paper (especially on Sunday paper), a team seems supernal as, in the third and fourth quarters, its first-string tailback is "ripping the opposition defense to shreds." It seems supernal, that is, until a glance at the chart shows that the defense involves one or two performers so minor that their names and numbers don't appear anywhere in print. Statisticians who indulge themselves in another national tendency—the wish to give every team a rating and a box-score standing—can come up with the oddest conclusions and opinions, and this is one of the reasons. —J. W. L.

•

Out again went Thorstein, and he and Bjarni went off to the mound, where they began fighting in deadly earnest, and cut away most of each other's shield. And when they had been fighting for a very long time, Bjarni said to Thorstein, "Now I grow thirsty, for I am less used to the work than you."

"Then go to the brook," said Thorstein, "and drink."

Bjarni did so, laying his sword down beside him. Thorstein picked it up, looked at it, and said: "You will not have had this sword in Bodvarsdal."

Bjarni made no reply. They went back up on to the mound and fought for a while again, and Bjarni found his opponent skilled with his weapons and altogether tougher than he had expected. "A lot goes wrong for me today," he complained. "Now my shoestring is loose."—*From "Thorstein Staff-Struck," one of the Icelandic sagas, translated by Gwyn Jones.*

Thorstein's turn to have a drink.

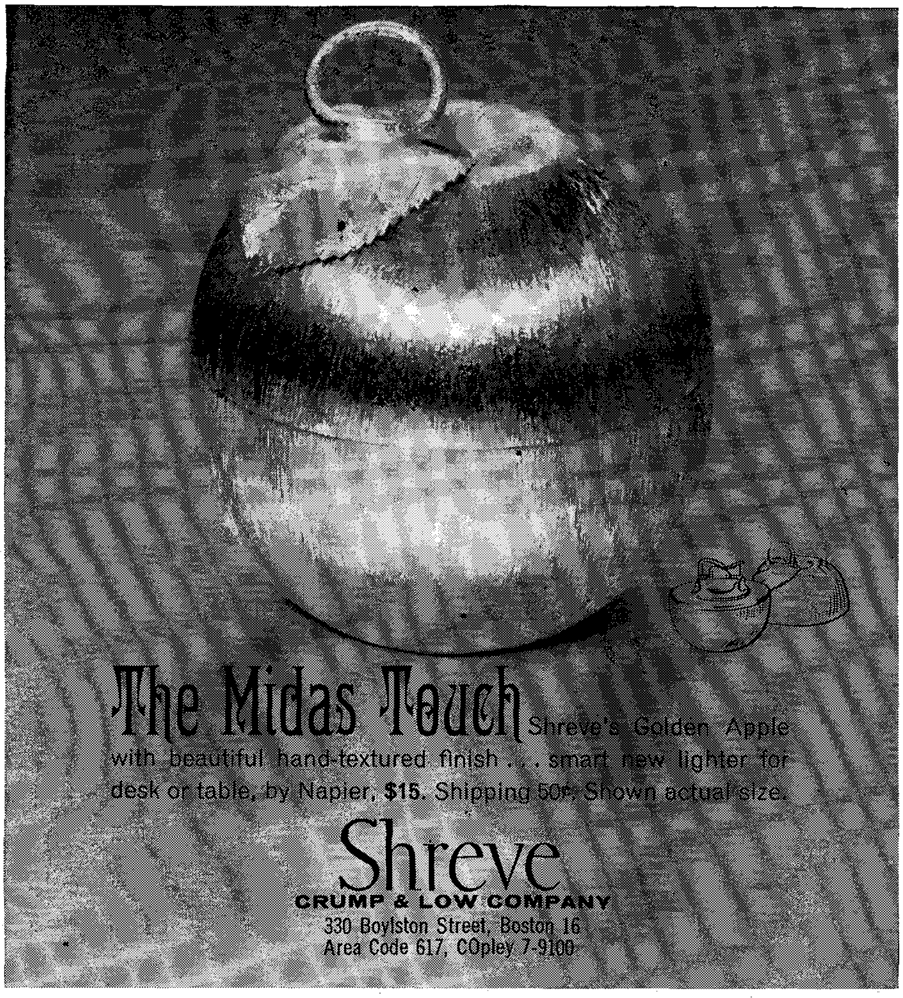
•

NEW FRONTIER DEPARTMENT
(LAST-MINUTE SHOPPING DIVISION)

[*From the minutes of a meeting of Division Heads of the National Tuberculosis Association*]

MRS. KENNEDY

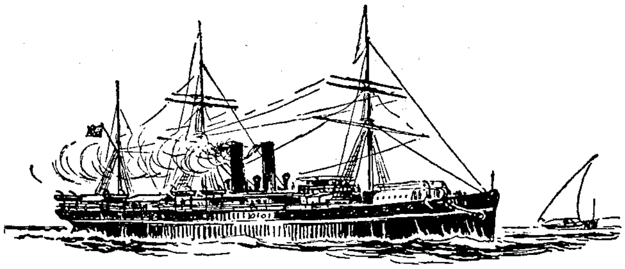
Mr. Ross announced that a phone call had been received from the White House asking if it would be satisfactory to have President Kennedy receive the Christmas Seals in place of Mrs. Kennedy, since her schedule is too crowded to undertake this function.


The Midas Touch Shreve's Golden Apple with beautiful hand-textured finish . . . smart new lighter for desk or table, by Napier, $15. Shipping 50¢. Shown actual size.

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
330 Boylston Street, Boston 16
Area Code 617, COpley 7-9100

CATTO'S SCOTCH
The best then... the best now

CATTO'S
8 Year
CATTO'S
SILVER MEDAL
Scotch Whisky
WILDMAN


P. & O. STEAMER VALETTA, 1883. Single screw, steel steamship; 4,911 tons 4,999 H.P.; Compound engines; Seven bulkheads.

Since the days of Empire, when Britain's eyes were turned toward the storied East, CATTOS Scotch has been favored by world travelers, as this fine whisky was virtually a hallmark of the fabled P & O voyages of a century ago.

Now, just as then, CATTOS Scotch is known as the best, wherever the best is sold, notable as always for lightness and finesse, together with a much prized, balancing depth of flavor.

8 YEAR OLD
An unmistakable aristocrat
also–
GREY SEAL
for regular use
and–
GOLD LABEL
12 year old, *for a special occasion*

PREMIUM WHISKIES...
WITHOUT PREMIUM IN PRICE
Blended Scotch Whiskies • 86 Proof

U.S. REPRESENTATIVES
FREDERICK
WILDMAN
AND SONS
NEW YORK CITY

The greatest breakthrough in 7,300 years of weaving

Aquaspectrum in wool

After 7,300 years, weaving is off to a fresh start. Aquaspectrum is here, giving men's clothes a new, muted richness—so magnificent in WOOL.

Aquaspectrum cloth is woven with wool yarn in multi-colour blendings producing subtle colour effects over the entire surface of the cloth. This revolutionary change from age-old weaving is a secret process, exclusive to Aquascutum. See it in coats with the new British look, wherever the best menswear is sold.

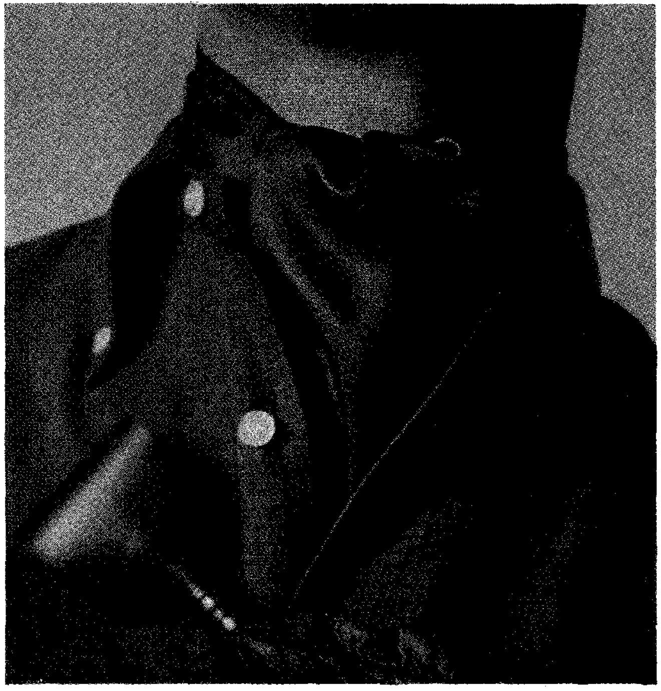
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS

Aquascutum
LTD., OF LONDON, ENGLAND

AQUASCUTUM CO. LTD., 2 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK.

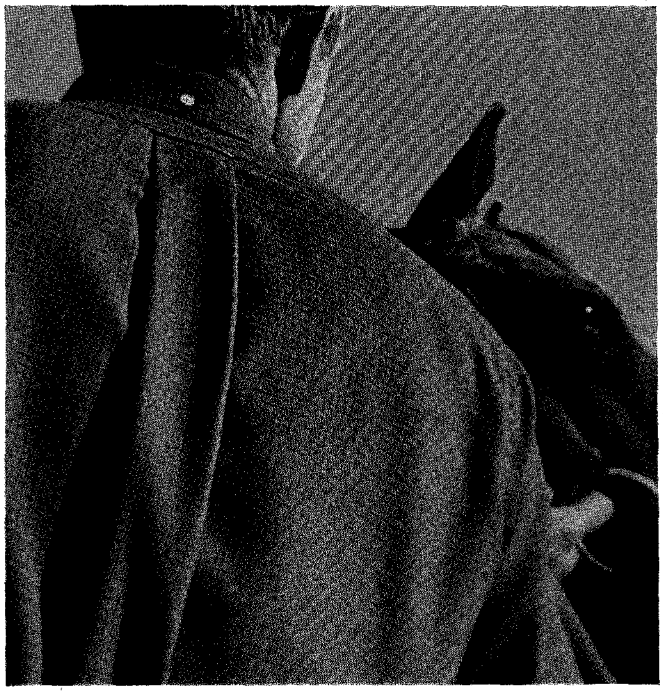
BRITISH MENSWEAR GUILD THE BEST FROM BRITAIN

©1962 GANT *PAT. PEND.

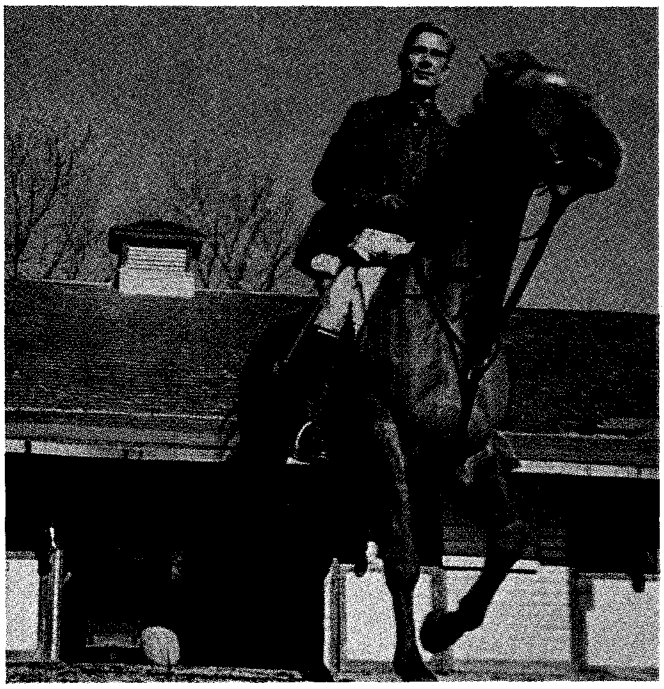


this is...

what makes...



a Gant shirt...



look like this

Swiss Woolcott... a gallant Gant shirt that blends handsomely with autumn foliage. The imported fabric: a commixture of 80% cotton and 20% wool woven in Switzerland. Like all Gant shirts, it has élan in a gentlemanly manner. About $14 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant, New Haven, Connecticut.

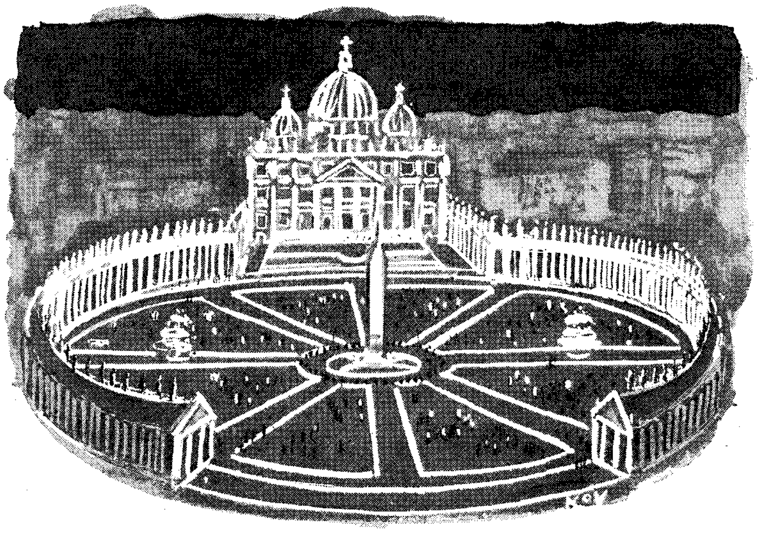
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS

LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

OCTOBER 10

FOUR years after assuming control, Pope John still leaves even the trained observer perplexed. He is a man of simple tastes and habits. Along with the portly physique of the northern Italian peasant, he exhibits a kindly garrulousness, which seeps through his every appearance in St. Peter's or the Vatican. In his sermons to visitors and pilgrims, as well as in his talks to learned audiences—and even more in his dealings with diplomats and ecclesiastical officials—the Pope is reminiscent and pious, and has a bon mot always within ready reach of his tongue. When fumbling in his pocket for his glasses during a public audience, or shuffling the pages of a formal document he is delivering in Latin, he remains unperturbed by the despair of his protocol-conscious assistants. Yet despite his advanced age (in November he will have completed his eighty-first year), despite the precariousness of world conditions, despite the hesitations of his predecessor, a man admittedly far more astute than he, despite the internal opposition (but outward acquiescence) of his Secretary of State, who, they say, died of chagrin at his inability to soften or deflect the original decision, Pope John will open the Twenty-first Ecumenical Council in St. Peter's Basilica tomorrow.

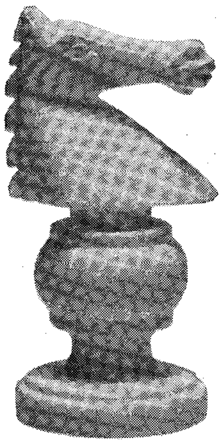


What is particularly ironic about this Council is, of course, the direct lie it gives to prognostications that in electing Angelo Roncalli the College of Cardinals had chosen a "compromise candidate," who would hold the line during a short reign, while the Catholic world caught its breath after the whirlwind of events and intellectual proddings to which it had been subjected under Pius XII. Within three months of his coronation, Pope John announced his intention of holding a general council of the more than two thousand bishops and other prelates of the Catholic Church. (Ecumenical councils are named for the places where they are held. This will be the Second Vatican Council, the First Vatican Council—and most recent ecumenical council—having met here in 1869-70.) His original plan looked to the fall of 1963 for the convocation, and it is said here that Pope John actually advanced the target date for the Council each time a Vatican official approached him with a suggestion for postponing it. After their first incredulous reactions, his immediate advisers—the members of the Curia, which is roughly the equivalent of a Cabinet—were appalled at his dismissal of their objections concerning the amount of time and the complex preparations needed for such a step. If the advocates of postponement were prompted by the hope that eternity would beat Pope John to the punch, they apparently have only themselves to blame for the fact that the Council is opening one year earlier than planned.

Pope John has kept an invisible but firm hand on the eight hundred theologians and experts who were called to Rome, starting in 1959, to prepare the agenda for the Council. In less than three years, they have sifted and codified a mountain of facts relating to ecclesiastical affairs in the modern world, covering everything from the rigid norms of canon law to the price of beeswax in Nigeria. The Pope has announced the goal of the Council as an *aggiornamento*, or bringing up to date, of the Church. Vatican conservatives hopefully interpret this as a face-saving device whereby, after a great display of rhetorical debate and ceremonial pageantry, nothing will be changed. On the other hand, it has been interpreted by the majority of non-Italian bishops as a decision in favor of major improvements in the Church's practices. The Pope himself has spoken of a renewal that will restore "the simple and pure lines that the face of the Church of Jesus had at its birth." Luther, Calvin, and Melanchthon must have started in amazement in their graves to hear such words on the lips of the Pope of Rome, and Alfred Loisy may well have wondered about the pertinence of his cynical remark that "Jesus founded the Kingdom of God, but what came forth but the Church of Rome?"

Pope John, of course, has no intention of changing any of the basic doctrines of the Church. In Catholic tradition there is no room for any reversal of position with regard to the articles of the Creed or the obligations of the Ten Commandments. Yet Augustin Cardinal Bea, S.J., head of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, one of the preparatory commissions of the Council, has stated that while the Church may not reverse dogma, it may clarify it; in other words, reappraisal and reassessment are in order. For the most part, there have been only obscure hints in the American press of the pressures from German, Dutch, French, Oriental, and other distant Catholics for a modernization of the way in which the Church faces its internal problems. Some of these groups are openly agitating for a reorganization of the Roman Curia. Others want changes in the laws and regulations affecting marriage and education, the Mass, the sacraments and liturgical ceremonies, the inquisitorial procedures of the Congregation of the Holy Office (the branch of the Curia that deals with faith, morals, and heresy), and clerical dress and the pomp of prelatial vesture, as well as a redefinition of the rights and prerogatives of bishops and laymen in the Church's structure. Some feel that just as Clement of Alexandria and Origen, Basil and the Gregorys, Jerome and Augustine gave an originally Semitic creed a Greco-Roman dress in the third and fourth centuries, and Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, and Bernard succeeded in adapting it to the complicated medieval world in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, so it is now time for a rephrasing of the Christian message in terms comprehensible to the educated, international-minded laity of today.

Many responsible French and German Catholics believe that the time has come to break the stranglehold on ecclesiastical thought and operations exercised by the self-perpetuating clique



chess men can't think!

...only human experience and judgment can put them to effective use.

So too in investing... research, market trends, economic analyses—all must be combined with the right human talents and judgment before they can work effectively for YOUR investment program. At A. G. Becker & Co. we will provide a full measure of such talents for use on your behalf.

For a fresh outlook on your investment program or for a copy of our recent analysis on the outlook for the cosmetics industry, please call or write Mr. Clarke D. Young.

A. G. Becker & Co.
INCORPORATED
60 Broad Street • New York 4 • Phone 363-4693
Chicago, Ill. • San Francisco, Calif.
Members of the New York Stock Exchange

Designed by Herbert Bergheim.
Distinguished cravats in the gentlemen's domain:
7.50 to 15.00. At fine stores... or write
yApre' Cravats, Inc., 99 Madison Avenue, New York 16.
In Montreal: 901 Bleury Street

of Roman Curial officials, who, as heads and administrators of the various Congregations that make up the Curia, dictate Roman Catholic policy and, to a large extent, control the Pope himself. These men have successfully resisted all but the most innocuous changes dictated by the exigencies of modern life. They have long been conscious not only of a dissatisfaction on the part of churchmen outside the Roman Curial circle but of movements in the intellectual and spiritual life of the Church that are opposed to the official thought and doctrine of the Roman Curia, but they would have been content to continue their forceful course, restraining the thinking of the Church within what they consider its ancient and sacred ways. To these men, the announcement of the new Council came as a severe shock. As for the churchmen of the North, what they fear most is that the new Council will be a mere pageant, run off by Curia officials in rubber-stamp fashion. They feel that if the Council fails to come to grips with the really basic spiritual ills and moral issues of the day, it will destroy the hope that its proclamation has aroused in the hearts of thinking Catholics and non-Catholics alike. It is obvious that when the Italian Curialists and the prelates from the North meet in Council there is bound to be a reverberating clash. Informed observers feel, however, that the issue will not be joined in the first sessions of the new assembly. They think that between now and December the fathers will engage in a round of ceremonies, and emphasis will be put on the religious character of the gathering in a series of solemn liturgical functions. Meanwhile, in the opening sessions of the Council itself, sides will be chosen, allies felt out, and an innocuous-looking agenda drawn up. It is only when the bishops return to Rome for the second round, after a long Christmas recess, that the real battle will begin.

No one here pretends to know what, if anything, the Council will achieve. Although the new Council was the last thing in the world that Vatican officials desired, once they were convinced of the Pope's determination to go ahead they proved themselves not without resources. Enjoying the advantage of being on the spot and in control of Vatican activities, they quickly rallied to dominate the commissions that were to organize the Council. They made their trusted friends the presidents and the secretaries, inviting at first only "safe" men from other parts of the world to sit in as experts. Gradually, as complaints mounted that some of the outstanding

Vanderbilt Mansion—Centerport, N.Y.
GGG
CLOTHES

A thoughtfully dressed man needs at least two types of Sport Coats

(Country Style and Town Tailored)

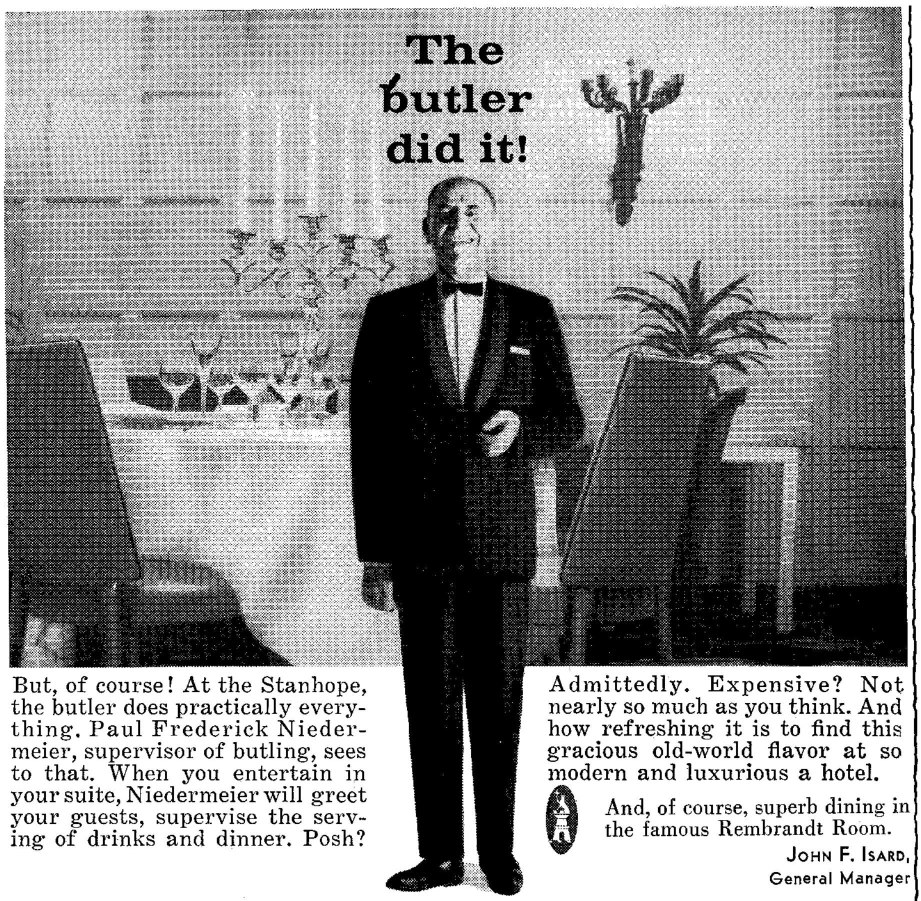
The two-button jacket on the left is bold to the eye, brisk to the touch. It is the type of jacket you would wear on a country weekend. At spectator events. Throughout leisure hours.

The other jacket has the sport look but is urbanely casual. You could wear it during ordinary business hours. Both jackets are tailored by GGG of fabrics that are loomed exclusively for us. They are individual. Masculine. Their bulkless cut and smooth tailoring give you a slimmer, taller look. The Natural Taper—from shoulder to hip-line—is perfectly balanced. And, as in all GGG clothes, there is an extravagance of hand-needlework for better shaping and longer wear.

A well-rounded wardrobe should have both types of sport jacket. And a coordinated selection of trim GGG slacks to go with them. Check your wardrobe. Then see GGG.

GGG
CLOTHES

For free style booklet and name of nearest franchised store, write to Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc., Dept. J, 12 E. 14th St., New York 3, In Chicago: 14 E. Jackson Blvd. In Los Angeles: 608 S. Hill St.


The butler did it!

But, of course! At the Stanhope, the butler does practically everything. Paul Frederick Niedermeier, supervisor of butling, sees to that. When you entertain in your suite, Niedermeier will greet your guests, supervise the serving of drinks and dinner. Posh?

Admittedly. Expensive? Not nearly so much as you think. And how refreshing it is to find this gracious old-world flavor at so modern and luxurious a hotel.

And, of course, superb dining in the famous Rembrandt Room.

JOHN F. ISARD,
General Manager

THE STANHOPE HOTEL

Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

The very climate of France is in this bottle

As you break the seal and sniff, you will discover why Marie Brizard still bottles its liqueurs in France. Such a refreshing fragrance must be captured at the source. This bottling in Bordeaux makes Marie Brizard more expensive. Is it worth it? Pour some of this incredibly smooth Apricot Liqueur into a glass. Examine it a moment. Now taste. Ahhhhh! Reason enough?

IMPORTED
APRY
APRICOT LIQUEUR
Marie Brizard
Marie Brizard

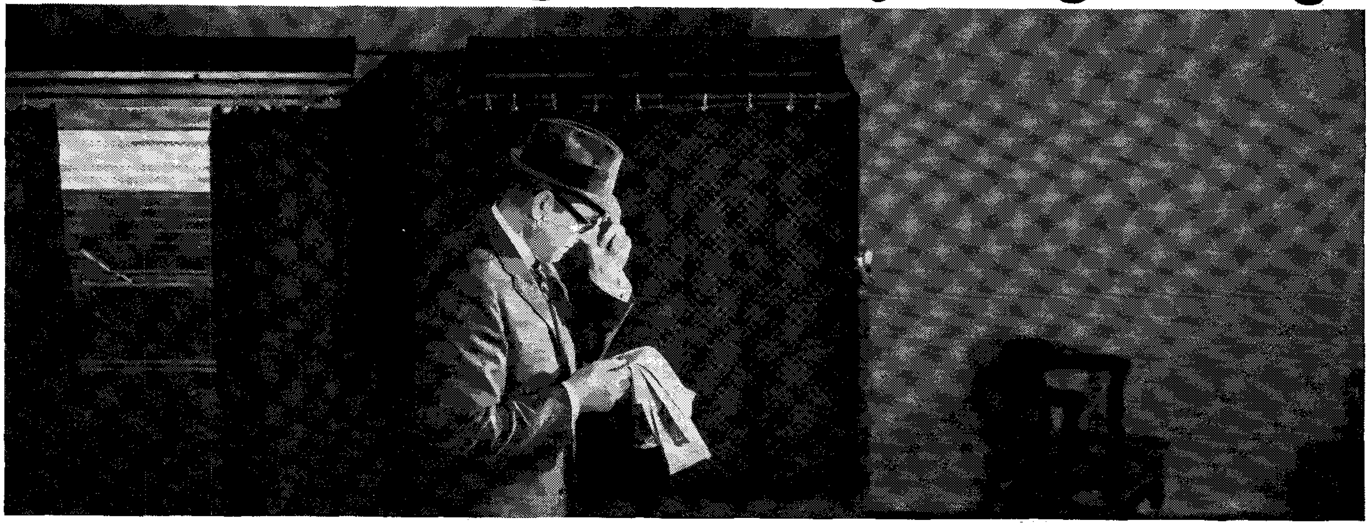
MARIE BRIZARD **APRY** • 70 PROOF • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK
ALSO: ANISETTE, CREME DE CACAO, 50 PROOF • BLACKBERRY, CREME DE MENTHE, 60 PROOF

theologians of the Church in France, Germany, and Belgium had been excluded, they called these people to Rome, but it was then too late for them to have any effect on the proposals to be placed before the bishops in council. Unable to control the most important commission, which put together the final agenda and was composed chiefly of cardinals, they did the next-best thing and arranged to have the conservative cardinals—Ottaviani, Ruffini, Siri, Pizzardo, Marella—lead the discussions. What is more to the point, they saw to it that the reports of this commission's meetings that were published in the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican newspaper, reflected their line of thought. The information contained in these generally dull, perfunctory news releases was for the most part merely a rehash of the doctrinal explanations to be found in the old, stereotyped larger Roman Catechism, buttressed by an appeal to the current code of canon law. About the only revolutionary proposal that was officially admitted to have been considered was the possibility of the Council's coming out for a stabilized, universal calendar.

It is a poorly kept secret, however, that this commission's meetings were far from harmonious. Several times, resolutions to abolish the Congregation of the Holy Office outright were brought to the floor. In the sessions that took place last June, after Cardinal Ottaviani had ordered that the Italian translation of a pastoral letter on the Council written by the Dutch bishops be withdrawn from circulation, the Indian cardinal—vehemently supported by Cardinals Doepfner, of Munich; Koenig, of Vienna; and Liénart, of Lille—came to the aid of Bernardus Cardinal Alfrink, of Utrecht, by informing the Holy Office, and the Roman Curia in general, that while ecumenical councils usually ended with someone in schism, this time, for once, it would not be the outsiders, because they happened to represent not merely the majority of the Church but the *senior pars*, and they expressed their disdain for the freemasonry (a nasty word in European ecclesiastical circles) of Italian prelates, who have held the Church in thrall too long. So pointed did the debate become that the Pope eventually sent for the leading figures to calm them down. He did not tell them to abandon their positions, however—a healthy sign of the possibility of free discussion in the Council.

A CLOSE look at the *Annuario Pontificio*, which is the official yearbook of the Vatican, reveals a curi-

You may be voting...but are you registering?



It happens every autumn. Ordinarily rational, temperate souls suddenly develop the screaming meemies. Voices rise. Tempers flare. Reason ducks for cover.

To you, levelheaded reader, we say: Don't join 'em; lick 'em. Speak softly and carry a big newspaper—The New York Times.

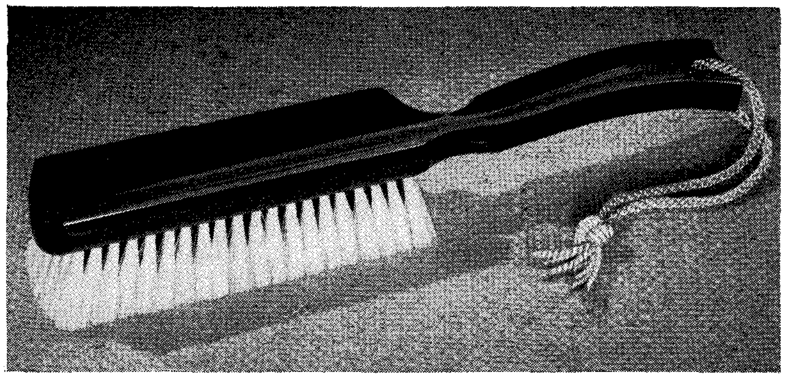
Reading The Times gives you an awesome advantage in mind-to-mind combat. You enter the fray cool and confident, with all your facts in a row. The Times keeps you fully informed—and highly informative—on the unfolding political drama.

And, because The Times reports all the news straight and clear and in revealing depth, your opinions have the unmistakable ring of authority. Let others generate heat. As a Times reader, you can bring the light of sweet reason to the discussion—and devastate the opposition.

Today's most interesting people read
The New York Times

ous fact that is at the heart of the present difficulties within the Church. The twelve Roman Congregations of the Curia, though each is headed by a cardinal, are controlled by an interlocking directorate of bishops and monsignors, all Italian. The Assessor, or administrative director, of the Holy Office, for example, is Archbishop Pietro Parente. His job might be compared to that of J. Edgar Hoover, insofar as he has the right to investigate any matters dealing with faith or morals in the Church. At the same time, Archbishop Parente is a consultor of the Consistorial Congregation, which is entrusted with the creation of new dioceses, the nomination of bishops, and supervision of their activities. He is a member of the Congregation of the Council, which watches over the discipline of both clergy and laity and has the right to revise acts of national councils. (It also passes on disputes concerning legacies and bequests.) He is a consultor of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, whose competence extends to the mission field, and a member of the Congregation of Rites, which deals with the Church's ceremonies and conducts the processes whereby a person is raised to the altar as a saint. He sits in on the Pontifical Commission for Cinema, Radio, and Television, and has a place in the Pope's official Chapel. Finally, he is a member of the Commission for Latin America. (Recently, addressing a group of bishops from South America, together with the superiors of various religious orders that have missionaries there, he offended most of his auditors by remarking, "My subject has to do with Paraguay, Uruguay, and all the other *guai*"—the Italian for "troubles.") And it was Archbishop Parente, along with another conservative, Archbishop Pericle Felici, who had the most to say as to who would, and who would not, be placed on the preparatory commissions for the Council.

But Archbishops Parente and Felici are only two of a host of Italian names that appear on every other page of the part of the *Annuario* that is devoted to the Roman Curia. (Here and there, of course, one comes across such names as Martin O'Connor, Paul Maria Krieg, Romuald Bissonnette, Francis J. Brennan, and Thomas Ryan, but, with the exception of Archbishop O'Connor and Monsignor Brennan, these men do not head offices.) By the peculiar workings of ecclesiastical fate, these same Italian names appear toward the top of the lists of members of the preparatory commissions charged with the responsibility of proposing an agenda for the Coun-



By Appointment To Her Majesty The Queen Brushmakers G. B. Kent & Sons, Ltd.

For cashmere lovers . . . the world's gentlest brush-off!

Best news for cashmere collectors since the invention of cashmere itself—a special Kent brush to give it the care its softness needs. The gentlest kind of natural bristles whisk off lint, fluff pills away without harming a smidge of the precious cashmere surface. This brush, with gleaming black back, is made in Britain with typical Kent finesse. A most fashionable gift. $6.75 at DePinna • Emery, Bird, Thayer • Famous-Barr Co. • The Bon Marche; other fine stores coast to coast.

KENT OF LONDON

Since 1777

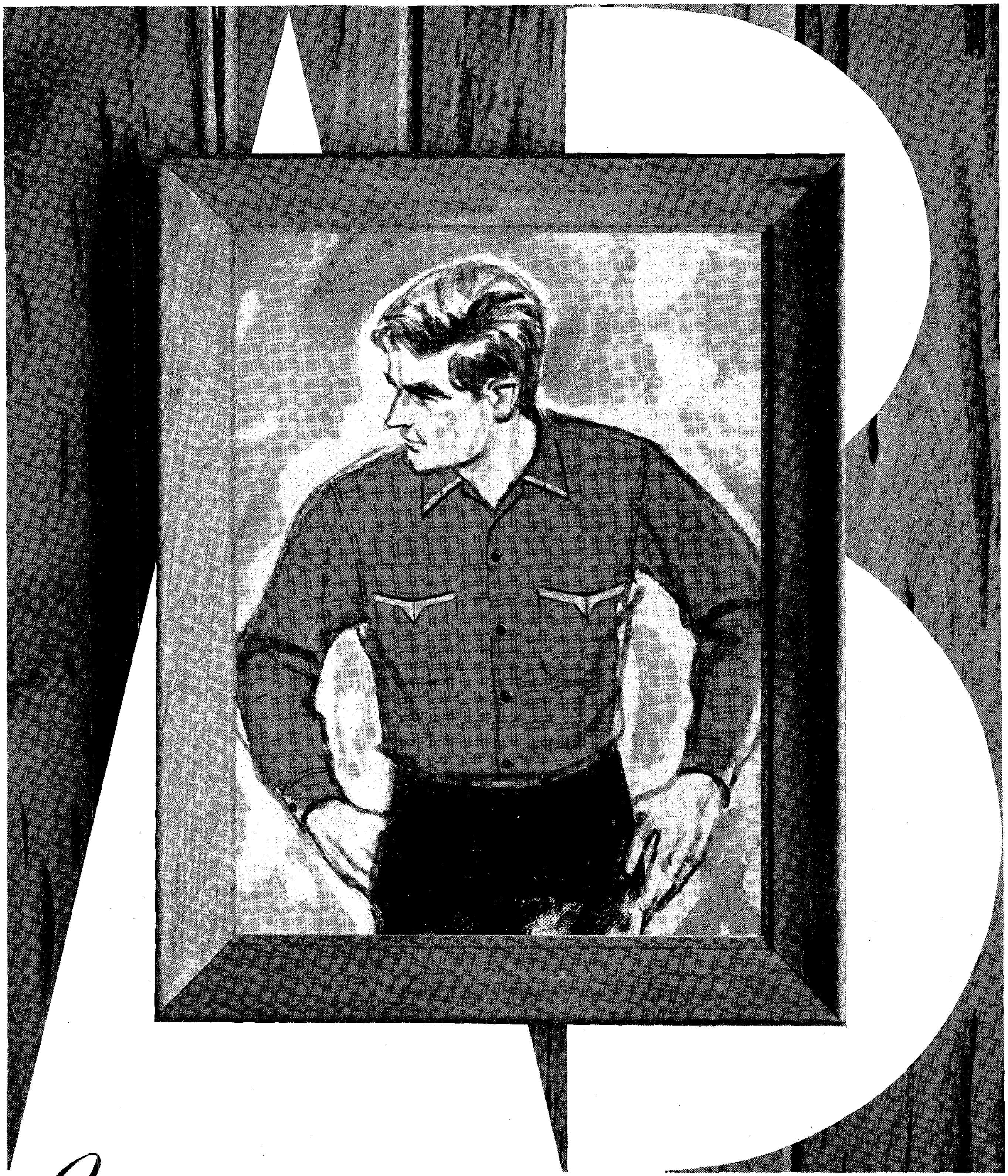
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

THE BEST FROM BRITAIN

DAGENS NYHETER.
World-wide...
HINE
le Cognac sec!
THE DRY COGNAC BRANDY
HINE
COGNAC

In Stockholm and other world capitals, Hine Cognac's dry delight makes this export of France the unquestioned choice of discriminating people.

"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. COGNAC BRANDY • 84 PROOF



Jayson® sport shirt spiced with CUPIONI®

For weekend doings . . . indoors or out . . . the Vent shirt by Jayson is "go" from dawn to dusk. Liberally seasoned with the shantung texture of Cupioni rayon, the washable, crease-resistant Carousel fabric is a racy blend of combed cotton and American Bemberg Cupioni. Slate blue, saddle tan, or dusty gray — with dusty gold trim; blue, mandarin orange, olive — with gray trim. S, M, ML, L, XL. At fine stores everywhere. About $6.

AMERICAN
BEMBERG®
ARISTOCRAT®
OF RAYON YARN

BEAUNIT FIBERS / DIVISION OF BEAUNIT CORPORATION, 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

"Cupioni" is a registered trade-mark for an American Bemberg cuprammonium rayon yarn.

(Advertisement)

Relax
DR. R. SMYTHE
PODIATRIST

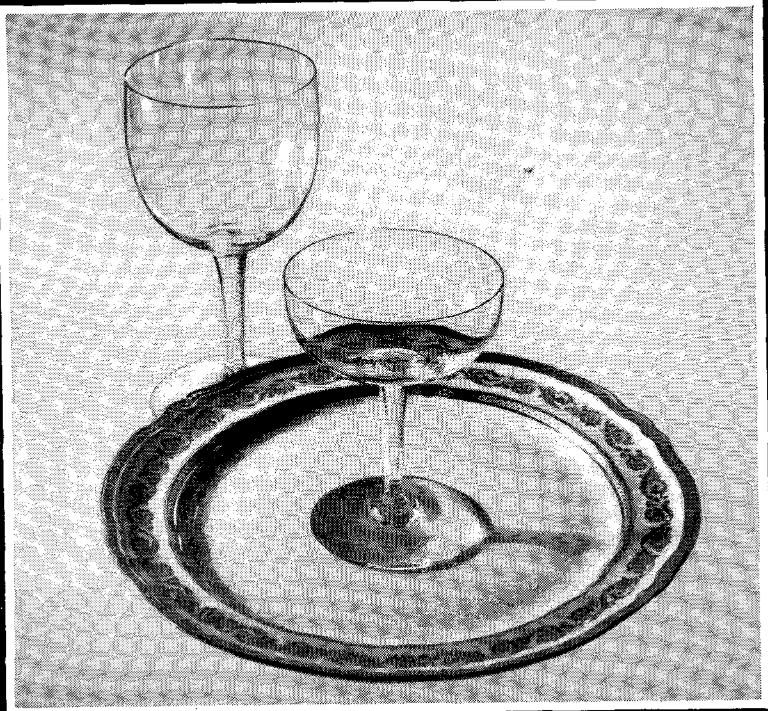
A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P.S. Got a toe-hold on success? Then the prescription for your "waiting room" is a soothing, comfortable Bigelow on the floor. There's a special distinction and softness in every square foot of Bigelow Carpets . . . a special pride to boot. Bigelow Carpets are available in special designs, colors and textures. Call any Bigelow district office or our Contract Dept., 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

BACCARAT . . . the crystal of Kings . . . since 1764

CERALENE CHINA . . . dinnerware by Raynaud of Limoges

CERALENE CHINA . . . in the distinctive French tradition



The VOLTAIRE pattern by BACCARAT, with its large bowl and beaded cut stem, at $9.50 each, is perfect for the gourmet. Other patterns of stemware from $4.75. The CERALENE china shown is RÉGENCE, a magnificent reproduction of an 18th century design by Cressent, personal cabinet maker of the Regent of France. $110 per place setting. Other patterns from $17.50.

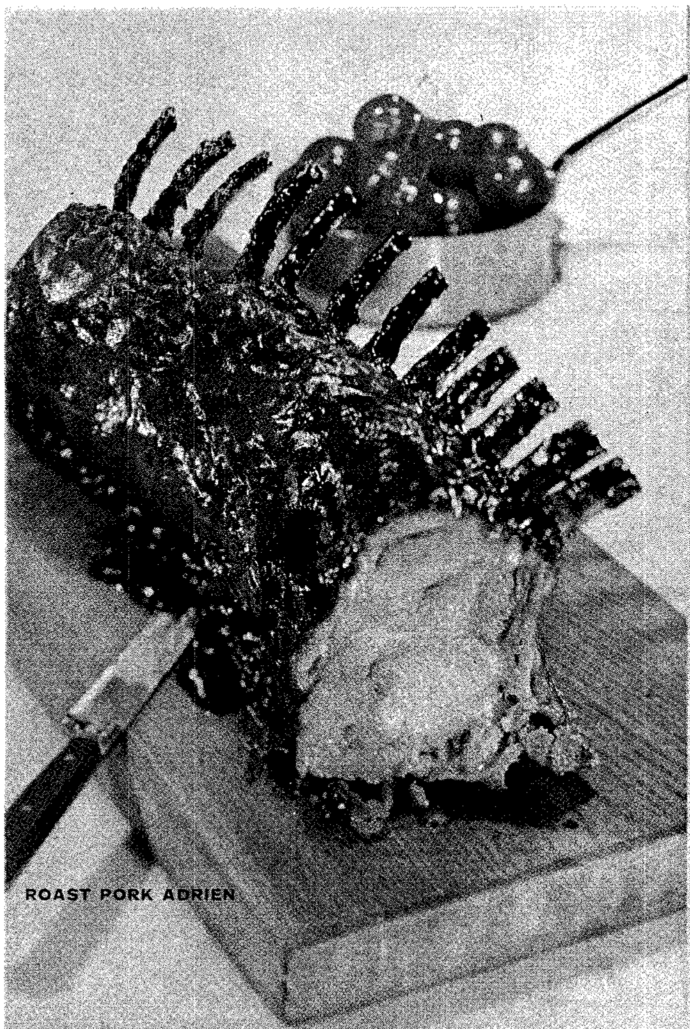
Send 25c to Dept. N20 for Stemware brochure and/or $1 for "How To Choose And Use Wine Glasses" booklet.

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

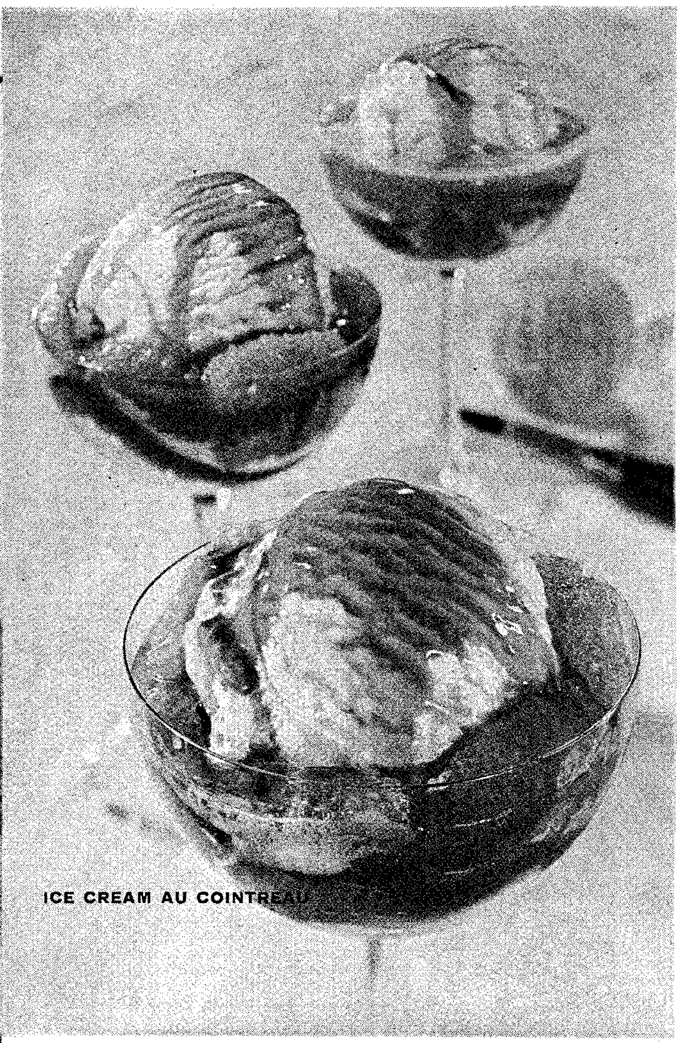
cil. Though, in all, some eight hundred bishops and theologians from every corner of the world were brought to Rome for consultation regarding this agenda, certain outstanding Catholic figures were excluded, or only invited as consultors toward the very end of the preparatory period. Among those excluded or invited late were the American Jesuits John Courtney Murray and John L. McKenzie; the French theologians Henri de Lubac, M.-D. Chenu, and Jean Daniélou; and Hugo and Karl Rahner, of Innsbruck. These men are apparently considered to hold wildly liberal views, and therefore to be dangerous.

Over the last few years, the Roman Curialists would seem to have been devising a plan to give themselves absolute control over the Church's intellectual life. Disturbed no little by the independent thinking of Pius XII, who in his later years made it his business to reassess the Church's attitude toward many phases of modern thought, they counted on reasserting their safe theses and doctrines after his death. Pius XII had, for one thing, emancipated the Scriptural scholars of the Church by giving them a mandate to employ every legitimate discovery to modernize the Church's understanding of divine revelation. It is known that he had also prepared a complete reorganization of the Roman Curia, but that when he fell sick in 1954 he had had to abandon the project. Consequently, when he died, in 1958, and the conclave elected the seventy-six-year-old diplomat and Patriarch of Venice who became Pope John XXIII, the men of the Roman Curia must have breathed a sigh of relief. They were no doubt convinced that Divine Providence was on their side. The new Pontiff was not an intellectual. He made no pretense of being a theologian. With a little careful maneuvering, they could have their way.

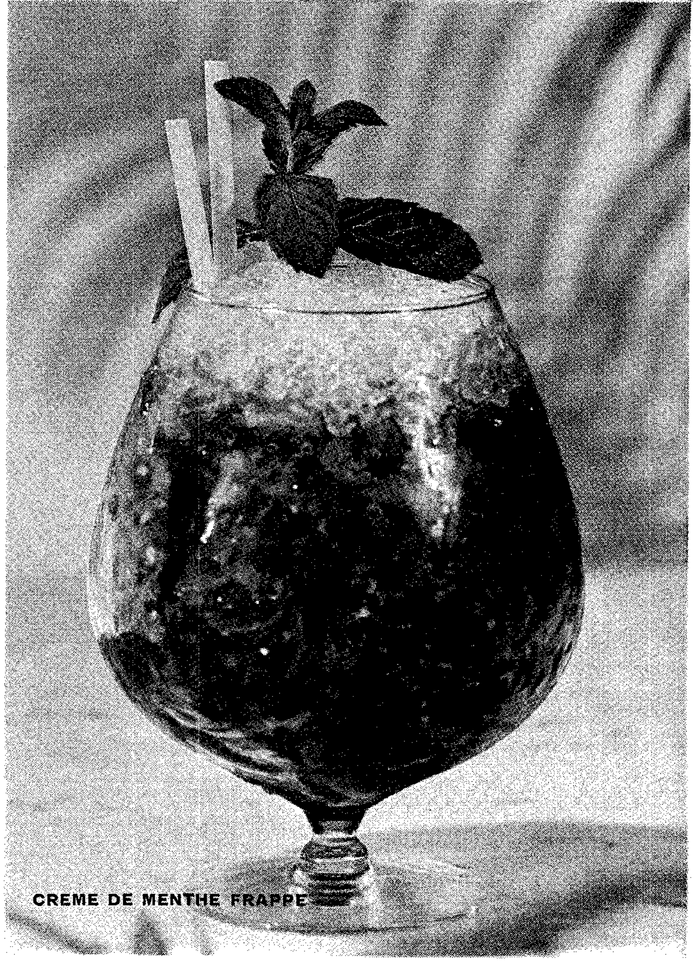
One of the first things they had decided to undertake, according to many observers here, was a complete reorganization of ecclesiastical studies, whereby they could directly influence the teaching of theology in all the seminaries of the world. The fact, for example, that the Jesuits and the Dominicans had the two best schools of Scriptural studies—the Biblical Institute, in Rome, and the Ecole Biblique, in Jerusalem, respectively—was alarming, particularly since the better students turned out by these faculties were imbued with the new approach to the Bible. The Roman Curial plan called for a vast agglomeration of all the Catholic universities in Rome—primarily the Gregorian, the Angelicum, and



ROAST PORK ADRIEN



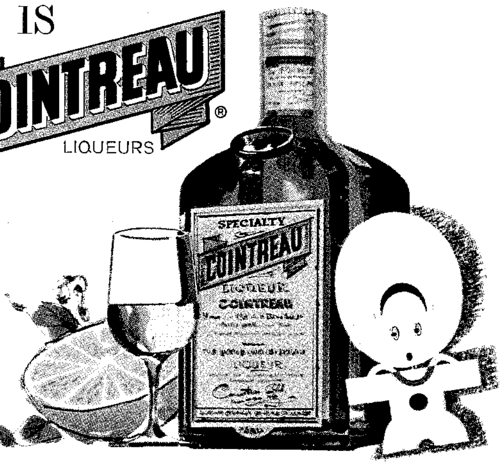
ICE CREAM AU COINTREAU



CREME DE MENTHE FRAPPE

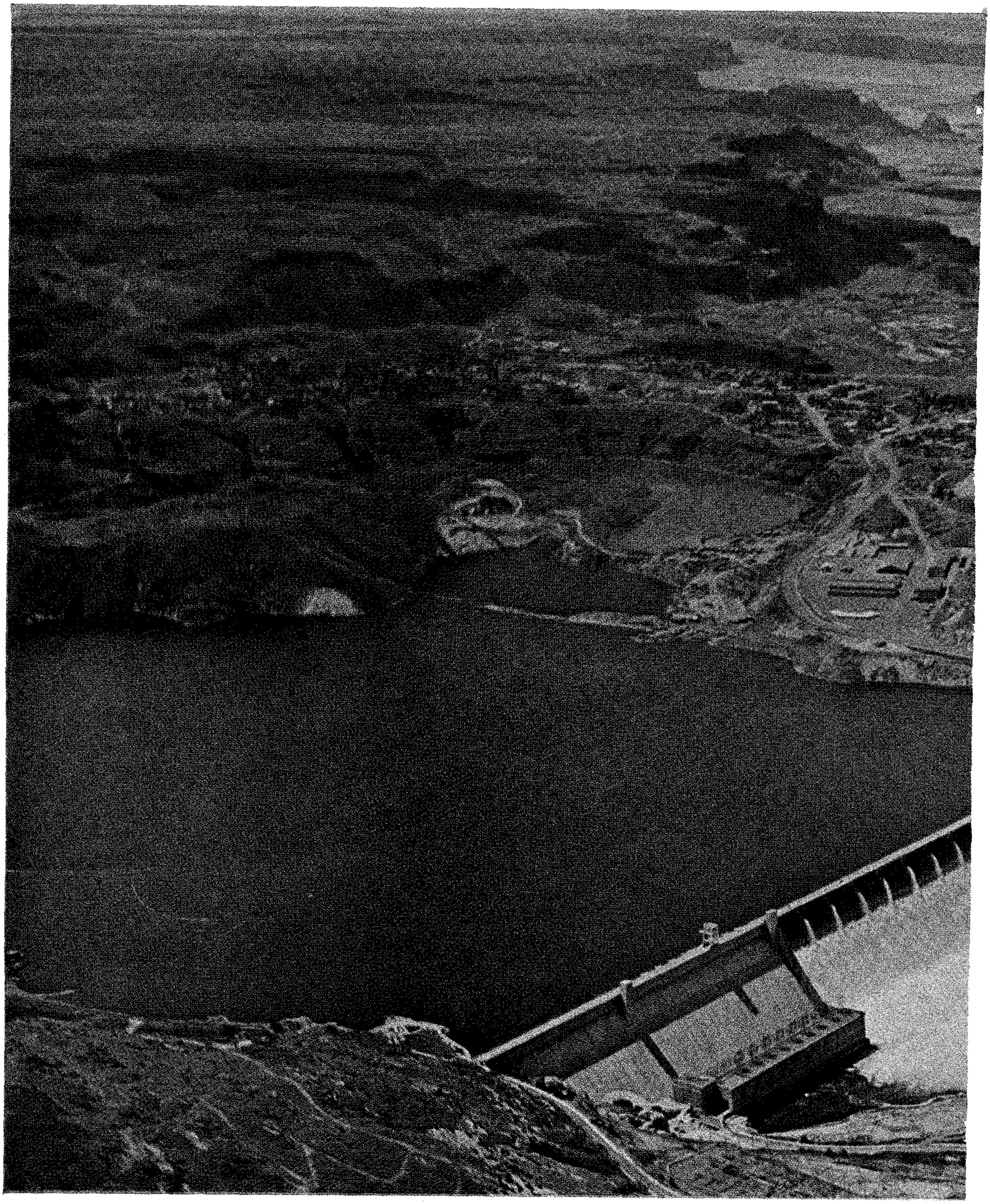
The delightful *difference* is

COINTREAU®
LIQUEURS



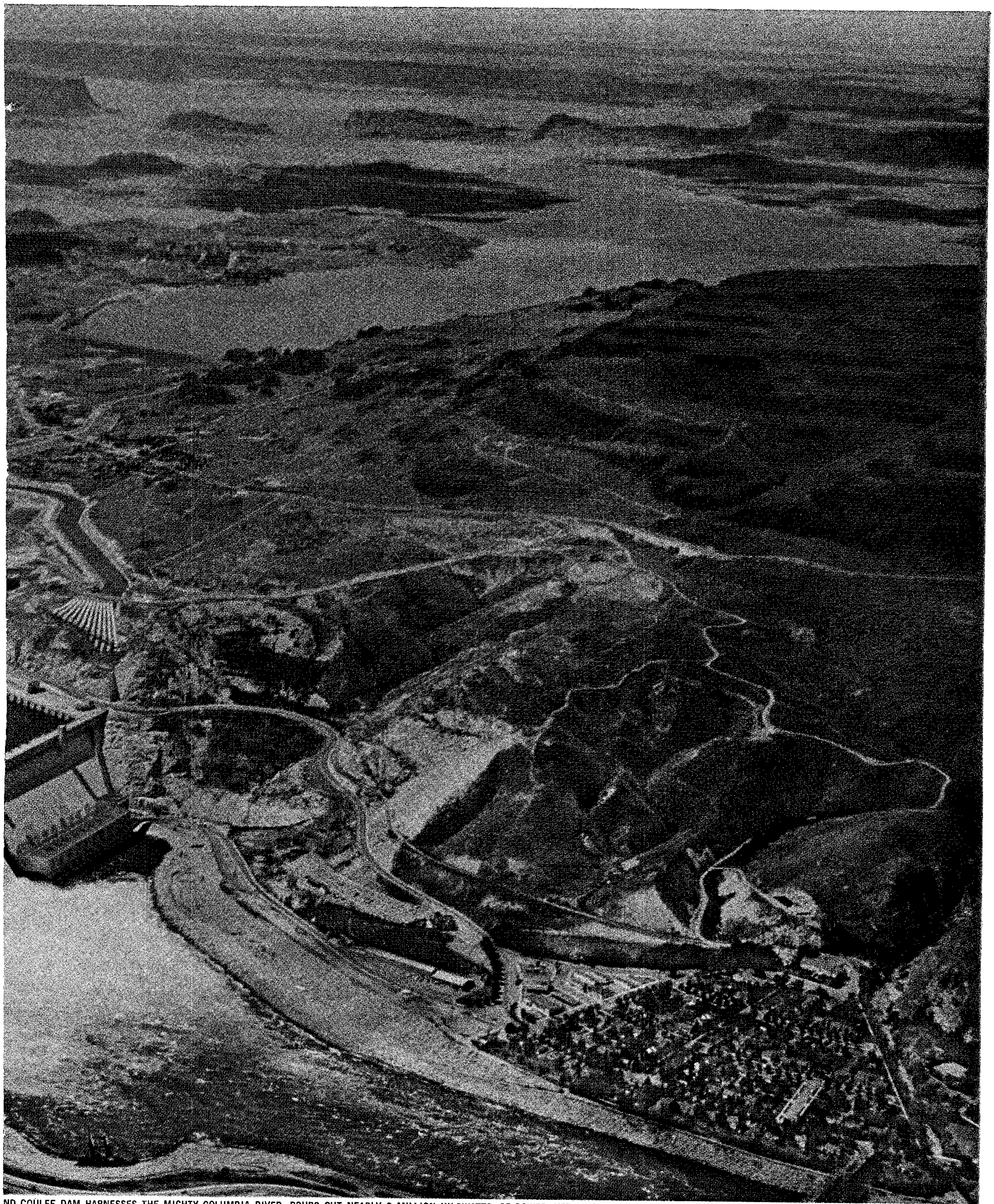
After all, the important distinction is in flavor. Very often it is one of the 20 Cordials by Cointreau that contributes the magic touch. Why not take a leaf from Pierrot's book. There *is* one—"Gourmet's Guide". We will be happy to send you a copy with Pierrot's compliments. In it are recipes for the food and drink shown here, plus 46 more. *Voilà*...you are an expert!

CORDIALS BY COINTREAU, 50 TO 80 PROOF, PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.



HUMBLE SUPPLIES THE ENERGY OF 1

Running at top capacity, America's largest dam can generate only a small part of the energy Hun provides each day—from petroleum. Through research, Humble converts oil to energy in many forms bring efficient power to practically everything that works, runs or flies. Stop at a Humble station for standing products and dealer services. Discover why the sign of "Happy Motoring"® is the World's First Cho



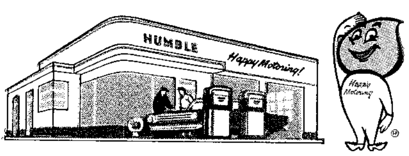
ND COULEE DAM HARNESSES THE MIGHTY COLUMBIA RIVER, POURS OUT NEARLY 2 MILLION KILOWATTS OF POWER. YET A DOZEN SUCH DAMS COULDN'T EQUAL HUMBLE'S DAILY PETROLEUM ENERGY OUTPUT.

RAND COULEES EACH DAY!

HUMBLE

OIL & REFINING COMPANY

America's Leading Energy company


HUMBLE
Happy Motoring!
Happy Motoring

DE BOMBEROS
PUERTO

How Puerto Rico's healthy, happy bomberitos got that way

Union Carbide, Shell Oil—and 770 other American-owned plants are thriving in Puerto Rico. Now there are jobs. And schools. And high new hopes in this scrubbed and cultured commonwealth.

THE small fry in our picture are called *bomberitos.* Which is a Puerto Rican's exuberant way of saying 'little firemen.'

Bomberitos do good deeds, learn all about fire prevention—and lead healthy, happy lives on an island that was once written off as 'stricken' and 'saddled with unsolvable problems.'

Today, Puerto Rico's renaissance is booming along at a pace worthy of a country five times its size. Average family income has *doubled* in the last ten years, and may well double again in the next ten.

But you won't catch Puerto Rico resting on its laurels. *One-third of the entire commonwealth budget goes into education.* In a land half as big as Vermont, there are now no fewer than seven colleges and universities.

U. S. firms with plants in Puerto Rico have a lot to be proud of besides healthy profits and soaring production. They have helped to inspire high hopes in a country that, a dozen years ago, had none at all.

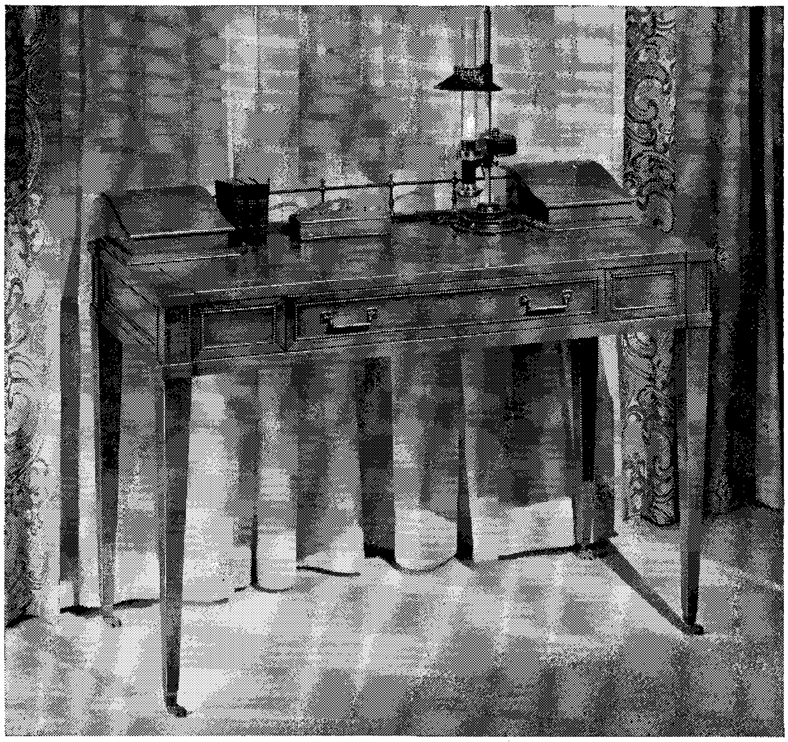
To find out how your firm fits into this sunny picture, write to the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19.

Propaganda—under the leadership of the Lateran University, which would eventually also absorb such schools as the Jesuit-run Biblical Institute, the Capranica, and the Ecclesiastical Academy. The first step in this direction was a move to bring the Lateran itself up to true university status. At the time, it was actually little better than a glorified seminary with mediocre graduate schools of law and theology. To justify its right to be called a university, it aggregated to itself the Carmelite school of theology and the Redemptorist institute of moral theology, organized a faculty of pastoral theology, and brought under its aegis two new schools—one for nuns and one for teaching brothers—whose objective was the issuing of a licentiate, or Master's degree, in religion.

It was at this juncture that the thunderbolt of Pope John's announcement of the forthcoming Council struck the Roman Curia. This was followed almost immediately by a severe setback to the plan for gathering up all the universities under the domination of the Lateran. The campaign had started with an attack on the Biblical Institute published in the December, 1960, issue of *Divinitas*, the journal of the Lateran University, by Monsignor Antonino Romeo, secretary to Cardinal Pizzardo, head of the Congregation of Seminaries and Universities. Quite clearly, it was intended that this would be followed immediately by action on the part of the Holy Office; the works of several professors of the Biblical Institute, as well as of individual French and German theologians, would be condemned and proscribed. The next move, it may be assumed, would have been to call for control of all the theological faculties in Rome, and eventually throughout the world, by a safe school of theology—the Lateran, for example. As things turned out, the plan overreached itself. Intending to confront Pope John with a *fait accompli*, the Curia officials had seen to it that Monsignor Romeo's article was kept from his eyes, and they refused to print in *Divinitas* the reply of the rector of the Biblical Institute; instead, they sent a free copy of the original article to every bishop in Italy. This proved their undoing, for one of the Italian bishops, on a Vatican visit, unwittingly offered the Pope his sympathies on the fell state of theological affairs as revealed by Monsignor Romeo's article. This was the first Pope John had heard of the matter. When he read the article, he gave vent to one of the few angry outbursts of his pontificate. He had his

the nicest things happen
to people who carry.... *

* FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS, NATURALLY!
Internationally Accepted—Ask for them by name at Your Bank
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



Manufacturer-Warranted for Quality

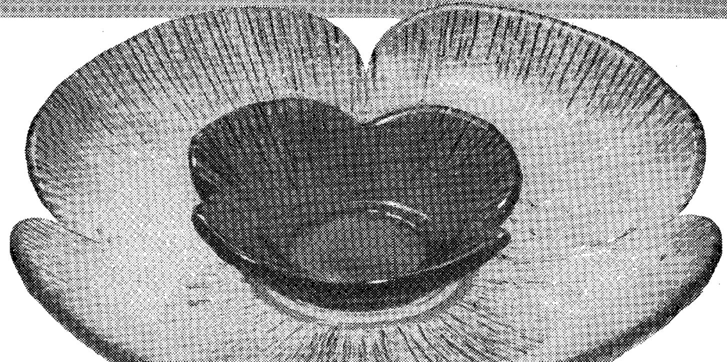
SO RIGHT FOR MILADY— a wonderfully useful writing desk from Brandt's fine Milan collection. A superb example of Italian Provincial styling in richly finished figured cherry veneer and solid cherry. With distinctive antiqued brass drawer pulls, ferrules and gallery. 43"w x 20"d x 33⅚₁₆"h. About $110 at fine stores. Other lovely pieces to match. Write for folder.

Brandt

The Brandt Cabinet Works, Inc., Dept. 5, Hagerstown, Md.

hands make Blenko beautiful

BLENKO HANDCRAFT



Chip Dish
14" diameter
Dip Bowl 6" diameter

Chip 'n Dip Set
in seagreen, crystal,
turquoise or jonquil

Bright, cheerful and inviting is this Blenko Chip 'n Dip Set, in textured glass. Blenko hands have created this lovely combination for your own home or as a gift of exceptional good taste. Look for Blenko at leading department stores and gift shops. It is America's best known name in decorative ware. *Write for free descriptive color folder*

Blenko hands also make Williamsburg® Glassware Reproductions

Blenko GLASS COMPANY, INC.
DEPARTMENT B-11, MILTON, WEST VIRGINIA

secretary call the rector of the Biblical Institute and assure him of the Pope's complete confidence in the school's orthodoxy. Next, he forced Cardinal Pizzardo to write a letter to Cardinal Bea, former rector of the Institute, in which Pizzardo disclaimed any responsibility for the article, or knowledge of it before it was printed. This was a double humiliation, for all Rome knew that the article could never have been written without the clearance, and even the encouragement, of Cardinal Pizzardo.

The matter did not end there, however. Returning to the attack at the beginning of the scholastic year 1961, the Holy Office informed the General of the Jesuits that two professors at the Biblical Institute, Stanislas Lyonnet and Maximilian Zerwick, were to be removed from the faculty as being under suspicion of teaching erroneous doctrine. Fortunately for the cause of fair play as well as that of academic freedom, the Jesuit General decided that it was time to take a stand. He informed Cardinal Ottaviani, head of the Holy Office, that he had personally examined the teachings of these two professors and could find no fault in them. He asked proof of their errors. As it is against the principles of the Holy Office ever to justify its activities, the matter died there and the two men remained in their posts. In June, however, at the close of the school year, the Holy Office forced the Vatican Secretary of State to intervene and suspend the two professors in question. It will be most interesting to see what will happen now that a number of cardinals known to be friendly to the ideas held by these men are on the scene for the Council.

ACTUALLY, what is happening in Catholic Biblical scholarship seems to be fully in line with the *aggiornamento* proclaimed by Pope John as the aim of his new Council. Using discoveries in the archeological, literary, and historical fields that relate to the time of Christ, the more liberal Scriptural men hope to arrive at a closer appreciation of Christ's words and deeds through study of the context and atmosphere in which they occurred. They make a clear distinction between Biblical theology—the systematic presentation of the religious truths revealed by Christ as these truths were understood by the Apostles and early disciples, and as they were embodied in the New Testament—and modern theology, which is the result of the elaboration of these truths under the guidance of the Church down through the ages. The position of most Italian theologians is typified by Ernesto Cardinal

Astrojet is a Service Mark of American Airlines, Inc.

hat to watch and listen for on your first Astrojet trip.

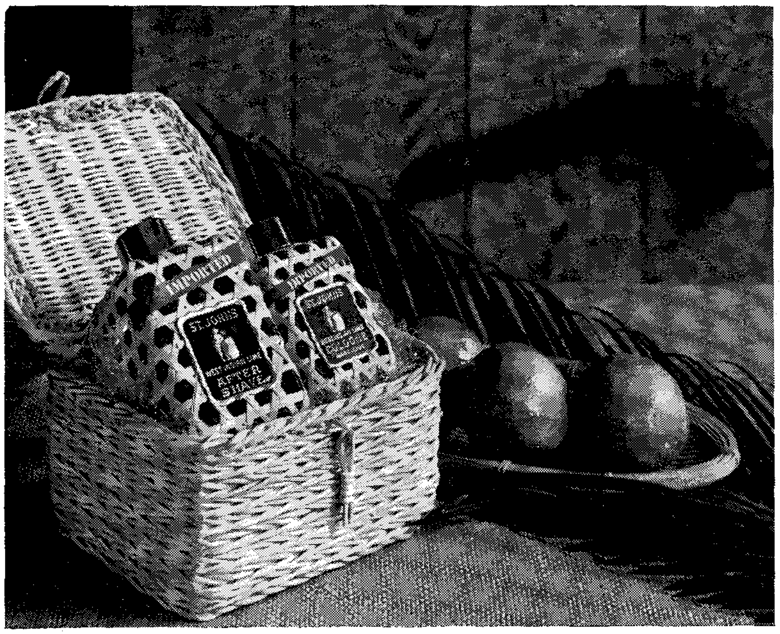
ore take-off, the engines will speed up for a fast start. Jets off swiftly, and Astrojets with fan-jet engines are in the air faster than ordinary jets. Incidentally, American is the only airline whose jet fleet is completely equipped with fan-jets.

The engine sound will almost disappear when you reach flight altitude. Your plane will stop climbing and seem to float. We've set the power on "Cruising." Your Astrojet will keep the extra power of its fan-jet engines in reserve to assure on-time arrivals.

Astrojet's wings "flex" to cushion your flight. So if the ines appear to move up and down slightly—they're supposed ater, if you seem to be flying faster, it means we've turned the Astrojet's reserve power to keep on time in a headwind.

Now you're flying above the weather at almost the speed of sound, and you can see up to 200 miles from your window. Honest, was this really your first flight? You're as relaxed as an old hand, and already looking forward to your next Astrojet flight.

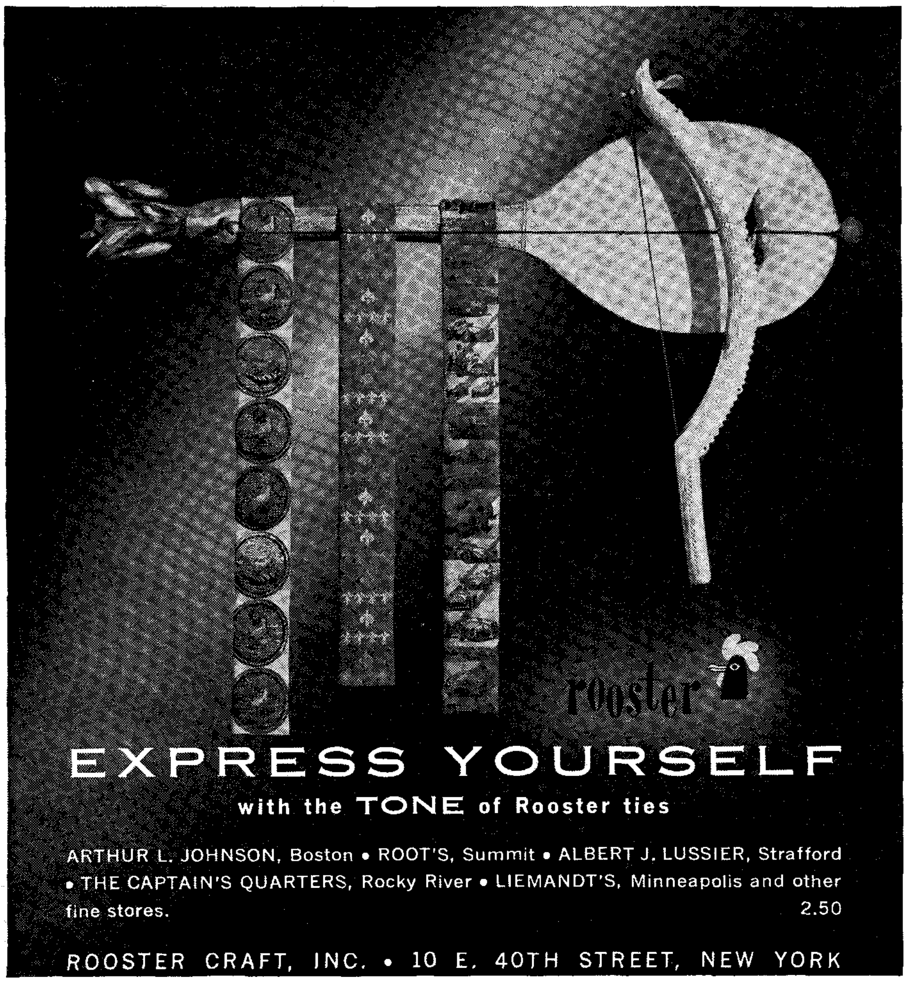
AMERICAN AIRLINES
AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE
AA



How to exalt a mere shave

South where the sun plays upon coves of crystal the true Lime of the West Indies is found. Discover its cool brilliance in St. Johns Lime After Shave, eight ounces. And in the four ounce hamper mate, West Indies Lime Cologne, with tropical woody spices. Imported only to fine shops from the Virgin Islands, ten dollars and fifty cents plus tax. Also in a "four-and-four" ounce set, eight dollars and fifty cents plus tax. Each set in a handwoven hamper.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. For name of nearest store, write our U.S. Agent, Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Avenue, New York


rooster
EXPRESS YOURSELF
with the TONE of Rooster ties
ARTHUR L. JOHNSON, Boston • ROOT'S, Summit • ALBERT J. LUSSIER, Strafford • THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS, Rocky River • LIEMANDT'S, Minneapolis and other fine stores.
2.50
ROOSTER CRAFT, INC. • 10 E. 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

Ruffini, of Sicily, who, though he specialized in Biblical research as a young priest, has turned against the modern trend. He feels that the Bible must be interpreted in what can only be termed a fundamentalist sense—that to admit of any change in our appreciation of the words and deeds of Christ is to betray the Church by acknowledging that its teachers have been wrong. In an article published on page 1 of the *Osservatore Romano* in June, 1961, he demonstrated the lengths to which some Italian theologians are prepared to go. The subject was Pope Pius XII's emancipating encyclical on the study of the Scriptures, called "Divino Afflante Spiritu" and published in 1943. In it Pope Pius had written:

> In the words and writings of the ancient Oriental authors, the literal sense does not appear with as much clarity as it does in writers of our times. What they—the authors of the Bible—intended to signify by their words cannot be determined solely by the laws of grammar or of philology. It is absolutely necessary that the exegete go back to the manner of thinking of the Orient in those far centuries, so that, helping himself with the resources of history, of archeology, of ethnology, and of the other sciences, he may discern and recognize what literary genres the authors of that ancient age wished to use or actually did employ. . . . The exegete cannot determine *a priori* what were the forms of speech and expression used by these authors. He can only do this by the attentive study of the ancient literatures of the Orient.

In direct contradiction of this, Cardinal Ruffini wrote:

> How can one suppose that the Church has during *nineteen centuries* presented the Divine Book to its children without knowing the literary genre in which it was composed, if this is the key to exact interpretation? Such an assertion becomes all the more absurd when one takes in-

Pima **SuPima®**

when you want the best of this **you really want this**

You're right to want pima. This extra long staple cotton is softer, silkier, more lustrous. But when you want the best of pima you really want SuPima.

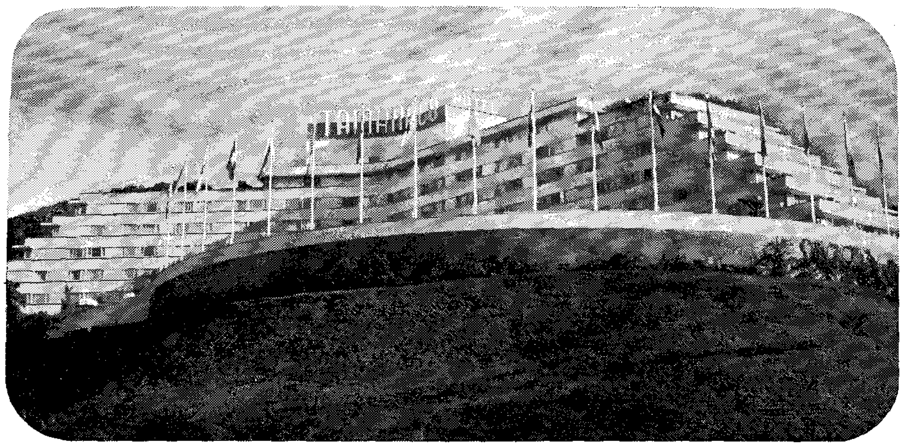
SuPima fabrics are made of super-strong, extra long staple cotton scientifically grown in Arizona, Texas and New Mexico. This superior pima is grown from special seed developed after years of research by agricultural geneticists. It is *quality controlled.* It is *pedigreed.* You don't guess at its origin. You *know* its origin and its heritage. You know, too, that the quality of SuPima is consistently high – made from cotton grown in the same regions, under the same conditions, of seeds that are constantly improved.

When you specify SuPima you know precisely what you're going to get – the best of pima, the best of this softer, silkier, more lustrous extra long staple cotton. And you know that SuPima wearing apparel is made from super-strong cotton grown exclusively in America's own southwest.

Only certified fabrics made of this special cotton earn the right to carry the SuPima label. It's a badge of quality, a signature of dependability.

SuPima Association of America, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1.

SUPIMA IS THE REGISTERED CERTIFICATION MARK FOR PRODUCTS MADE OF SOUTHWESTERN EXTRA LONG STAPLE COTTON.



39-Acre Balcony Over Caracas

HOTEL TAMANACO

CARACAS • VENEZUELA

Look outside your window in the Hotel Tamanaco, and see mountains reaching to the sky. Look again—you're gazing into the heart of Caracas! At the Tamanaco you're in the mountains, you're in the city, you're in a glittering resort! Outdoor pool. Cabanas. Badminton. Volleyball. Pitch-and-putt golf course. At night, one of the city's outstanding night clubs entertains you. Relaxing headquarters for businessmen, marvelous resort for travelers. Ask your travel agent. Or write us: Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.

General Manager, Mario di Genova

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

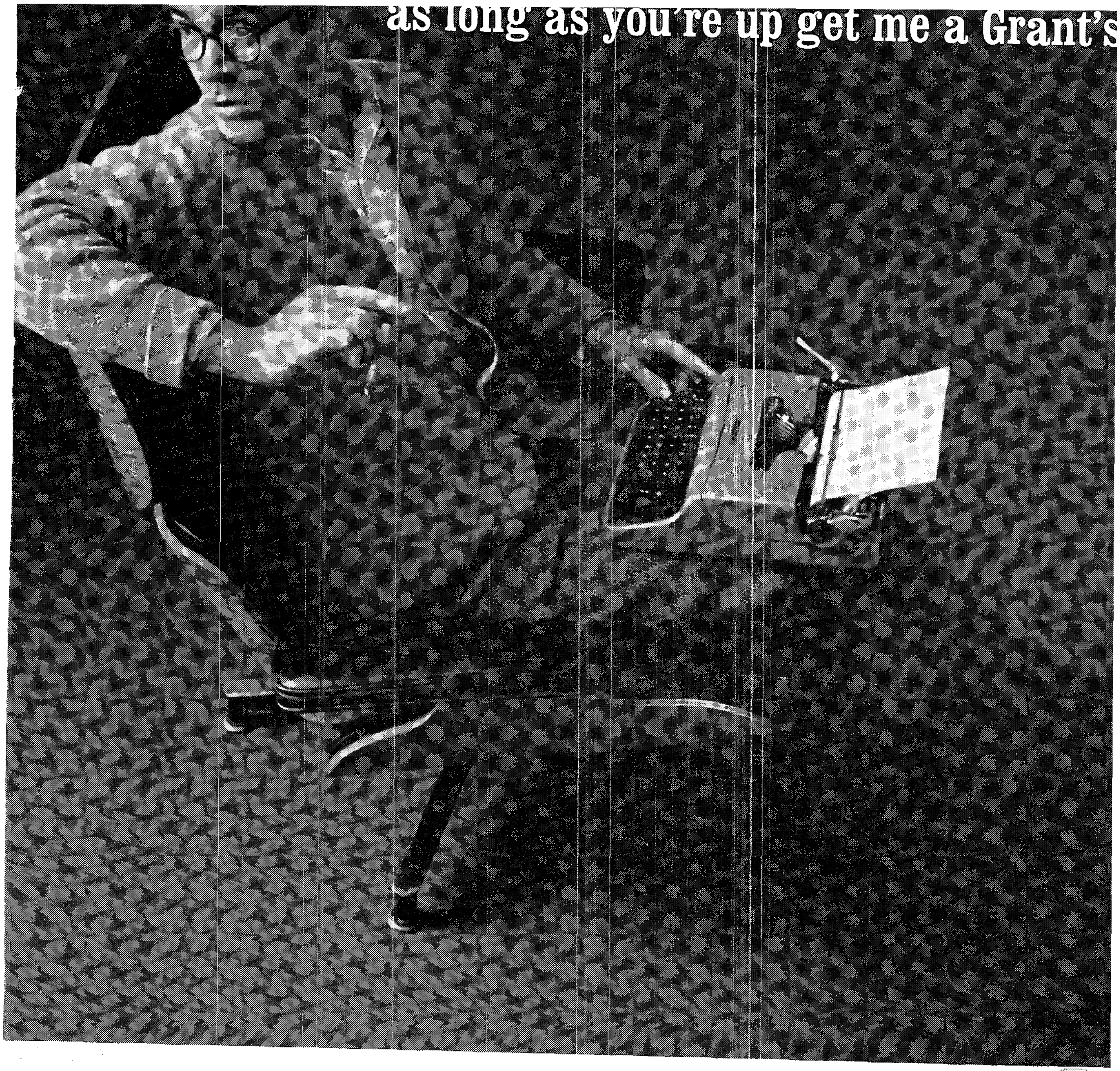
Give Evans® –
Give Elegance

EVANS IS ELEGANCE with designs for giving, in table lighters and smoking accessories. The peerless Pear reveals a precision lighter as its hidden treasure. Cigarette box and ash tray make an ensemble to kindle the quietest decor. Or you may prefer the Apple, Acorn, Pineapple, or Evans Americana. Each fine-hewn piece is finished in brilliant enamel or muted gold or silver. Beautifully gift boxed. In New York, Bergdorf Goodman; in California, at all Bullock's stores; Oklahoma City, J. A. Brown Co.; and in other fine stores. Evans Case Company, Plainville, Massachusetts.

ELEGANCE EVANS

to account that a large number of these superior-minded critics not only call for new applications of the theory of literary genres in regard to the inspired books but remit to the future a definitive explanation; that is to say, to the time when one will come to understand better, through the study of history, of archeology, of ethnology, and of the other sciences, the manner of speaking and writing of the ancients, particularly the Orientals.

It has been said that the most important factor in the formation of the Roman ecclesiastical mind is the conviction, explicitly formulated in Italian seminaries, that the function of the theologian is to preserve Catholic doctrine from the least taint of change or error. "No heresy has ever originated in Italy" is the axiom used in inculcating this conviction. A second factor is a method of instruction that is essentially a lecture-memory exercise, the student being trained to absorb attentively the words of the professor, to analyze by a rigidly logical interpretation of the terms the significance of the doctrine being explained, and, finally, to repeat verbatim the text of the lectures or of the manual in use. While the accusation that the medieval Scholastic theologians spent their time arguing over the number of angels who could dance on the point of a needle is obviously absurd, since it confuses two orders of reality—the spiritual and the material—which those same Scholastics, as philosophers, carefully distinguished between, it is indicative of the extreme use to which Aristotelian logic has been, and is still being, put by Roman theologians. They deal in propositions that must be either true or false. Having reduced the teachings of Christ to logical concepts, they proceed to draw conclusions—always on a logical plane, of course—that frequently take no account of the logic of facts and events. When they encounter Scriptural passages or historical events that embarrassingly fail to accord with their logical conclusions, they blindly force the issue. Thus, in the matter of the seven sacraments, which is now an uncontroverted doctrine of Catholic belief, these theologians maintain that all seven sacraments were specifically instituted by Christ, and were given to the Church as instruments of grace in the very form and manner in which they are administered today. This thesis, however, is by no means undisputed. One school of thought, for example, is convinced that there is no certain evidence of the existence of the rite of the last anointing of a dying person until about the sixth century. As a matter of fact, St. Leo the Great, in the fifth century, though he twice discusses the way in which a priest is to minister


as long as you're up get me a Grant's

Please. It's the Scotch with the 8 on it. Under the Dufy. Why do they call it Grant's 8? That's the age. Most Scotch is only four years old, but it really takes 8 years to smooth out a Scotch. Water? A little. Thank you, darling.

The light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., New York.

©1962 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.

8
YEARS OLD
Grant's
STAND FAST
Blended Scotch Whisky
8 YEARS OLD

collecting starts with confidence

Will you take a moment to read these observations on the subject of the art dealer and his service to the collector of fine paintings and drawings.

An art dealer sells paintings. Yet, he is not a merchant. He must be a great deal more. He must have a sound knowledge of his subject. And he must address himself to his vocation with professional integrity—comparable to the doctor's devotion to his patients or the lawyer's objective handling of his clients' affairs.

At the same time, the gallery and the art dealer must meet the challenge of economics and function successfully as a business.

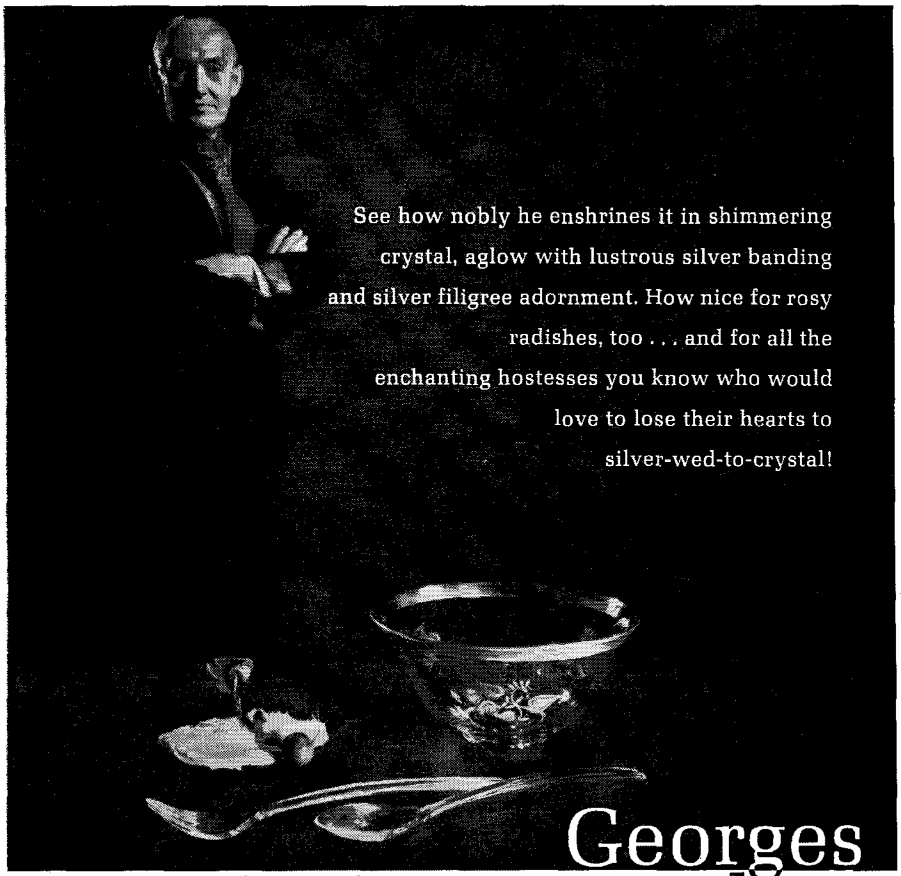
For 30 years, we here at the Mortimer Brandt Gallery have adhered to the belief that the interests of our patrons are inseparable from our own interests.

The result is a distinguished list of clients—including many leading museums—whose patronage has continued through many pleasant years. We have prospered as they have profited—both intrinsically and culturally as a consequence of our performance in their behalf.

If you are an advanced collector, a new experience and new satisfactions await you here. If you wish to begin to enjoy the pleasures of owning fine paintings and drawings, you will welcome the confidence to be found in our personal and professional approach to your exciting new adventure.

ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE SENT ON REQUEST

The Gallery of Mortimer Brandt
11 E. 57 St., New York


See how nobly he enshrines it in shimmering
crystal, aglow with lustrous silver banding
and silver filigree adornment. How nice for rosy
radishes, too . . . and for all the
enchanting hostesses you know who would
love to lose their hearts to
silver-wed-to-crystal!
Georges

From the romantic "Silver Damask" collection: Salad Bowl with servers, 7.50.
At fine stores like B. Altman, New York • Jos. Horne, Pitts. • Marshall Field, Chi. • Bullock's, Southern Calif. / M. Wille Inc.
Georges Briard Designs, 225 5th Ave., N.Y.

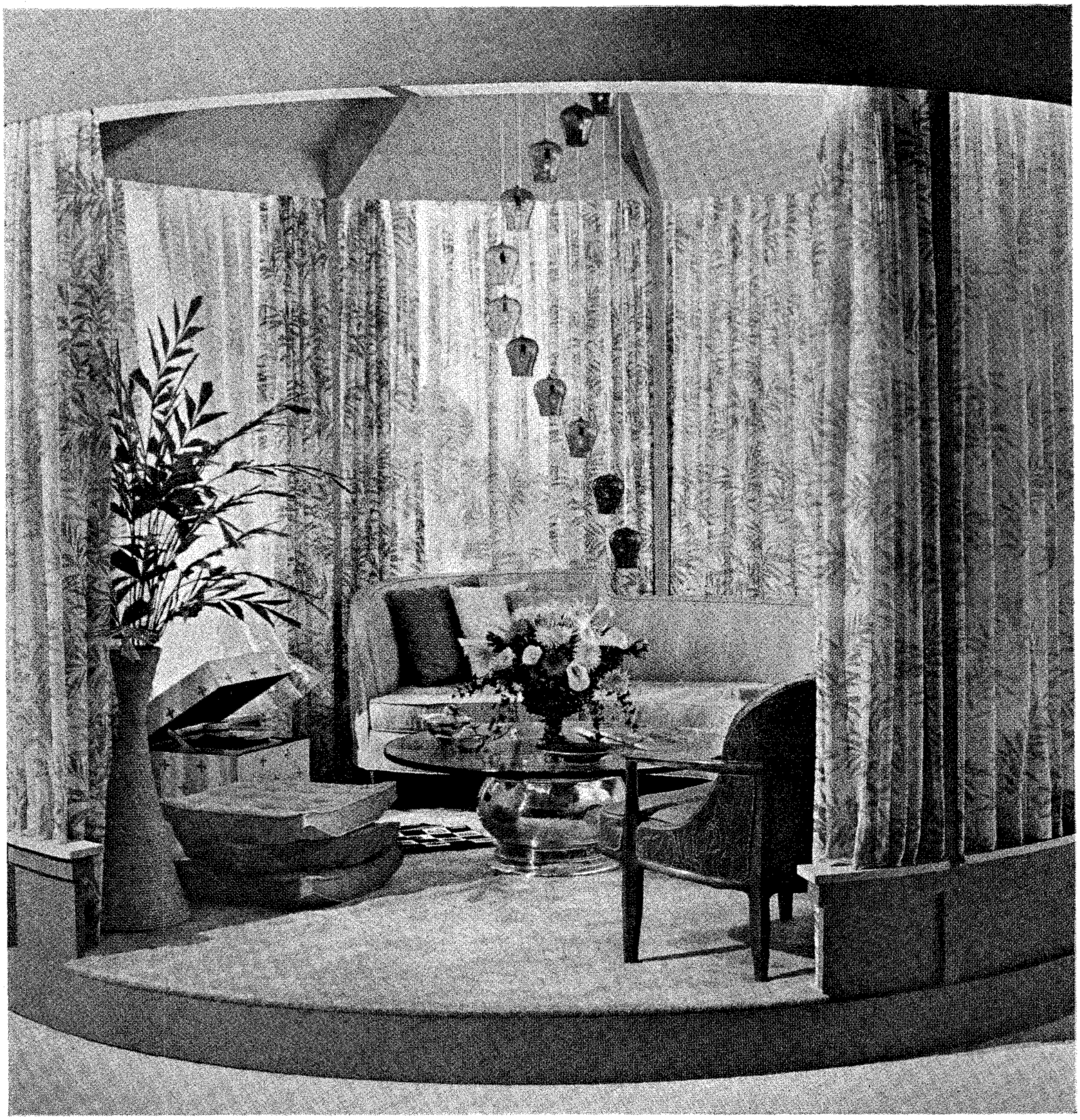
Georges Briard
loves the leaf of lettuce

to the dying, says not a word about any anointing—and he was a traditionalist, bent on promoting uniformity of practice. There was, indeed, no agreement on the number of the sacraments until the thirteenth century, when the Church set the number at seven. This view of events makes no impression on the Roman theologian, who to this day requires his students to memorize texts asserting that Jesus personally instituted all the seven sacraments of the Church in the way they are now administered. To take some of the starch out of possible recalcitrants, the Curialists have insisted upon the use of Latin as the language of the Council, at least for its solemn sessions; what is being aimed at, again, is a logical exposition or formulation of doctrine that can be nailed down tight and memorized in a dead tongue. But in actual fact Latin is only the language of the Western, Roman, or Latin Church. The Greek, Slavic, Coptic, and other Eastern rites each have their own language. And it is ironical to note that Italian prelates are by no means as good Latinists as is commonly believed, and that the stilted style of purified Renaissance Latin used for official documents is not really much more than a cultured doggerel. When it comes to Ciceronian or patristic Latin, many Northern Europeans can make the Italians sound like stuttering chickadees.

THE great unknown element in the coming Council is the part that will be played by the North American bishops. Numerous enough to outweigh any possible conjunction of Italian and Spanish conservatives, they have thus far, with few exceptions, shown little interest in or understanding of the issues at stake. In Europe they are regarded as a hard-working, ingenuous, but theologically deficient lot. Most of them seem to feel, for example, that the current liturgical movement, which goes to the very heart of the attempt to renew the inner life of the Church, is for the most part merely a fad—a matter of introducing the dialogue Mass, abolishing Latin in favor of the vernacular in ecclesiastical ceremonies, and letting laymen read the Epistle and the Gospel. A few of them even seem to think that it is only a question of rubrics, or the rules to be followed in sacred ceremonies. Actually, the liturgical movement means much more; namely, a return to the great sense of mystery with which the Apostles and Fathers of the early Church announced the good news of the Kingdom of God established in the world by Jesus Christ. The early apologists of Christianity

Furniture, Dunbar

Casements 100% "Dacron" polyester • **Chair fabric** 100% Du Pont Nylon • **Sofa fabric** Rayon/Nylon • **Cushion fabrics** Nylon/Silk • **Carpet pile** of 100% Du Pont Nylon



elegant—carefree, too

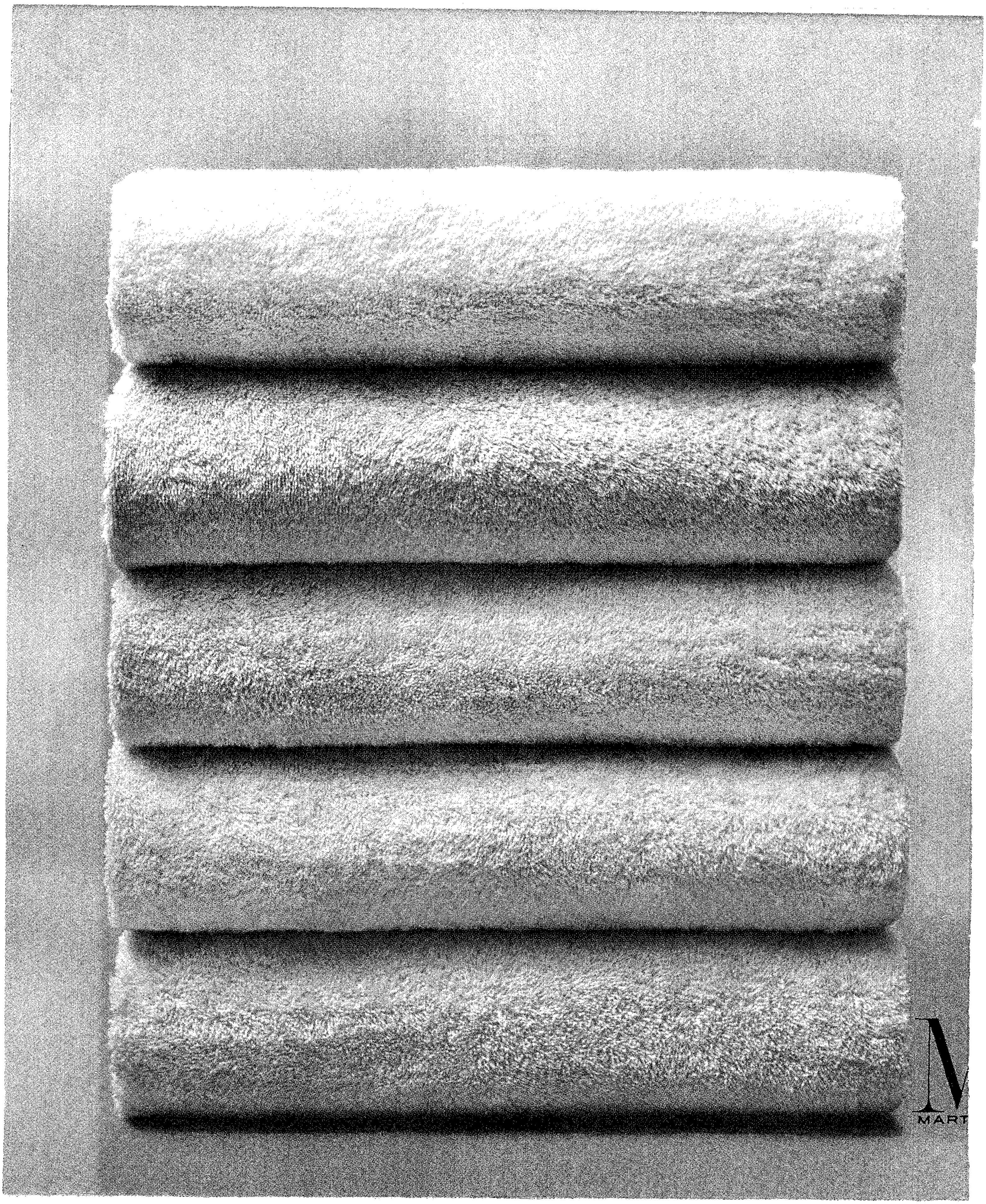
Interior Designer: J. Frederic Lohman, A.I.D.

"Dacron"® Polyester *at the windows,* Du Pont Nylon *everywhere else.* It's a beautiful concept. Great sweeping casements that welcome the sun's light, the wind's whims, even unexpected rain. In airy batiste with shadow sheers of *100% "Dacron"* polyester fiber.* The sofa, chair and cushions derive much of their charm from fabrics with Du Pont Upholstery Nylon in the blend. All fabrics shown wear beautifully; all are available in a breathtaking range of patterns and colors.

MEMBER OF AID RESOURCES COUNCIL

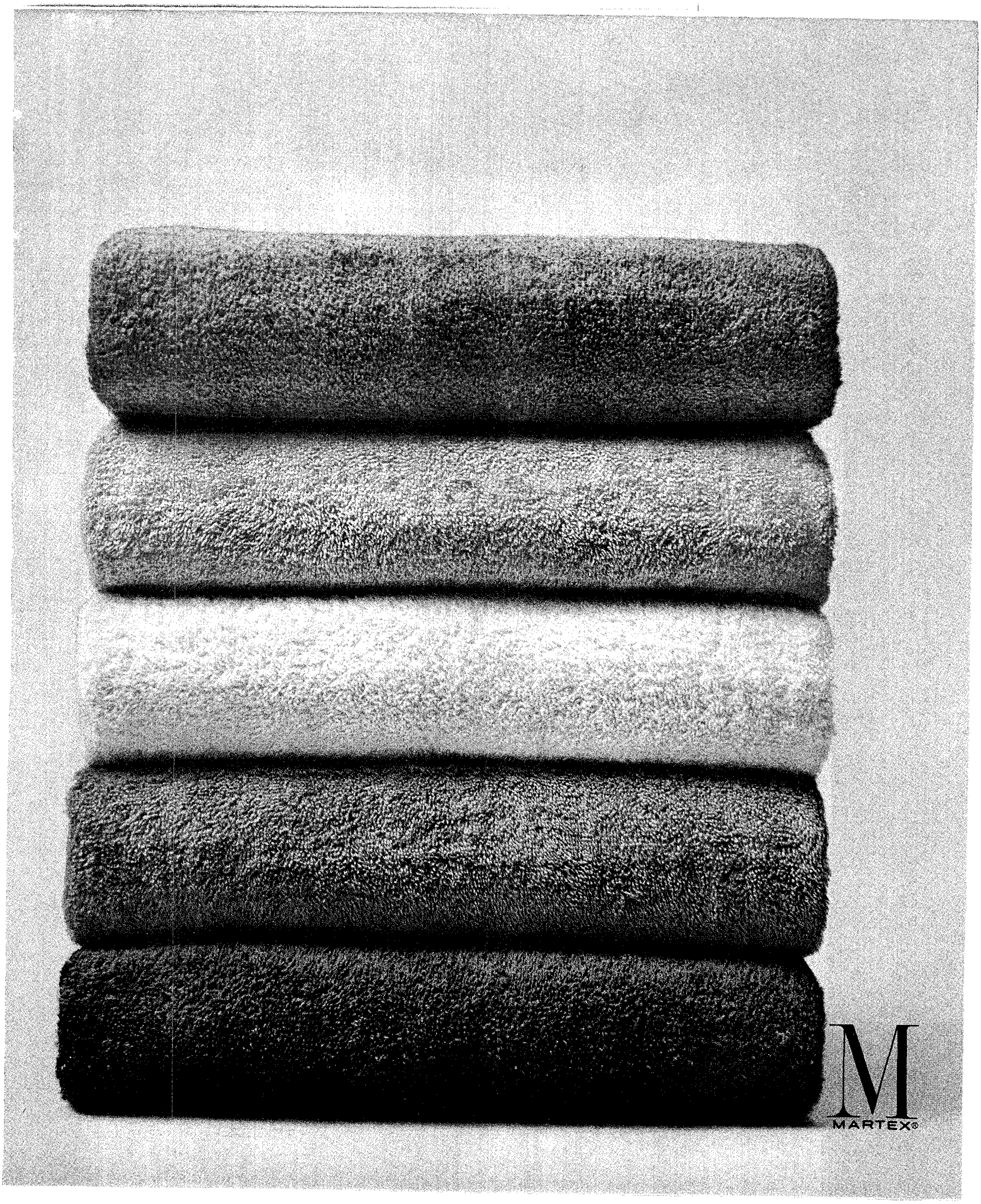
Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry* DU PONT REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics shown.



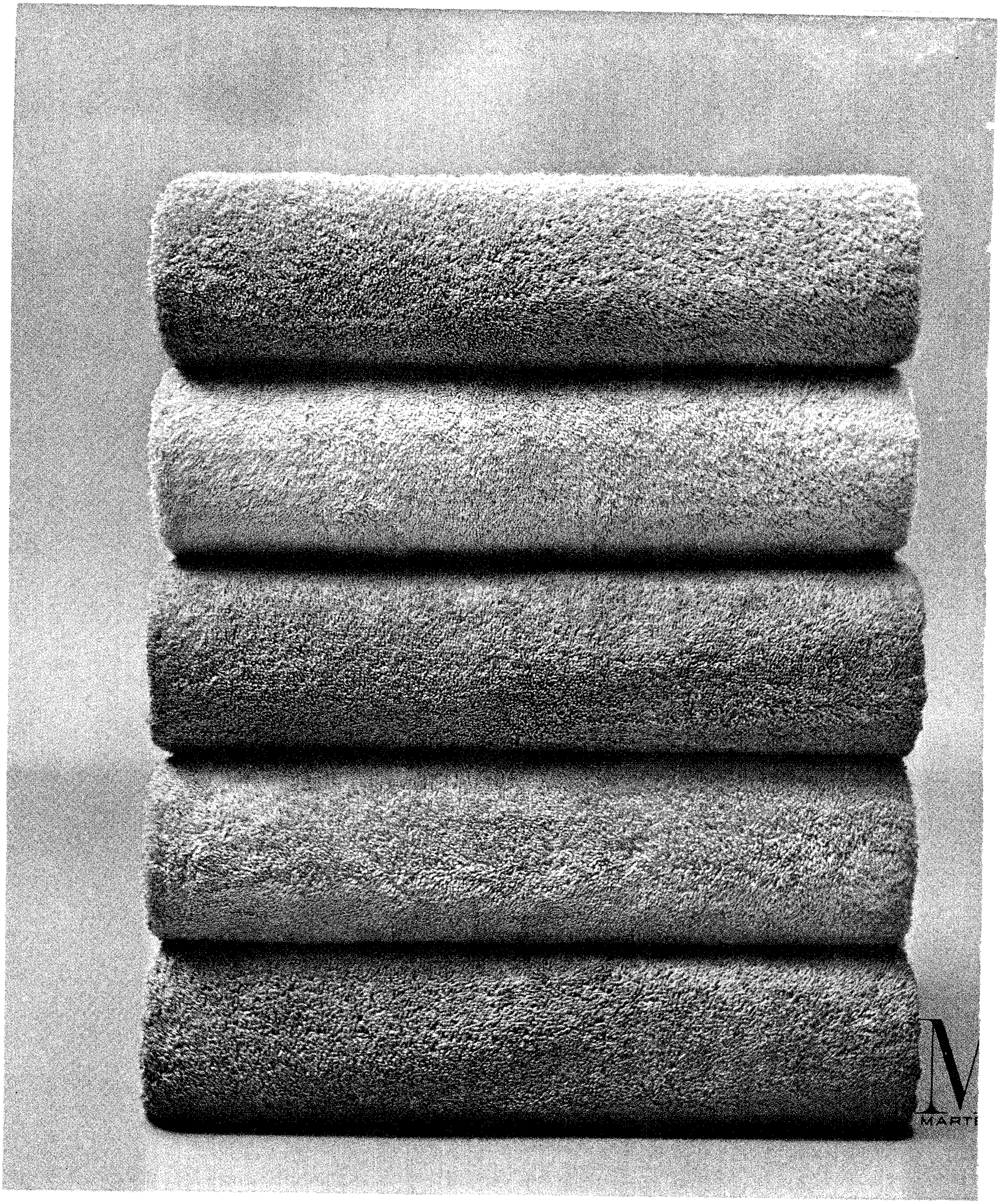
This is Dawn.
From the new Martex 'Solar Colors' Collection.
Luxor bath towel, $4.00.

From top: Chamois, Wisteria, Sprig Green, Baby Pink, Powder Blue



This is High Noon.
From the new Martex 'Solar Colors' Collection.
Aristocracy series bath towels, $2.00.

From top: Crimson, Persimmon, Jonquil, Fern, Indigo.
(See following pages for other Martex 'Solar Color' Groups and the fine stores where they are sold.)



This is Twilight.
From the new Martex 'Solar Colors' Collection.
Inspiration series bath towels, $3.00.

From top: Blue Capri, Antique Gold, Shadow Green, Dusty Rose, Suede.
(See preceding pages for other Martex 'Solar Color' Groups and opposite page for the fine stores where they are sold.)

M

MARTEX®

Martex and these distinguished stores invite you to a premiere showing of the new 'SOLAR COLORS' TOWEL COLLECTION presented on the preceding pages

Akron, Ohio	The A. Polsky Co.
Alexandria, La.	Wellan's
Allentown, Pa.	Hess's
Asbury Park, N. J.	Steinbach Company
Asheville, N. C.	Ivey's of Asheville
Athens, Ga.	Davison-Paxon
Atlanta, Ga.	*Davison-Paxon
Augusta, Ga.	Davison-Paxon
Augusta, Ga.	Cullum's
Augusta, Ga.	J. B. White Co.
Austin, Texas	E. M. Scarbrough & Son
Austin, Texas	T. H. Williams & Co.
Austin, Texas	Yaring
Baltimore, Md.	*Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Bakersfield, Cal.	Malcolm Brock Co.
Bangor, Maine	Freese's
Baton Rouge, La.	Goudchaux
Bellingham, Washington	Bon Marche
Billings, Montana	Hart-Albin Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	*Pizitz
Boise, Idaho	Bon Marche
Boston, Mass.	*Makanna, Inc.
Boston, Mass.	*Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston, Mass.	*R. H. Stearns Co.
Boston, Mass.	*Walpole Brothers Co.
Bradenton, Fla.	Montgomery-Roberts
Brawley, Cal.	J. M. McDonald Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.	Howland's
Buffalo, New York	*Adam Meldrum & Anderson
Burlingame, Cal.	*Levy's
Burlington, Vermont	Abernethy-Clarkson-Wright, Inc.
Butte, Montana	Hennessey Co.
Carmel, Cal.	Putnam & Raggett
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	The Killian Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Kerrison's
Charlotte, N. C.	Belk Brothers Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Brothers
Chester, Pa.	Speare Brothers
Chicago, Ill.	*Wieboldt Stores
Chico, Cal.	M. Oser & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio	*The Higbee Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	*The May Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	Sterling Lindner
Columbia, S. C.	Belk's Dept. Store
Columbia, S. C.	James L. Tapp Co.
Columbia, S. C.	*J. B. White Co.
Columbus, Ga.	Davison-Paxon
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus
Concord, Cal.	Rhodes
Corpus Christi, Texas	Fedway Store
Dallas, Texas	Titche-Goettinger Co.
Danbury, Conn.	Genung's, Inc.
Denver, Col.	*May Co. D & F
Detroit, Mich.	The Linen Closet
Detroit, Mich.	Moseley's
Durham, N. C.	Thalhimers-Ellis Stone Co.
El Centro, Cal.	J. M. McDonald & Co.
El Paso, Texas	American Furniture Co.
Elizabeth, N. J.	Levy Brothers
Elmira, N. Y.	S. F. Iszard
Eugene, Ore.	Bon Marche-Russell's
Everett, Washington	Bon Marche
Fayetteville, N. C.	Capitol of Fayetteville
Flint, Mich.	Smith Bridgman
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	The Fair
Fort Worth, Texas	Monnig Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	W. C. Stripling Co.
Fresno, Cal.	J. M. McDonald Co.
Fresno, Cal.	Rhodes
Garden City, N. Y.	*Frankel's
Germantown, Phila.	George Allen Inc.
Goldsboro, N. C.	Weil's
Grand Forks, N. D.	Norby's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Herpolsheimer Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Steketee & Sons
Greensboro, N. C.	Ellis Stone Co.
Greensboro, N. C.	Meyers Co.
Greenville, Miss.	Hafter's
Greenville, S. C.	Meyers-Arnold Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co., Inc.
Havertown, Pa.	Weinberg's
Holyoke, Mass.	McAuslin & Wakelin Co.
Houston, Texas	Battelstein's
Houston, Texas	*Joske's of Houston
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz Bros.
Huntsville, Ala.	Gift Linen Mart, Inc.
Indianapolis, Indiana	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.	L. H. Field Co.
Jackson, Miss.	R. E. Kennington, Co.
Jamaica, N. Y.	*Gertz
Kansas City, Mo.	*The Jones Store
Kingston, N. Y.	The Wallace Company
Kingston, N. Y.	Wonderly's
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's, Inc.
La Grange Park, Ill.	*Park Lane Linens
Lake Charles, La.	Muller's
Lakewood, Cal.	Butler Bros.
Lakewood, Wash.	Rhodes
Laredo, Texas	Hachar's
Las Vegas, Nev.	Ronzone's
Levittown, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifer's
Longview, Texas	Fedway Store
Los Angeles, Cal.	*Barker, Bros.
Los Angeles, Cal.	Bullock's-Downtown
Los Angeles, Cal.	Fedway Store
Lubbock, Texas	Dunlap's
Macon, Ga.	Davison-Paxon
Madison, Wisc.	*Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Manchester, N. H.	Machinist's
Meriden, Conn.	Genung's, Inc.
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Miami Beach, Fla.	Moseley's
Midland, Texas	Grammer-Murphey
Milwaukee, Wisc.	*T. A. Chapman Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	*Gimbels
Minneapolis, Minn.	*Donaldson-Golden Rule
Mobile, Ala.	*Gayfer's
Monrovia, Calif.	McBratney's
Muskegon, Mich.	Hardy-Herpolsheimer
Nashville, Tenn.	Cain-Sloan Co.
Nashville. Tenn.	*Castner-Knott Co.
New Brunswick, N. J.	P. J. Young Dry Goods Co.
New Haven, Conn.	*Safton's, Inc.
New Orleans, La.	Godchaux
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes, Co.
New York, N. Y.	*Macy's
New York, N. Y.	*Stern's
Norfolk, Va.	Rice's Fashion Corner Inc.
North Adams, Mass.	The Boston Store
Northgate, Wash.	Bon Marche
North Hampton, Mass.	McCallum's, Inc.
Norwalk, Conn.	Genung's, Inc.
Oakland, Cal.	Rhodes
Ogden, Utah	Bon Marche
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Kerr's, Inc.
Omaha, Neb.	*J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Orlando, Fla.	Dickson & Ives
Orlando, Fla.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Palm Beach, Fla.	Moseley's
Paterson, N. J.	Meyer Brothers
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	*Strawbridge & Clothier
Phoenix, Ariz.	*Korrick's
Phoenix, Ariz.	Malcolm's Dept. Store
Pittsburgh, Pa.	*Kaufmann's
Pittsfield, Mass.	England Brothers
Pomona, Cal.	Orange Belt Emporium
Pomona, Cal.	Fedway Store
Pontiac, Mich.	Waite's
Portland, Maine	Porteous, Mitchell & Braun Co.
Portland, Ore.	*Meier & Frank Co.
Portland, Ore.	*Rhodes
Pottstown, Pa.	New York Store
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	The Wallace, Company
Providence, R. I.	The Shepard Co.
Raleigh, N. C.	Boylan-Pearce
Raleigh, N. C.	Hudson-Belk Co.
Reading, Pa.	C. K. Whitner Co.
Red Bank, N. J.	Steinbach Company
Reno, Nev.	Gray Reid's
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer
Roanoke, Va.	S. H. Heironimus
Rochester, Minn.	C. F. Massey Co.
Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman Company
Rockford, Ill.	D. J. Stewart & Co.
Sacramento, Cal.	*Hales
Sacramento, Cal.	*Rhodes
Sacramento, Cal.	*Weinstock-Lubin & Co.
Salem, Ore.	Meier & Frank Co.
San Angelo, Texas	Hemphill-Wells Co.
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's of Texas
San Diego, Cal.	Marston's
San Diego, Cal.	May Company
San Francisco, Cal.	*City of Paris
San Francisco, Cal.	*Macy's
San Francisco, Cal.	*The White House
San Pedro, Cal.	Tolbert's
Santa Barbara, Cal.	Trenwith's
Sarasota, Fla.	Montgomery-Roberts
Savannah, Ga.	Levy's
Schenectady, N. Y.	H. S. Barney Co.
Seattle, Wash.	Bon Marche
Shreveport, La.	Hearne Dry Goods Co.
Shreveport, La.	Rubinstein, Bros.
South Bend, Ind.	George Wyman & Co.
Spokane, Wash.	Bon Marche
Springfield, Mass.	Forbes & Wallace
St. Paul, Minn,	*Donaldson-Golden Rule
St. Petersburg, Fla.	William Henry
Stockton, Cal.	Brown-Mahin
Stockton, Cal.	Smith & Lang
Syracuse, N. Y.	Dey Bros. & Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Wash.	Bon Marche
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes
Tallahassee, Fla.	P. W. Wilson Co.
Tampa, Fla.	Belk Lindsey
Toledo, Ohio	*Lasalle's
Trenton, N. J.	*S. P. Dunham
Trenton, N. J.	Nevius-Voorhees Co.
Tucson, Ariz.	*Levy's
Tulsa, Okla.	Seidenbach
Ventura, Cal.	The Great Eastern
Waltham, Mass.	Grover Cronin
Washington, D. C.	*Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Washington, D. C.	*S. Kann Sons Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Waterbury, Conn.	Bedford, Inc.
Waterloo, Iowa	James Black Dry Goods Co.
West Covina, Cal.	Barker Bros.
West Palm Beach, Fla.	The Pioneer Co.
Westwood, Cal.	Fedway Store
Wichita Falls, Texas	Fedway Store
Wichita Falls, Texas	McClurkan
Wilkes Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Wilkes Barre, Pa.	Isaac Long
Wilmington, Delaware	The Linen Mart
Winston Salem, N. C.	Thalhimers
Worcester, Mass.	Barnard, Sumner & Putnam Co.
Yakima, Wash.	Bon Marche
Youngstown, Ohio	The G. M. McKelvey Co.
Yuma, Ariz.	J. M. McDonald Co.

* *Available at main store and branches*

Martex, 111 West 40th Street
New York, N. Y.

WEST POINT TEXTILES ®

blender
with "jar" of
Stainless Steel

The unchallenged cleanliness of stainless steel here is supplemented by extreme durability—a perfect combination for the mixing "jar".

The untarnishing beauty of stainless steel, of course, makes such an appliance a joy forever, one of a great variety of such joys that never need polishing.

Stainless
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives in Major Cities

Stainless Steel

Republic makes only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel; blender is available in leading department stores and shops everywhere. Or ask us for the manufacturer's name and address. Republic Steel Corporation, Department NY-10, 1441 Republic Building, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

The Mutual Benefit Life guaranteed monthly incomes are unusually high. For example, if you are a man age 65, you are guaranteed for the rest of your life a monthly check for $6.32 for every $1,000 of proceeds. Such a guarantee is of particular significance to business and professional people who must provide their own retirement incomes. For more information about this and other important Mutual Benefit Life features, just write for "Seven Significant Benefits."

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • SINCE 1845

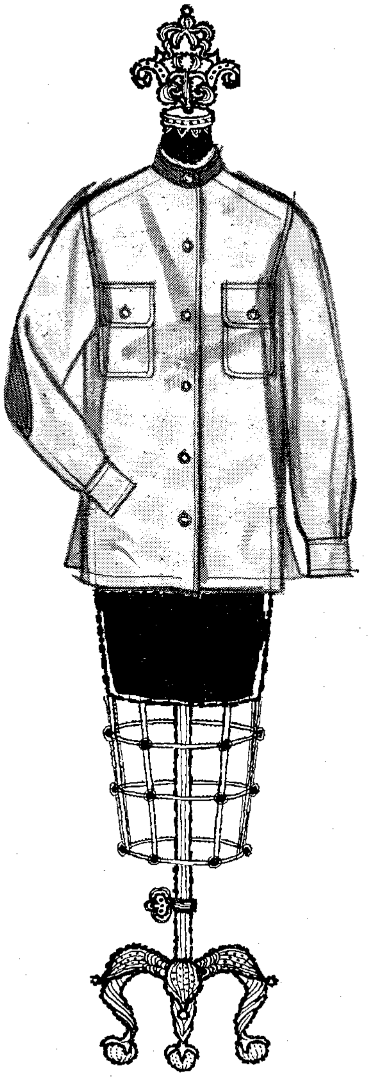
stressed the tremendously mysterious aspects of a religion that maintained that its founder was both God and man at the same time, that He had submitted to death on the Cross to redeem all mankind from sin, and that He had established an organization in which there were forgiveness of sins and participation in the life of God through the reception of Christ in the Eucharist. To the tough, cynical Greeks and Romans of the ancient world, such ideas were ridiculous, as St. Paul admitted, and they also proved a stumbling block to the adherents of Judaism, from which Christianity sprang. The modern Roman-trained theologian tends to teach these same all but incredible truths as if they were everyday facts. He has simplified the life and teachings of Jesus so that a Sunday-school teacher can break them down into easily digested stories for first-to-fifth-graders. Despite a great display of Latin learning, he apparently believes that these truths should be taught to the generality of the laity on that same level, as if they were so many commonplace happenings.

The majority of the American bishops have been either educated in Rome or trained by men in the Roman tradition. This means that, despite their natural talents and their administrative ability, they tend to adopt the strict, conservative attitude of their teachers. Most of them, like their Roman mentors, are blessed with an excellent memory. Since the system in which they were educated favors memory above all else, they were singled out for higher studies on that basis and were then returned to the seminary to impose the same system on the next generation. Seldom doing more, when preparing their lectures, than revise the notes they took in Rome, and being protected against innovation by respect for tradition, they are men who have never been forced to do any deep independent thinking or to take an intellectual or moral risk of any proportions. It is not difficult to understand why they have become, for the most part, conservative-minded bishops. With the exception of Bishop Fulton Sheen, of radio and TV fame; the aging Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans, remembered because of his stand on school integration; and Cardinals Cushing and Spellman, the two hundred and forty American bishops are very little known, and then only through an occasional incident mentioned in the local press having to do with the banning of some movie, the condemnation of a birth-control clinic, or unfavorable remarks about a bathing-beauty contest. It is this theological vacuum that has

Jens Risom

"Concrete and steel can be cold and impersonal. Furniture of rich, natural wood has a way of taking off the chill."

armblooded desk above (#N80) is part of the collection of business and residential furniture now on display in our showrooms: st 53rd Street, New York; Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Also: Copenhagen, London, Melbourne, Singapore, Toronto. ure on request. Sold through interior designers, architects, leading dealers. Designed and manufactured by **JENS RISOM DESIGN, INC**



MANNEQUIN DESIGN PATENT PENDING

Skeet Shirt

A really satisfying discovery, this smooth and weighty cotton. Its natural Brown-flecked Cream color is as instinctively pleasing as country eggs, Spice-Brown stitching, Spice-Brown corduroy collar and elbow-patches reflect the flecks. The buttons are faked Indian-head pennies. (Note: this is one of our favorites.) Sizes 8 to 16.

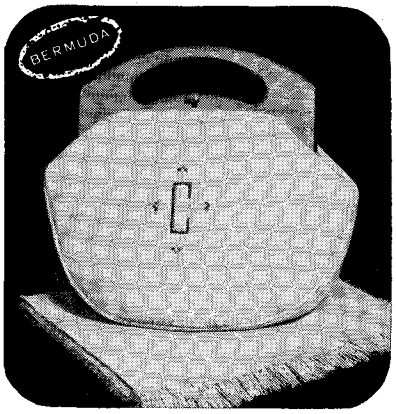
About eight dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager ® T.M. REG.

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

the German, French, and Dutch bishops worried about the part that the Americans may play in the Council. Should they tag along with the Romans, on the plea that they are not interested in the inner politics of the Church or that they have a distaste for theological debate, they could easily render an *aggiornamento* of the Church impossible.

The history of the great councils of the Church is far from edifying. Not one of the twenty previous ecumenical councils was achieved without a clash of ideas—and occasionally of fists and faces—as a result of which theologians and prelates got hurt, some finding themselves unceremoniously ushered into schism or heresy. Despite the assertions of official Church history, none of the earlier councils was successful on what might be termed the political plane, though in the end they all did manage to clarify and define theological problems. Summoned by the emperors of the Roman Empire, the first seven ecumenical councils dealt mainly with the doctrines of the Trinity and the two natures—divine and human—of Christ. But they ended in a situation that enabled the Byzantine emperors to take control of the Church in the East and, in directing the ecclesiastical loyalty of their subjects away from Rome, to widen the latent split in Christendom. Although the Papacy managed to preserve a great measure of independence in the West, it got itself involved in political entanglements that have hampered its spiritual effectiveness ever since—from the days of Charlemagne and the Holy Roman Empire right down to modern times. (In 1903, the last of the Hapsburgs in Austria exercised his so-called "right of exclusion," or veto power, in the election of the Pope himself, and the government of Spain, under a concordat, has the right of approval and can veto the election of bishops.) The great councils of the Middle Ages, through their failure to bring about a true reform in the Roman Curia, contributed directly to the Protestant revolt and to the subsequent fracture of Western Christendom. At the Council of Trent, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the Papacy shook off the last enticements of the Renaissance and also the spectre of the Crusades, and inaugurated a counter-reformation, but the movement never really got under way, owing to the inveterate politicking of many Catholic churchmen. A century ago, the First Vatican Council proved to be a premature effort to face the problems of a revolutionary age. After



Jaunty
Cedar-Handle Bag

...a handful of charm to accent sports and casual wear with a scarf to match its swagger. Hand made in Bermuda of Scottish Homespun...all wool, all lined, all fitted with pocket and change purse...with cedar handle for a just-right rustic note, a 3" monogram to make it sportingly yours. Bag is 8" x 11", excluding handle. In white, black, brown, aqua, Bermuda blue, navy, beige, yellow and pink. $13.25 for bag and scarf, both monogrammed, postpaid. $8.80 for bag alone, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send order to Dept. N.

H.A.&E. Smith LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA

R
Replique
RAPHAEL
PARIS
EVERY PRECIOUS DROP BOTTLED,
PACKAGED AND SEALED IN FRANCE

proclaiming the doctrine of papal infallibility (not unanimously; two bishops—one of them the Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas—voted against it, and fifty-five others abstained), it disbanded when the Italians seized Rome, on September 20, 1870. In other words, the First Vatican Council was never completed. The most extraordinary thing about the Second Vatican Council, so far, is that it is convening.

—XAVIER RYNNE

•

TUCSON'S GLAMOROUS
CAREER GIRLS
by Tina Russell

Three career gals all neatly stashed into one petite package—that's Tina Russell.

In career role number one, Tina is the wife and chief fan of author Gordon Russell, distinguished faculty member of the University of Arizona. Number one Tina is a proper (and pretty) professor's wife.

Tina Russell, number two, a bit of hoyden, is mother to a brood of lively young Russells and likes nothing better than the days she and Gordon pack the family and incredible amounts of food into their capacity-unknown yellow station wagon. At the drop of a suggestion the family merrily takes off into mountains or desert to go fishing....

Tina Russell, number three? Oh yes, you've heard her name. THE Tina Russell, founder and owner of the Alley Weavers, that delightful shop in Ash Alley—Tucson's own version of Greenwich Village.

One of the finest and most-noted weavers in the Southwest, Tina's never-ever duplicated, hand-woven fabrics are celebrated for some of the most exceptional color-thinking imaginable....

Your casual stroll up Ash Alley is almost sure to reward you with the sight of Tina weaving or designing—perhaps she is working on that something perfect, just for you in all the world. A strong sense of the fun-things may have prompted Tina to wear her exquisite, battle-ax grey sweatshirt the day you two meet. You know—the one with the sensitive portrait of Beethoven (Ludwig Von) discreetly emblazoned on the front.

Dropping by after 5 in the afternoon, you may discover Tina contentedly grilling a steak in the patio by the side of the shop. Then again, the artist may have temporarily dismissed the elfish side of their nature. She's probably slithered into a provocative, sultry-black cocktail dress, on her way to a party with her husband. An asset to Town and Gown is our gal, Tina.

If her mood is just right, and the fabric tempting, and the design irresistable, Tina might be wearing one of her own hand-loomed outfits. The color, the pattern of the hand-weaving, the style of her clothing, will be all her own. A sensational silver belt may complete an ensemble not to be matched anywhere... hand woven fabric by Tina Russell, design by Tina Russell, modeled by Tina Russell.

That's Tina. She's a hustle Russell. Tucson likes Tina.—*Tucson (Ariz.) New Mirror.*

Tina like Tina?

Take a lead on a bird

Shatter just one clay pigeon, and you'll be caught up in the thrills of skeet and trap shooting at The Greenbrier. Our four magnificent fields atop Kate's Mountain are ideal for expert and tyro alike. But if you're gun-shy, enjoy riding and hiking along miles and miles of trails, golfing all fall on three superb courses, bowling, swimming in the indoor pool. Then there is the satisfying warmth of fine dining, dancing, and the conversation of interesting companions around crackling log fires. This, and a great deal more, is your fall vacation at The Greenbrier.

Charles Goren Bridge Clinic

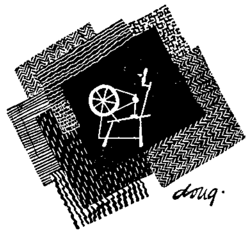
February 1 to 3. Prefer clubs to guns? Then write or call for details of this bridge weekend & winter rates. Tel. White Sulphur Springs 110.

THE Greenbrier
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS
WEST VIRGINIA
C & O RAILWAY STREAMLINER SERVICE

Revillon
11 West 57, New York . . . 40 Rue La Boetie, Paris
FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL $1600 PLUS TAX

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

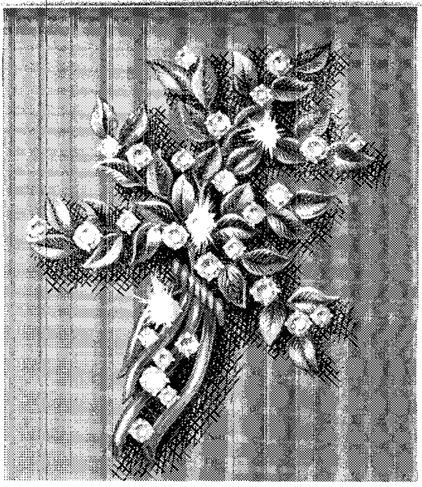
FEMININE FASHIONS



AS New York begins once again the merry round of gala-opening days and nights, it is manifest that once again the Ladylike Look Conquers All, and the origin of that look can be Paris, Rome, or Manhattan. (It's usually hard to tell which, too.) We've all been seeing pictures of vehemently masculine costumes for women, with men's derbies and fedoras atop the apparently required be-damned-to-you-and-everyone-else sneer on the faces of the mannequins, but as far as I know they *haven't* been seen on the back of anyone at *vernissages* in the ranking art galleries or serving on the ranking committees. And we've all been seeing pictures of the Beautiful Barbarian, a mannequin presumably instructed to look as much as possible like a Genghis Khan sort of princess. It isn't cold enough yet to find out whether this girl, with all but her surly upper lip smothered in feathers and furs and other gook, will make her appearance at the high spots of the season, but five will get you twenty that she won't. I've been stunned, as well, by a number of short satin or velvet evening dresses—and they come from the best Paris houses, I must add—that are strapless on top and adhesive to the body as far down as the kneecaps, with bits of chiffon draped in a deep cowl effect over them. Presumably they're being worn at river-front bars when the fleet's in. At any rate, they certainly are behind pillars at the season's de-luxe events, where the self-assured brocade, velvet, or delicately beaded and embroidered satin formal dress is definitely in charge—and beautiful it is, too. There has been talk of the old vamp look for formal evenings, as if patience had not already been tried enough, but the most fervent approach to this has been done in heavy black crêpes that slide down the front to the floor, without any ado at all (except a yearning by everyone concerned for the body of a Jean Harlow to fill the things). The backs are startling, though. One of Bob Bugnand's is completely exposed to the world except for the straps, two inches wide, that crisscross it, thus producing naked triangles just above the waist on each side.

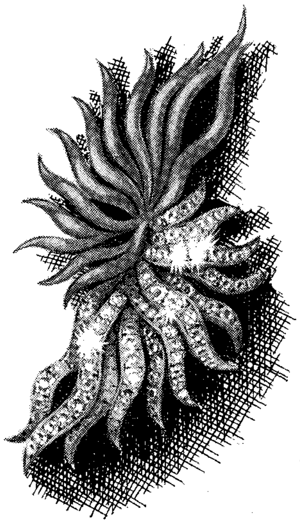
Speaking of formal evenings, it is surprising how the passion for a brief beaded or velvet top and a slightly gathered long, narrow contrasting skirt has persisted. A current wow of this breed is by Nina Ricci (Chez Ninon is one that will make it for you). The short-sleeved top is of black velvet embroidered with jet, and the skirt is of the palest of pastel or of white satin. Elizabeth Arden's collection from Paris (to order or ready-to-wear, and no one in town has duplicates) involves two or three of this genre, one of them with a lattice top of jet, and dotted with tassels, above a skirt of pistachio-green faille. Elsewhere, the contrasting skirts are of satins and brocades and chiffons, often with waistbands rising in front to a little bow under the bosom. I feel that in this field our boys have surpassed the French; the names of Sarmi and Scaasi (both ready-to-wear) come most quickly to mind. Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue (custom) is prepared to take on all comers with a variety of formal gowns. Her ideas embrace, for one, a beautiful black velvet ball gown, the taut jacket and the long overskirt decorated solely by a zigzag edge, the full-skirted, strapless dress having rounded, padded hips. Another Sophie phase is the slinky one, which produces a thing of willowy black crêpe with faint polonaise drapery that goes across the stomach and is caught in by a bow on each hip; string straps zigzag across the considerable amount of you that is visible in back.

For daytime, a healthy, country look is making a try at invading the city, led by St. Laurent, who presents two Fords—one with a smock top and one with a very long jacket that is cupped under the buttocks but a bit shorter in front, where it ends at a bow below the stomach. Generally, it's shown in caramel wool, and the V-necked dress with it is of black wool. Our native Bonnie Cashin must be chortling over this notion, which has taken a long time getting from her to Paris and back to the United States. But the easy, lean, townish line prevails over the country line, nonetheless. To prove it, Bergdorf Goodman's custom salon has picked two perfect black wool dresses by the Simonetta-Fabiani team. Their lifted waistline is emphasized by a black cocarde at the center front or by two braid buttons high in front and in back. Bergdorf


DIAMOND FLOWER PIN

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE DELIGHTS OF PINS IN YOUR DIAMOND WARDROBE?

A diamond pin may be a sparkling bit of whimsey, a shimmering signature piece, a shining work of art. Above all, it should be very personally yours, a jewel to wear with joy, to treasure always.


FANTASY IN DIAMONDS

Though the pin is one of the most popular of diamond jewel pieces, it is also one of the most dramatically individual. It can, and should, be a vivacious expression of your taste, your style, your charm.

There are big pins, little pins, dressy pins, tailored pins, so there's no need to stop at one, of course. But each pin in your diamond wardrobe should be chosen to play an important part in your life.

The versatility of the pin, and its visibility, enhance your pleasure in wearing it. It can gleam on a dress or suit or a fur piece. It can add beauty to a neckline, chic to a shoulder, fascination to a waistline or sleeve. And often, a diamond pin can be combined with a necklace or bracelet as an eye-catching centerpiece.

Some of today's most captivating designs are the ones that give new verve to the classic. The circlet, the floral motif, the spray are all being done with new grace and artistry. And then, there are exciting free fantasies in diamonds, and modern forms of stunning symmetry.

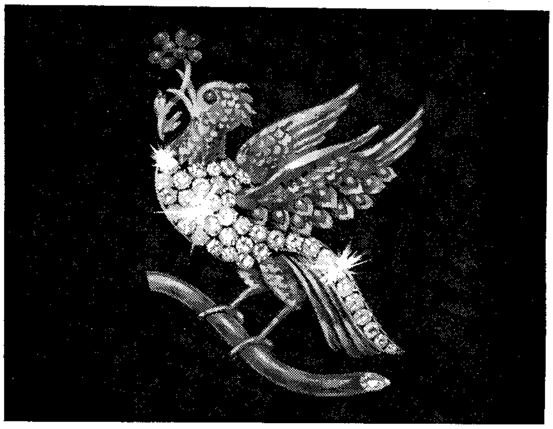
With so much variety to choose from, the search for a diamond pin can be a fascinating experience. Shopping the jewelry stores is the way to begin. Every good jeweler will be happy to show you the new ideas he has collected. Or you may have a pin designed especially for you.

Explore the delights of diamond pins, try them on, then decide which are for you and your diamond wardrobe.

Other diamond wardrobe ideas:

RING . . . a flaming right-hand solitaire, or a cocktail or dinner ring of intriguing design.

CLIP . . . bold and modern, feminine and dainty, or classic and elegant, it should be dramatically yours.


WHIMSEY PIN

EARCLIPS . . . these can match or complement your clip or pin, be pure flattery in diamonds.

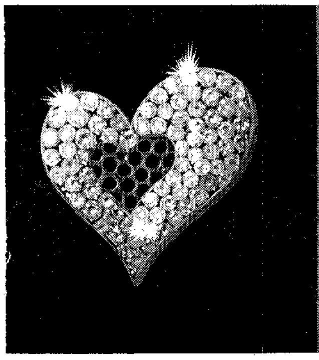
BRACELET OR WRIST WATCH . . . or both. A diamond wrist watch can also become a beautiful diamond bracelet by adding a diamond at a time to a paneled metal band.

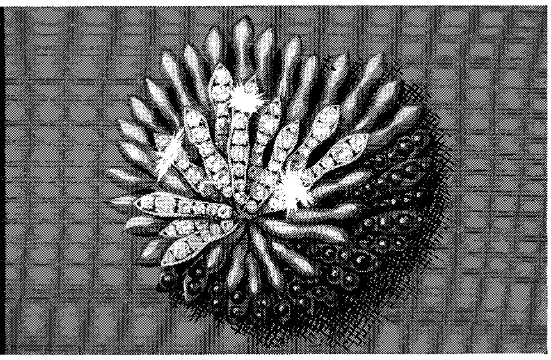
NECKLACE . . . this may be a breath-taking, many-jeweled masterpiece. Or it may have a modest beginning: a crescent of jewels, or a clip, on a platinum choker. Diamonds can be added, from time to time, replacing the platinum links.

Acquired one by one over the years, and usually on gift occasions, the jewel pieces in your diamond wardrobe will be treasures to cherish. Such a collection may be started modestly, of course. Modest or splendid, each jewel will have a lasting value.

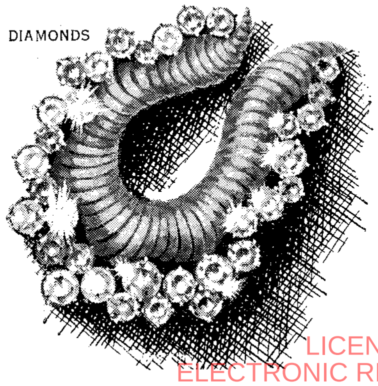
Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LTD.


GAY-HEARTED PIN


RHAPSODY IN DIAMONDS

ARTISTRY IN DIAMONDS



A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

SINCE 1791
TIMEPIECES OF
Particular
ELEGANCE
AND ACCURACY

Ten full cut diamonds and faceted synthetic sapphire crystal enhance this exquisite timepiece. 14K Gold $375. FTI

The thinness of this striking dress watch is accentuated by the "satin smooth" mesh bracelet. Watch and bracelet 14K Gold $275. FTI

GIRARD PERREGAUX
Fine watches for over a century and a half

All Girard Perregaux models are shock-protected. For illustrated brochure and name of nearest dealer, write Girard Perregaux, Dept. 34 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York

approves of slim coats in pale wools from the likes of Balenciaga and Laroche (concave in front and straight in back) and of suits with long jacket-tunic effects, such as Dior's gray wool with a chinchilla collar. It also approves of a Dessès costume in black-and-white checked wool, with tuxedo lapels of red wool on the long jacket. Bob Bugnand (he designs in Paris and the clothes come on order from there) probably does the most consistently tubular lines of all. He makes a short evening costume out of a white zibelline coat, double-breasted and sternly lapelled, over an anything-but-tailored net chemise covered with crystal drops. A sash of the zibelline is slung through low loops near the hips—a favorite Bugnand trick for any time of day. He plumps for that mysterious, lurking look in a column of a black wool coat with a mink-lined collar that, building out of the shoulders, can ascend right up to your maddening eyes when you choose.

But let us onward on an ever so lightly conducted tour of the shops:

I'M a fool for black sheer lace over pink or icy blue to bring a delicate hint of the boudoir to the dance floor, and Elizabeth Arden must have felt the same way when she brought over that French stuff to be copied here—some ready-to-wear, much more to order, and mostly full-skirted. A day-length dress has a bateau neck with a blue satin bra showing through the cloud of lace, and its oblong front-and-back lace apron is edged with a ruffle of the lace an inch and a half wide. Another, also with a high, sheer neck, has long sleeves to boot. The midriff (bright-pink satin for this) winds up in a bow at one side, and a deep flounce goes all the way around the skirt. Miss Arden loves flounces this season, and I'm not one to gainsay her. A gold-beaded transparent top (silver embroidery on net) with a purple satin sash below and a citron skirt of gros de Londres with a flounce starting at the knees, front and back, identify one formal dress. Women with elegant daytime occasions on their calendar almost have to look at a costume of a gray cotton brocade that's like upholstery fabric and is printed with big black roses. The coat is high-waisted, and it flares into an inverted V at the bottom; the sheath beneath is broad-shouldered and sleeveless.

ELEANORA GARNETT always has many clothes ready-to-wear; otherwise your measurements fly to Rome

"SOON AS THE
EVENING SHADES PREVAIL"

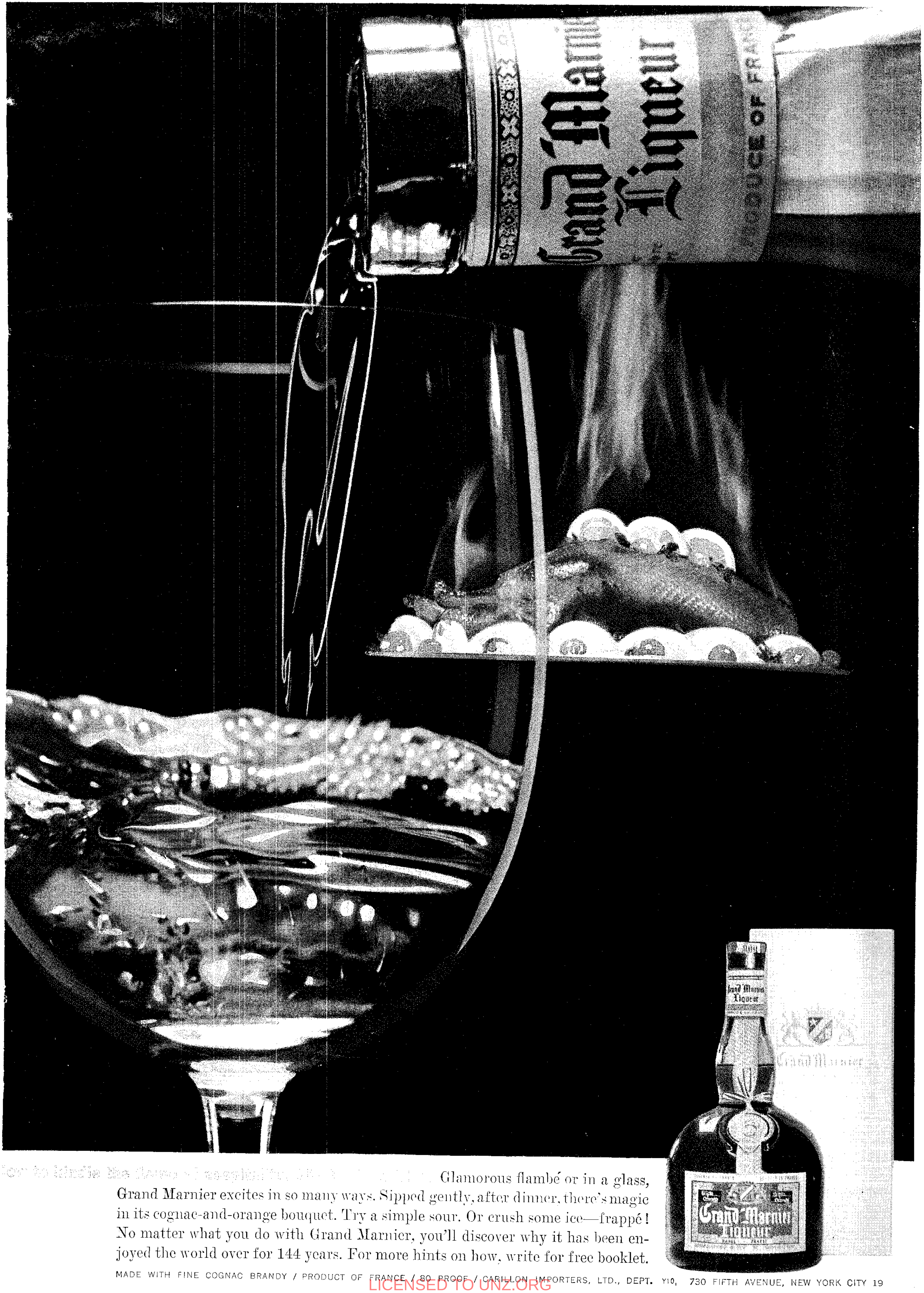
Elegance is at its loveliest in silk sheath with tucks in tiers on skirt and bodice topped with bolero-type cape in Alençon lace.
Available in green, blue, mink, navy and black.
Sizes 8-20
PRICE $189.00

Kathleen Inc.
1060 Third Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.
88 Main Street, New Canaan, Conn.

IN THE EAST BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, New York
De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years
Belgian Shoes
Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

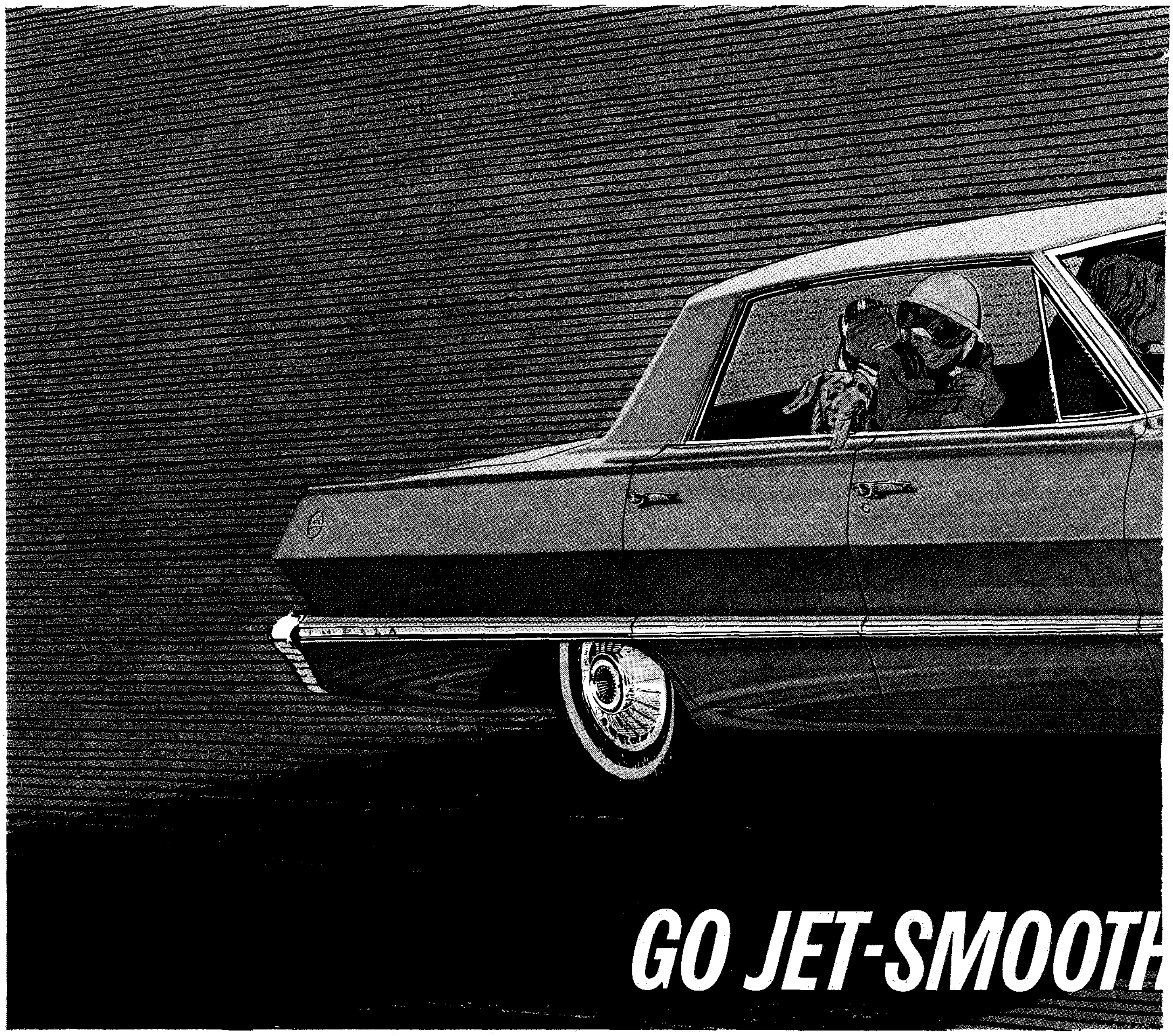
MOLINE
Lizard $65.
Baby Calf $50
Satin $50.

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President
IN THE WEST AT I. MAGNIN & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.


Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
Grand Marnier

For to kindle the flame of hospitality, [illegible] Glamorous flambé or in a glass, Grand Marnier excites in so many ways. Sipped gently, after dinner, there's magic in its cognac-and-orange bouquet. Try a simple sour. Or crush some ice—frappé! No matter what you do with Grand Marnier, you'll discover why it has been enjoyed the world over for 144 years. For more hints on how, write for free booklet.

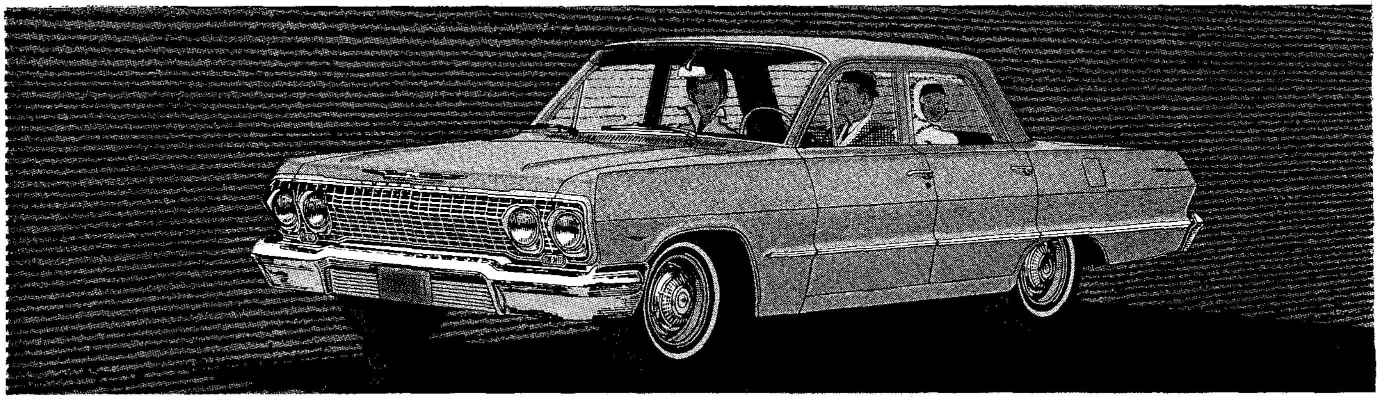
MADE WITH FINE COGNAC BRANDY / PRODUCT OF FRANCE / 80 PROOF / CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., DEPT. Y10, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 19



Since when could anything so beautiful require so little care? Since now!

Some people have the idea a luxurious car must by i nature be expensive to buy and operate. Not so. Th Chevrolet isn't. Admittedly, the '63 Chevrolet *loo* expensive. Its styling is as top-drawer as white line its interior is most generously spacious, extremely co fortable, more luxurious than we've ever made Chevrolet; and its Jet-smooth ride is what you mig

'63 CHEVROLET BEL AIR 4-DOOR SED



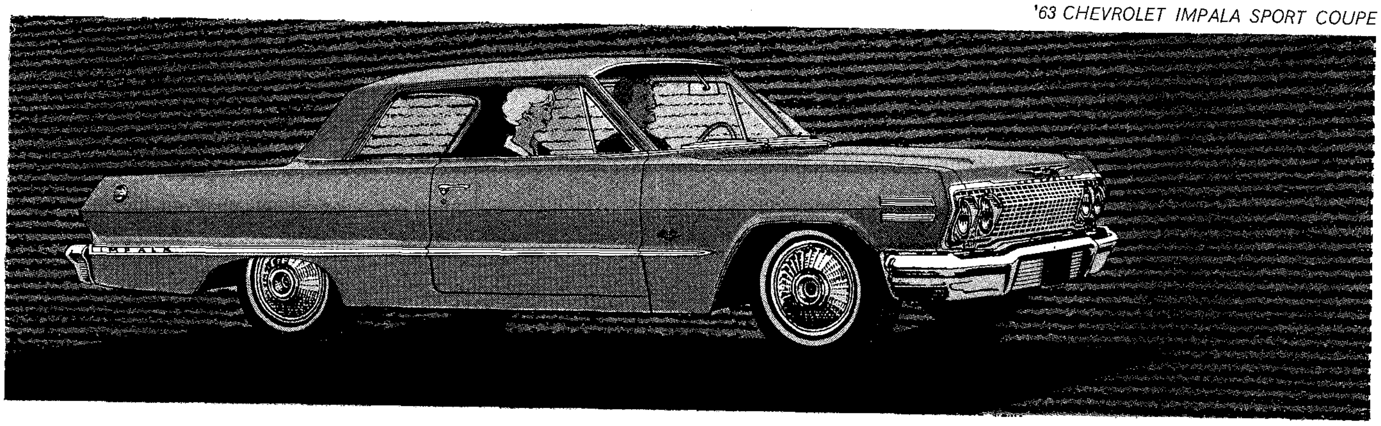
63 CHEVROLET—IT'S EXCITING!

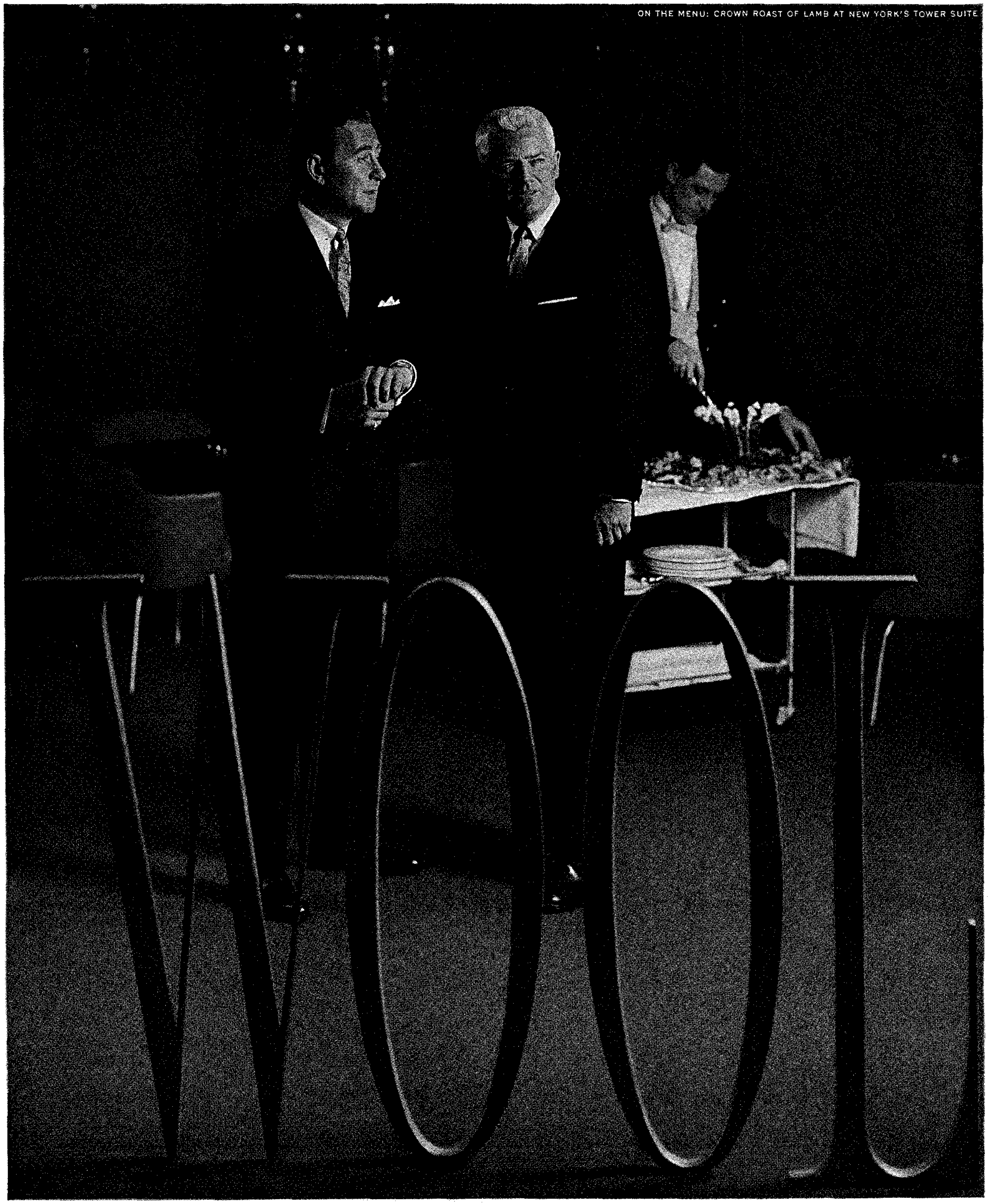
'63 CHEVROLET IMPALA SPORT SEDAN

asonably expect in a limousine at a far higher price. e built it that way to *stay* that way long after others ve given up the ghost. It has self-adjusting brakes to ve you time and expense; a new way to guard its dy by Fisher against rusting out of rocker panels der the doors; and a new Delcotron generator to ovide a more ample electrical supply and keep your battery living longer. You may not buy a '63 Chevrolet for such purely practical reasons, but you'll get mile after mile of pleasure from them. And that, after all, is as it should be. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

'63 CHEVROLET IMPALA SPORT COUPE





ON THE MENU: CROWN ROAST OF LAMB AT NEW YORK'S TOWER SUITE

There's still nothing newer than wool...in shadow stripes

The luxury-tailored wool business suit rises to every occasion with well-pressed manners. Wear wool for self-assurance. Even after dining, dancing and doing the town, naturally resilient wool regains its composure on the hanger. Smooth, sophisticated wool fulfills your social obligations in dark, dyed-in-the-wool colors of inbred elegance. Left, Onyx Blue; right, Rembrandt Brown. Both 3-button, single-breasted slim tailored, about $90. Exclusive Mt. Tom fabrics. Styled by HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX.

Nothing outperforms natural wool loomed in America.

For additional information, write American Wool Council (a division of ASPC), Dept. WW-2062, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

and come back as a costume in about two weeks. She's rather special at capes and coats that manage to be both practical and dramatic. Her best this time is a double-breasted coat of gray wool, with a hood so wired at the sides that it has a space-helmet bulge. A flap of wool buttons across the nose and mouth on chilly days, or can be folded down to make a neat tab across the throat; the hood, naturally, can drop like a cowl in back. Another coat (accompanied by a matching dress with Garnett's famous deep blouse coming down over the leather belt at the sides and back) is of peacock wool with a big raspberry crossbar. There are neat, set-in sleeves, a shoulder cape, and a hood that, when it's lowered, makes the cape double in back; below all these didos, the body is as slim as a soda straw. She handles the muffled look in suits with a curvy thing of red chenille wool. An attached ruffle of the wool goes around the neck, and one end can encircle it twice more, or go up over the hair, or slant down the body and then encircle the waist. Fabrics are always special here. A brocade in a red-and-black medallion print (it's iridescent, too) ends up as a cocktail dress with deep V folds behind down to the waistline, below which they spray out; there's a narrow panel in front, and the sleeves are elbow length. One of the prime cocktail coats of the season is here, too, shown in a smooth black wool, with a tiny shawl collar and three tassel fastenings south of it. The set-in sleeves are narrow, and flaring panels come from under the arms in back.

HATTIE CARNEGIE has resumed its own ready-to-wear operations (you can order other fabrics and colors, though) and has replaced its completely custom department with a scheme whereby you are measured everywhere and then given a basted version of the dress-to-be, which gets two meticulous fittings. This cuts down the cost; suits are now around $500. In the background of all this there is still the same Carnegie staff, equipped to give you the Carnegie Look—suits with short jackets and unexpected small detail, and cocktail dresses with trim tops and folds and pleats shooting outward from the normal waistline to give them a rounded-hip, insouciant air. For formal evenings, there's a beautiful device of lemon-yellow brocade, fluid through the middle but slightly circular at the hem, as well as a beautiful device of an upholstery sort of yellow-and-brown

YARDLEY
ROLL-ON
Deodorant
FOR
MEN
YARDLEY
Deodorant
FOR
MEN

After they subtract, they add.

Yardley men's deodorants have a double purpose.

First they give you great underarm protection. Then they *add* a subtle, manly fragrance.

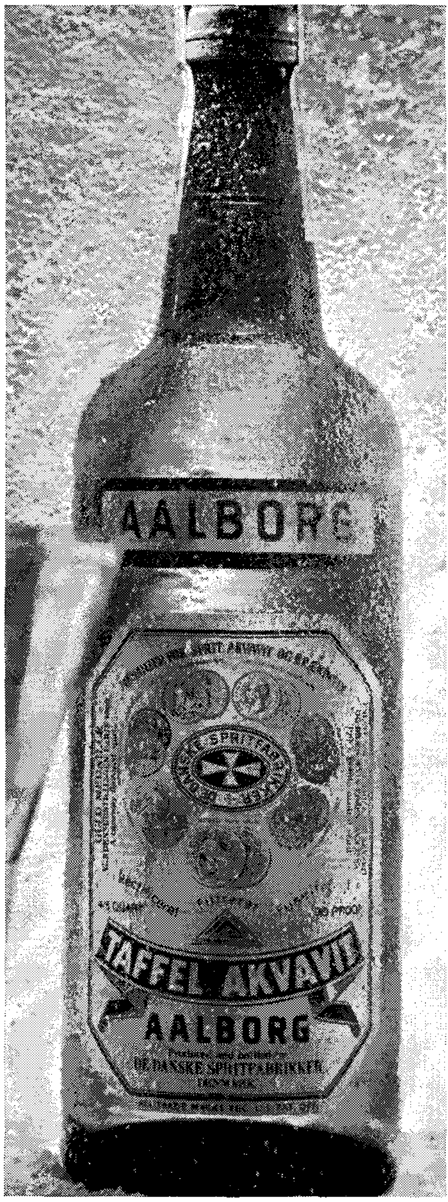
A good idea, isn't it?

You not only feel securely dry and clean with Yardley deodorants—you also have the advantage of an appealing, woody after-aroma.

To suit two distinct male preferences in deodorants Yardley makes these advanced products in two forms. *Yardley Roll-On* is a modern, safe antiperspirant that keeps you neatly dry. *Yardley Stick* is for men who think a little light perspiration is a healthy thing—so long as they're sure of staying pleasantly fresh.

Each of these exceptional Yardley deodorants costs only $1.

Small price for double duty.



AALBORG AKVAVIT

"There's nothing like a Dane"

Great new cocktails are being made with this great Danish favorite. (Danish Mary, Danish Boilermaker, Great Dane, to name a few!) Aalborg Akvavit goes well with many popular mixers. Delicious, too, neat and ice cold; or on the rocks with a dash of soda. The dry hint of caraway improves with the cold. Tonight, try deliciously different Aalborg Akvavit, national drink of Denmark. Imported by National Distillers Products Company, New York. 90 proof, 100% grain neutral spirits.

brocade, with all kinds of bias seaming through the mermaid body and a V décolletage to the waist in back, ornamented by a deep ruffle shooting outward down the edges.

To visit the nonconformist salon of Bob Bugnand is a gala in itself. This season, that attenuated line of his is especially masterly. He does slender coats with an inverted pleat below the low back belt. One is of heavy red-and-green tweed with red velvet piping and double-breasted brass buttons (plus epaulets to make the shoulders even broader and the indented waist slimmer); the dress beneath it is of red velveteen with a tweed belt hanging through low loops in his favorite fashion. He thinks the T line is expert at accentuating breadth at the shoulders, as in a dress of pale-blue tweed with black shiny leather going around the neck and making a band straight down the front to below the waist. The skirt is gathered on a lowered waistline, and a cardigan jacket with a band collar of black mink is part of the *mise en scène.* Sometimes, coats hang straight and part just enough to show that contrasting T band on the dress beneath. For evening, he may insist on a tailored look in a costume of black-and-white zibelline—the white jacket with black velvet binding and lapels, the dress with a white top and black binding and a low-placed sash. But he can get peekaboo, too, as when he slings five bands of jet fringe across the extra-deep oblong décolletage of a dance dress with a top of prune velvet and a skirt of prune satin. And extraordinary events at night could be coped with by a dress that has a strapless bodice of black velvet dipped in a froth of black-and-white ostrich; the skirt is a tube of white satin and the stole has ostrich at the ends. Joyous, *alors!*—unless your dance partners are prone to sneezing fits.

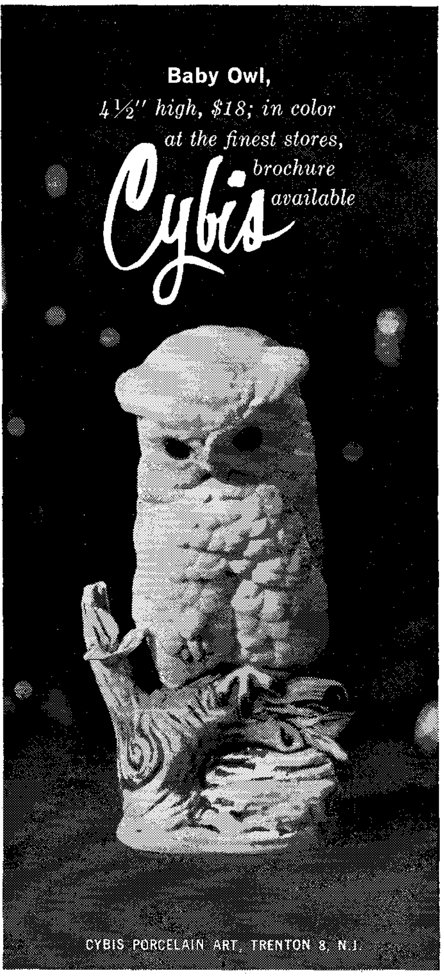
Chez Ninon (all Paris, all custom) always evades the obvious and gathers unto itself the most graceful and feminine and understated clothes, a great number of which are so subtle that they do not get bandied about everywhere. There are quiet charmers for every part of the day, but I'm concentrating on the opening-of-the-opera stuff. Beautiful moires and brocades are here—a Dior in pink moire, a Dior in pink-and-pale-yellow brocade. Lanvin-Castillo combines a brassy yellow satin with elephant-gray satin in a cowl-necked formal dress with a full skirt and a two-color stole. L.-C. is also responsible

25% do

We Americans are a restless lot, and recently the President remarked it. "25% of our population" he said, "live in different states in the last decade"—having migrated for financial or other reasons. Every year since 1955 Homerica has helped relocate thousands who move by choice or because The Firm has offered Dad a promotion. We find them homes they enjoy living in, in the new, unfamiliar surroundings (in 200 cities, 2000 suburbs). Homerica does it by first analyzing your family's economic, educational, social, and special requirements. We work solely for you, the buyer. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.

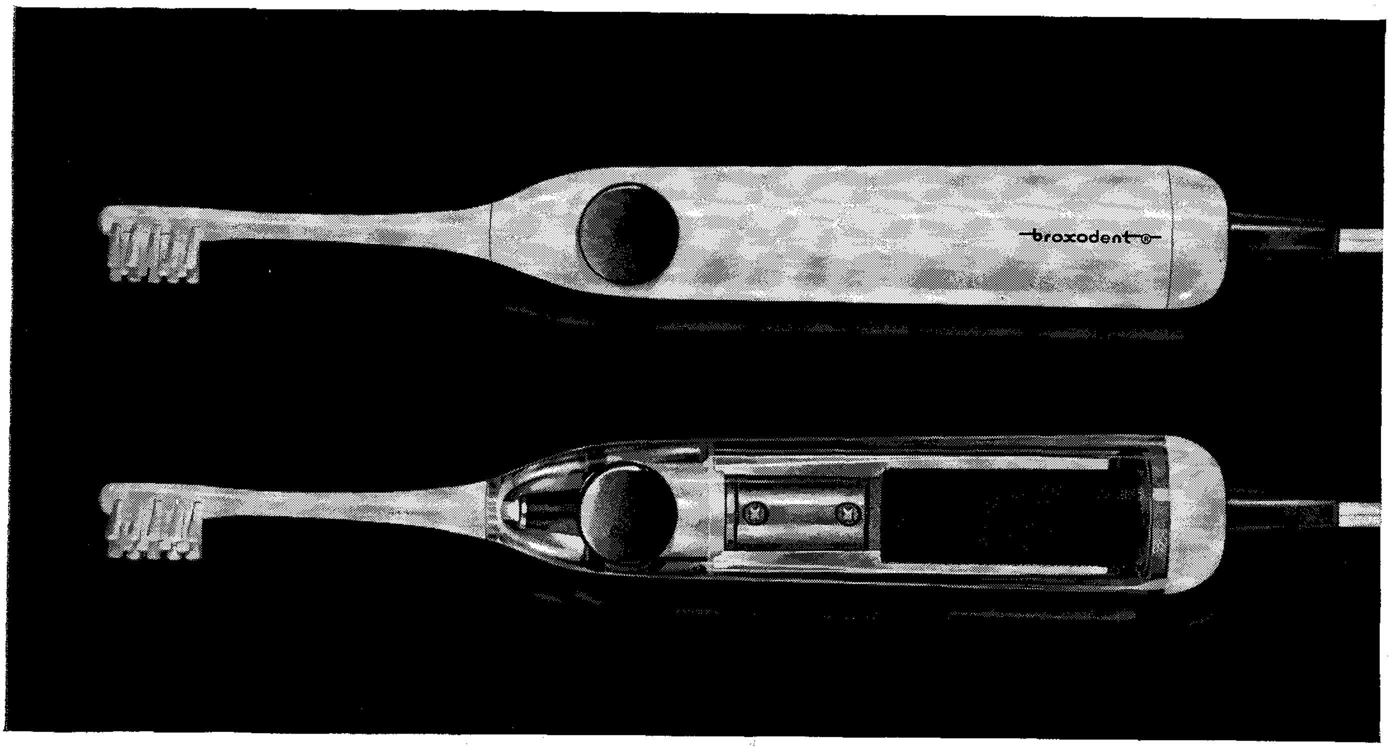
HOMERICA INC.

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, OR 9-5435
3460 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, DU 7-3111



Baby Owl,
4½" high, $18; in color at the finest stores,
Cybis
brochure available

CYBIS PORCELAIN ART, TRENTON 8, N.J.



THE AUTOMATIC-ACTION TOOTHBRUSH

Greatest advance in toothbrushing in 2,000 years

Exciting story of Broxodent, from Squibb—perfected over 8 years in the laboratory plus 2 years of patient-testing in dental clinics here and abroad

Since the ancient Chinese first used a bamboo shoot to clean the teeth, no development in dental care has been so revolutionary as Broxodent, the automatic-action toothbrush from Squibb, leader in dental research.

Broxodent was developed to enable you to clean your teeth *gently up-and-down*. Used regularly as directed, Broxodent can—between professional cleanings of your teeth—help hold down accumulation of tartar, a principal cause of ultimate tooth loss. Brushing with Broxodent refreshes your gums and leaves your mouth feeling tinglingly clean.

Broxodent is electrically powered—its brush oscillates *60 times* a second. You need never do more than guide it over your teeth, for Broxodent has power to spare and is always ready to use. Bristles especially developed for the automatic action of Broxodent clean teeth thoroughly—no evidence of scratching or harming enamel reported.

The jewel-like mechanism of Broxodent is completely and permanently sealed against water, dampness, moisture of any kind in epoxy resin (see red area in transparent model in illustration). It is impossible even for air to reach its fully encased motor. Broxodent has the Underwriters' Laboratories seal. To clean Broxodent, simply hold it under the faucet and let hot or cold water run over it.

Squibb brings you Broxodent as a fully perfected, tested dental instrument.

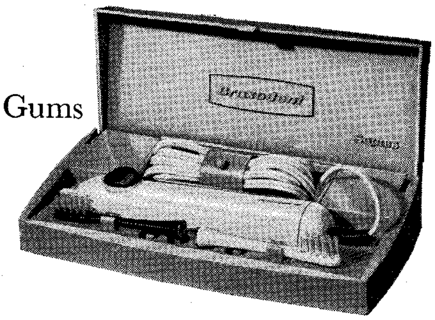
The country's dentists know about Broxodent and what it can do for the teeth. Ask *your* dentist about it. Then see your druggist. With snap-on brushes, each a different color—so that every member of the average family can have his own—Broxodent costs $19.75. Additional brushes 2 for 98¢.

Broxodent®

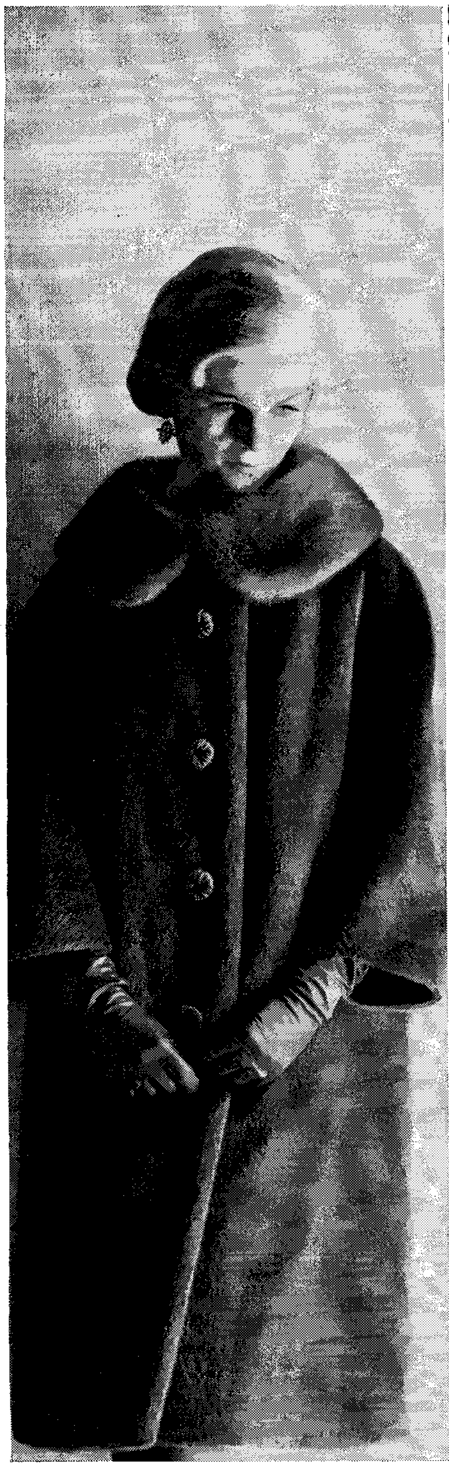
Automatic-Action Brush for Teeth and Gums

from **SQUIBB**

Leader in Dental Research



Broxodent® is a trademark SQUIBB DIVISION **Olin**



Winter in luxurious Brazotta*

Smooth, glossy, warm and lightweight. Brazotta is a magnificent blend of 75% Dynel®, 25% mohair by Collins & Aikman—and all great fashion. Slender greatcoat with a slight flare. Warm, flattering collar of genuine mink. Sizes 6 to 16. At Macy's, San Francisco, and other leading stores.

Sportowne®

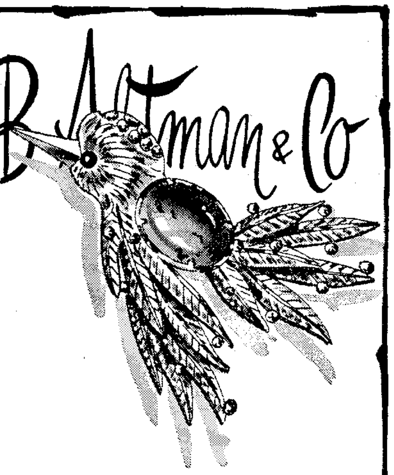
500 Seventh Avenue, New York

for a formal dress with a top of pale-pink faille and a skirt of white mousse, which looks like bath towelling but feels like—well, mousse. In the glitter-top tradition is a nice Balenciaga U-necked, full-skirted dress of white satin, with a jacket—black, openwork, and embroidered with jet—that goes sedately into elbow-length sleeves.

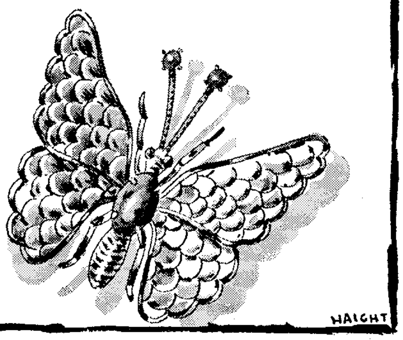
Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue is forever immutable—incisive and crisp and competent by day, infinitely feminine when the lights go on at night. In her new collection, concocted with the aid of Stephen Erklin, the bedazzled eye may alight first upon a coat dress of raisin wool. The huge stole that belongs to it is lined with civet cat, and Tatiana's civet beret (another part of the act) wears a civet pompon on top. Next, for dancing, comes a black velvet charmer with a tiny waist (need I tell you that Sophie likes the normal waistline defined?). Braid appliqué and little velvet bows go around the deep oval neck and down the hips. And she keeps learning new tricks with saris for formal evenings. The current delight uses the broad, decorative bands on the edges of the sari to make an infinitesimal top that barely covers the most flattering décolletage possible and to go down the sides of the tubular skirt.

And now for sheer, uninhibited fun, ready-to-wear and inexpensive. Jax, settled in at 7 West 57th Street, has imagination to burn. For evening, there's T-Bone, of black jersey, halter-necked and slithering down the figure. The stem of the T is the single strap that descends the spine to the waist, making the bareness elsewhere more pronounced. This is $60 in day length and, naturally, more as a formal dress. Jax has a crush on very tall-waisted Empire dresses to glorify tiny bosoms. Of formal length is a dress of magenta French jersey with a V neck and a patent-leather tie belt; it's gathered on a yoke high enough for Kate Greenaway. Another dress of this persuasion is shown in red jersey; its strictly tailored hip-length jacket is of red velveteen in a print of orange, mauve, green, and other colored oblongs. Rudi Gernreich is for the Empire look, too, in his day-length late-in-the-day dresses of wool challis in Paisley or in formal patterns—Shocking pink with orange and purple and dark green—that are almost like calico. When waistlines are low here, they are low indeed. Jax, in coincidental agreement with Bugnand, likes low belts through slots or

B. Altman & Co

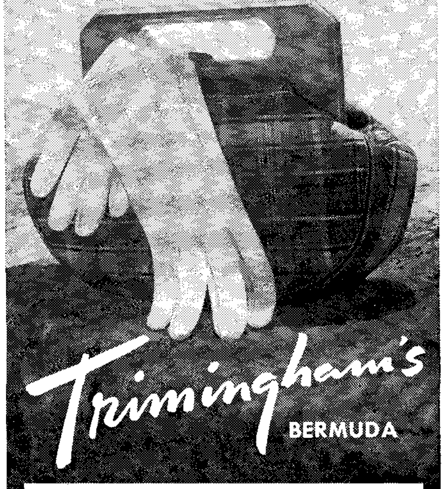


turquoise and 18-karat gold . . . bird with rubies and sapphires in wings, black onyx eye. Altman fine jewelry, main floor, Fifth Avenue, suburban stores. **195.00.** Butterfly, ruby eyes, **75.00.** Others to **395.00** prices plus 10% Federal tax



By mail from Bermuda Scottish Tartan Handbags. Made in our workrooms. Pure wool with 8" Bermuda cedar handles. Your choice of over 20 authentic tartans. Specify Clan or colourings you prefer. $6.80 postpaid.

Luxurious English Doeskin Gloves. A Trimingham specialty. White shortie slipons with dressmaker stitching. They wash beautifully. In quarter sizes 6 to 8. $2.95 postpaid.



Trimingham's
BERMUDA

Write Trimingham's, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-45. Send for our illustrated catalogue.

This is our most expensive stereo portable

(and worth every penny of $249.95)*

MOTOROLA

new leader in the lively art of electronics

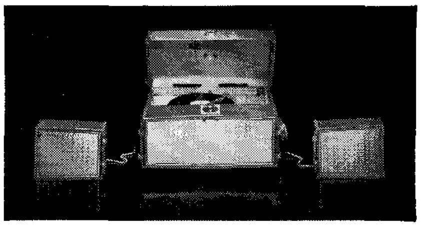
You get 3 separate speaker systems, 3 separate amplifiers, Vibrasonic—almost every deluxe feature you can think of!

If you consider yourself a critical stereo hi-fi listener who demands fine performance but lacks the space for a console, this Motorola portable is made to order for you.

It has features we offer in some of our most expensive consoles, three separate amplifiers (not just 2); 3 separate channels of sound output (not just 2) for clean, crisp tone—even Vibrasonic, the acoustical compensator that adds reflected sound energy to music for live, vibrant sound. Not to mention its 5 matched speakers, feather-touch tone arm, super-quiet automatic record changer and separate controls for treble, bass, loudness, Vibrasonic, and stereo balance.

Its sturdy wood cabinet is covered in a handsome fabric. A patented latch "pops" up lid and opens speaker doors at a finger's touch. Speaker wings separate up to twenty feet for true stereo sound.

The best way to appreciate the performance of this SP30-1 is to see your Motorola dealer and try a demonstration with your favorite stereo record. You'll see then why it's worth the price, and more! *$249.95 is the manufacturer's suggested list price, optional with dealers, slightly higher in some areas.



MOTOROLA

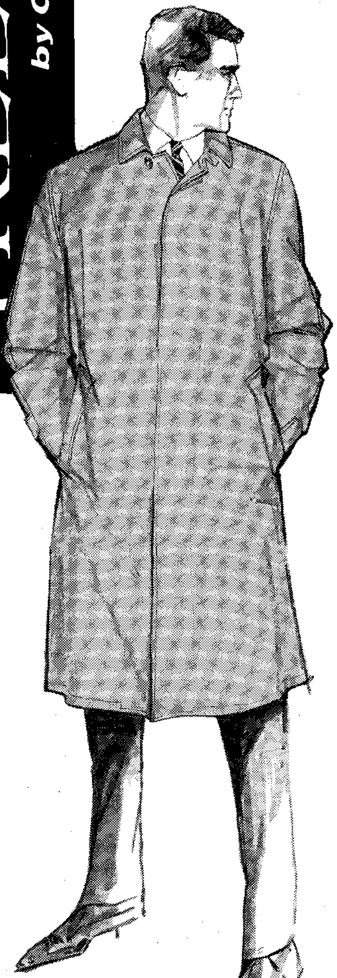
Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

loops at the hipline. This idea dominates a perfect raincoat dress of water-resistant poplin; it's double-breasted, the lapels are small, and a triangular rain scarf goes along. A skirt to match is possible. The wildest of mohair, in purple and black, and quite shaggy, does a coat dress that's a pyramid, really, starting at the shoulders, and the crushed turtleneck collar can ascend like a funnel up over the chin and two-thirds of the face. A little-boy three-button suit comes in a white basketweave wool with a big overplaid; tomato and greenish grays are the complex. Governess primness is represented by Mrs. Danvers, a bloused-top shift of black wool jersey; chiffon makes the ruffled collar and the cuffs. It must be hell being young these days, but places like Jax should make it bearable.

AND what about a little supplementary aura to go with all this? As for perfume, an artful chemist who works for Grès has produced Cabochard, a shifty sort of blend that can be warmly Oriental on some skins and quite light and flowery on others. Either way, it's enticing. It's been around awhile in Paris but has been only recently discovered here. Now most of the big shops have it. . . . Ceil Chapman, not content with draping those matte-jersey dresses, has brewed Ceil Rouge, a heady, highly feminine scent with no office-wife nonsense about it (Lord & Taylor). . . . Tuvaché some time ago brought out a bath perfume, called Nectaroma, that is all outdoors—sunny, grassy, and flowery. Now they've gone and made a perfume of it, to say nothing of all manner of powders and other condiments for the bathtub. They're to be found most everywhere.

And about mascara. Stendhal's celebrated LeNoir is now around in ten colors, at doting old Lord & Taylor, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Bonwit (they *should* dote, too, at five bucks a throw). Brand-new is Helena Rubinstein's Fashion Cake Eye Liner—in cake form, obviously. It can be applied with a wet brush, to make a fine, trim line over the eyelashes, and it can double as an eyeshadow. Six shades, including brown and black.

As for getting next to the skin, I've already spoken about Scandia's Sculptone, a revivifying gelatinous facial mask whether it's left on, for a quick molding, no more than five minutes or (better) allowed to stay for fifteen minutes before it's rinsed off with tepid water. I speak of it again now because it's being put up in ten-treatment tubes at $5; Bonwit, Saks



TREEMCOAT®
by CLIMATIC

THE
HULL

What do you want in a raincoat? A *dry* YOU? Then get a TREEMCOAT. Our Hull is an authentically smart split shoulder model. Exceptionally rain-resistant, completely wash/wear in exclusive Gander Cloth. The Hull, a TREEMCOAT. $32.95 at better stores.

Climatic, Inc. 49 W 33, New York

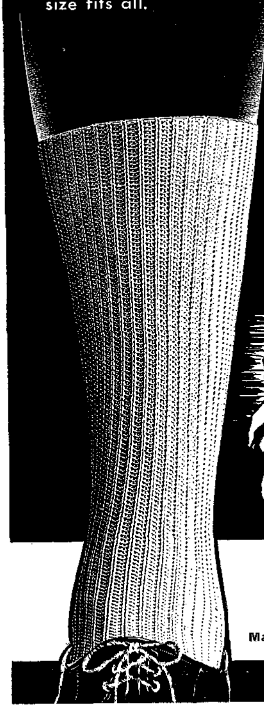
Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884

Ivy Guild *Choice*

An old school favorite available in hand stained English Albion grain or imported black calf. Fully leather lined. Available at finest shops or please write

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Brockton 64, Mass.



Fisherman Knit
TRADE MARK

Extra long . . . extra soft . . . extra resilient! What gives these handsome socks their springiness? The luxurious "Fisherman Knit" plus Camp's skillful craftsmanship. In 30 fashion colors. One size fits all.

100%
STRETCH
NYLON
ANKLETS by
Camp
$1.50

BASKIN
STATE AT ADAMS
CHICAGO 3, ILL.
Mail orders 25¢ additional for postage.

*Trademark.
MARK II.
COLOGNE
D'OR
1877
ARK OF A MAN

Mark II*...for the male animal!

No sweet stuff this! MARK II is the vibrant, exciting fragrance for a *man.* This uncopyable blend creates the essence of elegance that appeals to the male and, irresistibly, to the woman near him. Over a hundred of the world's most priceless essences and oils ignite to make one unforgettable masculine fragrance. Its cool freshness comes from the fine Citrus Oils of Italy, Cyprus and Spain ...aromatic zest is provided by Lavender from England and the Mediterranean... subtle woody warmth is added by Sandalwood from Ceylon and rare Vetivert from Madagascar. The MARK II Cologne D'Or $7.50 plus tax. MARK II Shave Lotion and other products from $2.50 to $2,500.

At fine stores including: New York, Lord and Taylor; Baltimore, Hochschild Kohn; Boston, Kennedys; Chicago, Maurice L. Rothschild; Hartford, G. Fox & Co.; Dallas, E. M. Kahn; Detroit, J. L. Hudson; Los Angeles, Broadway; Miami, Burdines; Milwaukee-Pittsburgh, Gimbels; New Orleans, Maison Blanche; Philadelphia, Strawbridge & Clothier; San Francisco, Macys. Copyright, 1962.

THE MARK II COMPANY, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA.

All poise and artful line, John Meyer's wrap skirt of lofty shetland wool strides into Fall. Pocket trimmed and tie-belted with hearty suede, the tailoring is exact . . . the look, vastly becoming. Six countrified plaids, muted and subtly colored in Lovat Greens, Lovat Blues, and Cranberry. Sizes 6 to 16. About $20 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
In New York: 1407 Broadway

Fifth Avenue, and Bloomingdale have it. . . . Too many makeup foundations cake and cause undue shadows, but Charles of the Ritz's new Veilesscence seems to keep its nice, translucent glow. . . . Everybody in cosmetics has tried to give a gleam and a glow to evening makeup. The latest venturess is Estée Lauder, with all of whose cosmetic and bath products (her fresh Youth-Dew bath things are real extra) I am in hearty accord. She views darkly women who change their hairdos and clothes when they embark on an evening but wear the makeup they wore on the golf links earlier in the day. Experimenters might want to investigate her entire line of luminous evening makeup, and that takes patience. The stuff is in quite a few shops. . . . Scandia's contribution to the Machine Age is the Secret Touch Hair Spray, which every guinea pig of every age who has tried it says is the works for keeping coiffures bouncy (Saks Fifth Avenue, Bonwit, Bloomingdale). An antihumidity factor is supposedly involved, to help normally dispirited hair no end, but I barely passed chemistry, and very long ago.

—Lois Long

•

THE FISHERMAN'S GIFT

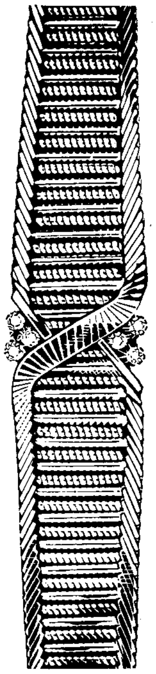
The fish you'd caught—
You held it out upon a newsprint pillow,
Its stilled scales glistening in the doorway sun.
"For you . . ." Its black eye regarded me glassily.

I shrank from its lifeless look,
Because I dreaded to touch it—slick, slimy.
A wisp of seaweed draped one gill slit,
Like a brown stain fallen on a wedge of gelatine.

I could have instantly wished the fish away, and tried picturing
A silver bullet form extant
Upon a liquid green glass ground, with fronds carefully placed
In a fixed space—tame, a toy in an aquarium.

Too late! This fish already bore its salt taint, a faint odor, and
Colors too iridescent for the toymaker's hand—pink, green, gray-silver, and a blackish silver, a tapestry
Indescribably "true to life" in death, the opal-stippled haddock,
The sea's own texture.

—Beverly Baff Quint



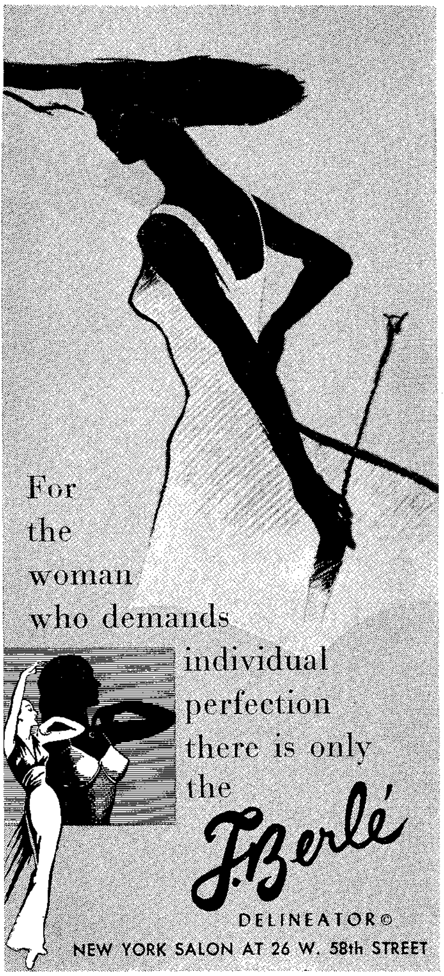
POUR
LA FEMME
ÉLÉGANTE

Gubelin's unique
styling conception
of the bracelet watch
for an elegant woman.
This 18 kt gold watch
and bracelet with
diamond-studded cover
will compliment her
own individual taste,
give her a lifetime
of beauty and service.

Ref. LDW 6203
$ 860.00
(Fed. tax. included)

GÜBELIN
of Switzerland

New York
3 West 57th Street at Fifth Avenue

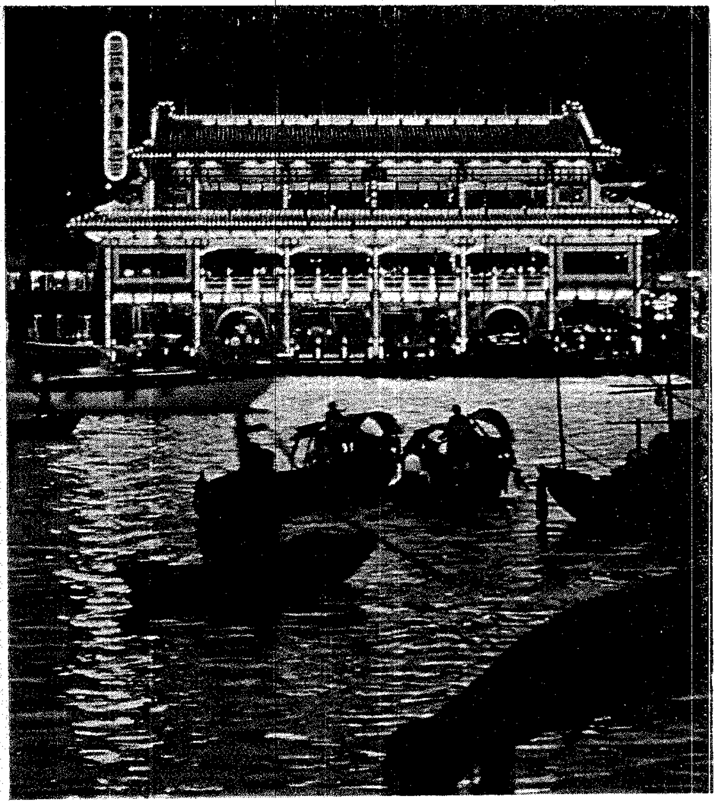


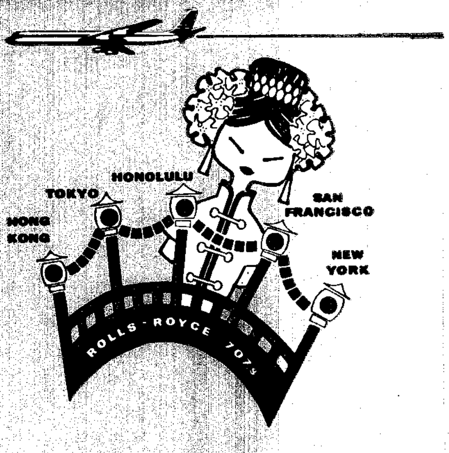
Behold the wondrous sights across the Pacific

along the BOAC Jet Bridge to the Orient

Behold the Orient. Tokyo. The British Crown Colony of Hong Kong. Bangkok. Singapore. Come reap the rewards that await your coming. BOAC's exclusive same-plane service takes you by Rolls-Royce 707 jet from New York (through San Francisco, Honolulu, and Tokyo) all the way to Hong Kong. With stop-overs enroute at no extra air fare.

BOAC Cabin Service, transpacific style, is a dashing blend of impeccable British and delicate Oriental (your stewardesses are Chinese, Japanese, British!). Your comfort aloft must surely set an international record! This magnificent view from the BOAC Jet Bridge is rather a bargain. For example, New York—Hong Kong round-trip Economy Class, $1138; from San Francisco $900. (For a bit more, come back the other way—completely around the world in BOAC jet splendor!) First, clear the way with your Travel Agent. And soon!





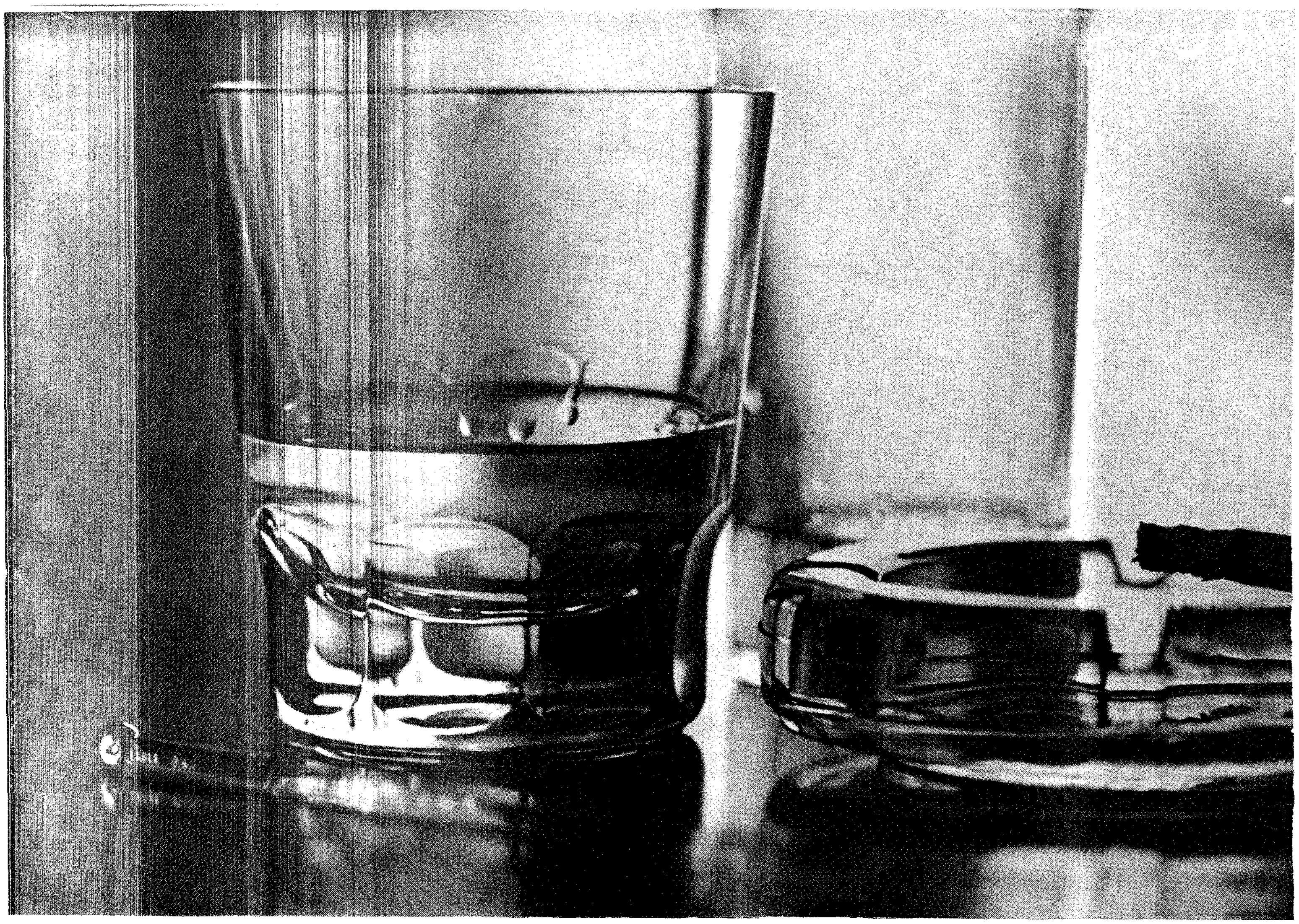
ALL OVER THE WORLD

B·O·A·C

TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Offices in all principal cities



Why do people who hate Scotch drink it?

Many people who drink Scotch train themselves to endure the taste of it.

Why?

Scotch is the polite thing to drink. The social drink.

If you've given a cocktail party recently, you'll know how strong the demand is for Scotch.

On the rocks. With soda. Or water. (Anything else is considered uncivilized.)

The unhappy fact is that thousands of people order Scotch and simply "suffer" it.

How much more sensible if they could enjoy it.

There is a strong possibility they would enjoy Chivas Regal.

Many people find Chivas Regal delicious. (Or, bluntly, "the best Scotch in the world.")

Chivas Regal goes down as smoothly as honey.

Why?

It is entirely free of "back bite." (When Scotch hits your throat, you may possibly wince or shudder. This is "back bite.")

Chivas Regal is never less than 12 years old.

It's made with Glenlivet Scotch. This is prize Highland "soft" Scotch.

Another secret.

Casks are brought all the way from Valencia, Spain, for ripening or "marrying the spirits."

Quite an extravagance. (Each cask costs over £35.)

To the people who merely endure Scotch, we suggest one of two things.

Either try Chivas Regal.

Or give up Scotch.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SPORTING SCENE

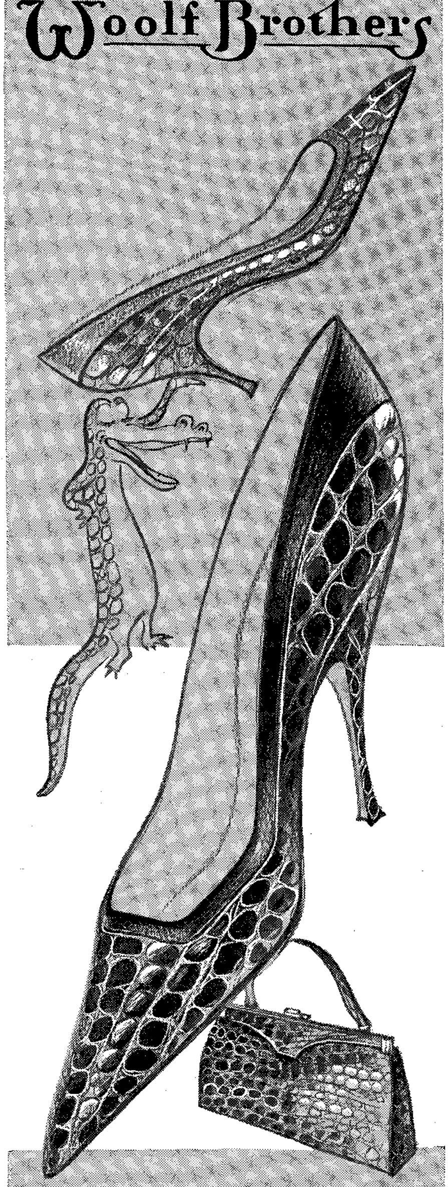
A TALE OF THREE CITIES

Los Angeles, October 3

THIS afternoon, in the top of the ninth inning of the final playoff game between the San Francisco Giants and the Los Angeles Dodgers, Walter Alston, the Dodger manager, and Leo Durocher, his third-base coach, stalked slowly back and forth in their dugout, staring at their shoe tops and exuding an almost visible purple cloud of yearning; they wanted to have the National League season extended by a few more innings or a few more games. This wish, like so many other attitudes to be seen in this city, must be regarded as excessive. The teams on the field had already played more games in one season than any other two baseball teams in the history of mankind, and the quality of play demonstrated in the past three days by the twitchy, exhausted athletes on both squads was reminiscent of the action in the winter softball games played by septuagenarians in St. Petersburg, Florida. As everyone in this country must know by now, the newly elongated, hundred-and-sixty-two-game National League season proved insufficient to its purpose in its first year. The Dodgers, who led the Giants by four full games with a week to go, lost ten of their last thirteen games, including the last four in a row, and thus permitted their gasping pursuers to catch them on the final day. In the first playoff game, on Monday at Candlestick Park in San Francisco, the Dodger team displayed the muscle, the frightfulness, and the total immobility of a woolly mammoth frozen in a glacier; the Giants, finding the beast inert, fell upon it with savage cries and chopped off steaks and rump roasts at will, winning 8–0. The feast continued here for a time yesterday, and after five and a half innings the Giants led, 5–0. At this point, the Dodgers scored their first run in thirty-six innings, and the Giants, aghast at this tiny evidence of life, stood transfixed, their stone axes dropping from their paws, while the monster heaved itself to its feet, scattering chunks of ice, and set about trampling its tormentors. The game, which the Dodgers eventually won, 8–7, is best described in metaphor and hyperbole, for there was no economy in it. It lasted four hours and eighteen minutes—a record for a nine-inning game. There were twenty hits, thirteen walks, three errors, two hit batsmen, and a total of forty-two ballplayers in action (also a record), and the only positive conviction among the spectators when it was over was that the Mets could have beaten both teams on the same afternoon.

Today was a little different. For one thing, there was a noisy, shirtsleeve crowd of 45,693 on hand, in contrast with the embarrassing acres of empty seats yesterday, when the park was barely half full. Los Angeles calls itself the Sports Capital of the World, but its confidence is easily shaken. Its loyalists are made uneasy by a team that appears likely to lose. Today, with a final chance at the pennant restored, the Dodger rooters were back, and there was a hopeful violence in their cries. Fans here seem to require electronic reassurance. One out of every three or four of them carries a transistor radio, in order to be told what he is seeing, and the din from these is so loud in the stands that every spectator can hear the voice of Vin Scully, the Dodger announcer, hovering about his ears throughout the game. There is also a huge, hexagonal electric sign in left field, on which boosterish messages appear from time to time. The fans respond to its instructions with alacrity, whether they are invited to sing "Baby Face" between innings or ordered to shout the Dodger battle cry of "CHARGE!" during a rally. Today the sign also carried news flashes about the orbital progress of Walter M. Schirra, Jr., thus enabling the crowd to enjoy both national pastimes—baseball and astronaut watching—at the same time. This giant billboard, protruding above the left-field bleachers like a grocer's price placard, was one of several indications to me that Dodger Stadium, which opened this spring, was designed by an admirer of suburban supermarkets. It has the same uneasy colors (turquoise exterior walls, pale-green outfield fences, odd yellows and ochres on the grandstand seats); the same superfluous decorative touches, such as the narrow rickrack roofs over the top row of the bleachers; the same preoccupation with easy access and with total use of interior space; and the same heaps of raw dirt around its vast parking lots. There is a special shelf for high-priced goods—a dugout behind home plate for movie and television stars, ballplayers' wives, and transient millionaires. Outside, a complex system of concentric automobile ramps and colored signs—yellow for field boxes, green for reserved seats, and so forth—is intended to deliver the carborne fan to the proper gate, but on my two visits to O'Malley's Safeway it was evident that the locals had not yet mastered these instructions, for a good many baseball shoppers wound up in the detergent aisle instead of in the cracker department, with a resultant loss of good feeling, and had to be ordered to go away and try again.

For a time today, it seemed that all the recent doubts and discomforts suffered by Dodger fans were finally to be rewarded, for their team, after handing the Giants two runs on three errors in the third inning, came back and took apparent command of the game, and in the happiest fashion imaginable. Duke Snider, the old demigod, led off the fourth with a double, and Tommy Davis, the young demigod and new National League batting champion, moved him to third with a single, from where he scored during an abortive double play. Then, in the sixth, Duke singled, and Davis, a batter who studies each pitch with the eye of a jewelry appraiser, hit a homer for the tying and the go-ahead runs. Duke jumped on home plate with both feet as he came across. It was then appropriate for Maury Wills, the ranking deity in Los Angeles this year, to score the insurance run. He managed this because the Giants forgot their newly discovered stratagem for getting Wills out; in yesterday's game, Wills stole second, and the Giants'



Woolf Brothers

Even an Alligator Couldn't Tell...

It's true. These smart Alligator Calf pumps were probably raised on a Kansas ranch. Yet they have an appearance and gracious manner so deceptive they can hardly be known from the genuine.

They're ideal for all your tailored daytime clothes.

Mezzo produces them for us from the finest man-made alligator. We have them in a medium and a high heel and in three colors—black, red, and a neutral mocha brown. Sizes AAAA to B, 4 to 10.

18.95

Matching bag 17.55 (inc. Fed. Tax)

Woolf Brothers
Kansas City, Mo.
Mail orders filled promptly.

catcher, in attempting to cut him down, relayed the ball to center field and to the possessor of the best arm on the club, Willie Mays, who then cut down Wills at third. In the seventh inning today, Wills singled and stole second, but the ball didn't get out to Mays. Wills then stole third, and Bailey, the Giants' catcher, angry at having flubbed baseball's newest trick play, threw the ball into *left* field, allowing Wills to score.

This was a movie ending, pat but satisfying. Unfortunately, the game had two more innings to go. Matty Alou led off the Giant ninth with a pinch single but was erased at second on Kuenn's grounder. Ed Roebuck then walked the next two batters, and Alston and Durocher, sensing the onset of another ice age, suddenly foresaw that the season might be too short after all. The clatter of typewriters died away in the press box. Many of the sportswriters had already departed for the victory celebration in the Dodger clubhouse; those who remained fell silent, half hoping for more drama, half praying that they would not have to rewrite their leads so late in the day. The preposterous end came quickly. Willie Mays nearly tore Roebuck's glove arm off with a line single that scored one run. Stan Williams came in to pitch, and Cepeda delivered the tying run with a fly. With runners on second and third, Williams walked one batter intentionally and another unintentionally, and the game was untied. The final run scored on an error, and the press-box loudspeaker announced that United Airlines would have a special flight leaving at seven o'clock for San Francisco and the World Series. Billy Pierce came in to pitch for the Giants and set the Dodgers down in order, and the visitors went into the ritual autumnal dance of victory in front of their dugout, leaping into the air like Watusi.

When I returned to my hotel, the Statler Hilton, I noticed for the first time that there was an art exhibit in one corner of the lobby. Ranged in a great semicircle were a dozen or so life-size pastel portraits of Dodger players, elegantly framed and each bearing a gold identifying plate. The exhibit was encircled by a velvet rope, like the one that protects the new Rembrandt in the Metropolitan Museum, and there was a uniformed Pinkerton on guard. No one was looking at the pictures.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 5

ON the evening of the day the Giants won the pennant, the circulation manager of the San Francisco *Chronicle*

game-watching lasses... favor Glen Raven Panti-Legs®

These comfortable panti-stockings of ENKA nylon keep you nimble-as-a-cheerleader from waist to toes. Seamless or full-fashioned, about $3.00 at

**FAMOUS & BARR CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.**

So many good things begin with ENKA nylon

pleated collar blouse

SEVENTH YEAR—New shipment just arrived of our exclusive dacron and cotton short sleeve tuck-in blouse with tiny permanent pleats on collar and cuffs. Our customers usually buy it first in white and then reorder it year after year in all colors—our most popular Christmas gift for all ages. White, pink, blue, maize and beige. Sizes 30-36. 8.95

PLEASE ADD 35C FOR SHIPPING

the modern shop
ridgeway center
stamford, connecticut

approached the news editor and said, "What's the headline?"

"It's 'WE WIN!'—white on black," the news editor said.

"How big?"

"Same size as 'FIDEL DEAD!' "

That evening, twenty-five thousand or perhaps fifty thousand celebrants tore down police barriers at the San Francisco airport and swarmed out onto the runways and taxiways, forcing several flights to delay their arrival or departure, and causing the team that they had come to greet to land at a distant maintenance runway. At approximately the same time, on my own flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco, I overheard a conversation between several banner-bearing returning fans—Jewish fans, it turned out.

"Listen," said one woman, who was wearing a Giants cap. "Are you going to the Series games in New York?"

"Why, of course," said a man. "I ordered our tickets a long time ago."

"But what about the game there next Monday?" said the woman. "It's Yom Kippur, you know."

"I know. We talked it over, and we decided it was O.K. to go to the game, but we won't eat any hot dogs."

I arrived in San Francisco after eleven o'clock, but the jubilee was still in full swing. The gutters were awash with torn-up newspapers and office calendars, and Market Street, Geary Street, and Kearny Street were solid with automobiles crawling bumper to bumper, horns blasting. The faces inside all had the shiny-eyed, stunned, exhausted expression of a bride at her wedding reception. The police, who had planted red flares at intersections to guide the processions, were treating it all like cops in a college town after a big football victory—a little bored, a little amused, a little irritated. The San Francisco newspapers cannot get enough of the Giants. The team and the World Series cover the front pages, the sports pages (green and pink here), the society pages, and most of the pages in between. There are human-interest stories about little boys who have run away from home with their piggy-bank savings in order to buy a Series ticket. In the papers, the name of the team is usually prefixed with the possessive pronoun—"our Giants."

The total identification of this attractive city with a baseball team is a sadomasochistic tangle. The gala this week has offended a good many proud old-time locals, who think the city should be less naïve. "Good God!" one of these said to me. "People will think we're like *Milwaukee*, or something!" One local sports columnist, Charles McCabe, of

PLAN YOUR 1963 MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE NOW

ss INDEPENDENCE will offer a Springtime Cruise of 44 Days next March 14. Here is 1963's most fascinating voyage. This great de luxe cruise features Easter Sunday in Rome... with a visit to Dubrovnik on the lovely Dalmatian coast, a morning cruising Yugoslavia's unique Kotor Fjord–only major fjord south of the Scandinavian countries.

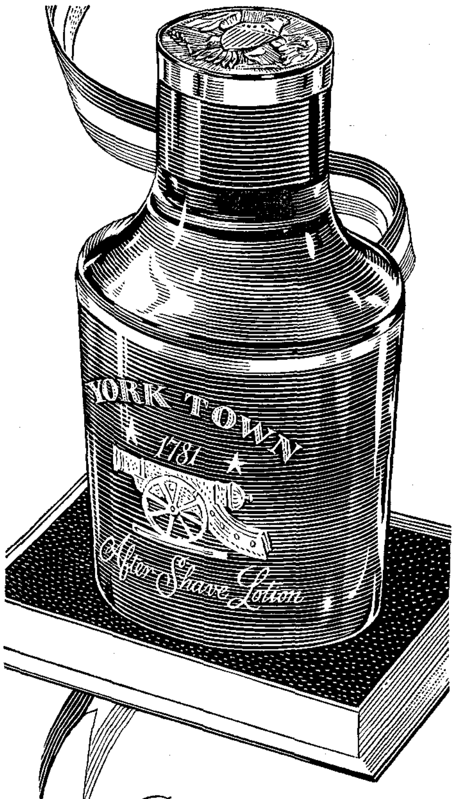
The INDEPENDENCE will sail from New York March 14, just as spring is beginning, to ensure that you will have the best possible weather throughout. Her itinerary will include stops at charming islands and at great port cities of Morocco, Egypt, Lebanon, Israel, Turkey, Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, France, Spain and Portugal. Ports of call have been carefully chosen so that without exception you can be sure of excellent shoreside facilities and a warm welcome. You'll have ample time to shop, meet the people and view some of the world's most fabulous sights.

The INDEPENDENCE is entirely First Class for the Springtime Cruise. Fares begin as low as $1,245, include gourmet meals, full hotel service and gala entertainment programs aboard ship. Each stateroom with a private bathroom, of course. See your Travel Agent or American Export Lines...for a free descriptive brochure.

ss INDEPENDENCE

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y. • DIGBY 4-3000



Reporting for Distinguished Duty

The crisp, stirring, masculine aroma for *today's* man. A modern adaptation of the aromatic formula favored by the gallant men who won our independence.

After Shave Lotion 3.50. Cologne 4.50. Body Talcum 2.00. Spray Deodorant 2.50. New gift set shown: After Shave and Deodorant 6.00. Other sets 5.00 and 10.00. Plus tax. At better stores.

YORK TOWN
1781

YORK TOWN
★ 1781 ★
for Men

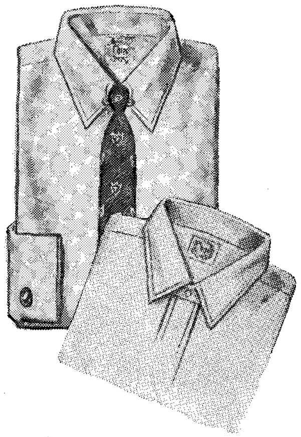
SHULTON

the *Chronicle*, has tried to stand against the river of heroic newspaper prose; he has characterized the Giants' style of play as "lovable incompetence" and has told San Franciscans that victory may be less cozy to live with than years of defeat. His warning will be considered, for this is a town fond of self-examination and afflicted with self-doubt. "We've had a lot of trouble in the past few years," a woman told me at a cocktail party, and for a moment I thought she was talking about some scandal or sickness in her family. She meant the Giants, who have frequently been favored to win the pennant in their five-year residence here but have staged a series of exaggerated pratfalls, sometimes in the final week of the season. As an old Giant fan, I was tempted to tell the woman that persistent ill luck and heroic failure, interspersed with an occasional triumph, had been characteristic of her team ever since Merkle's Boner in 1908. I thought of the Snodgrass muff in 1912; of the 1917 Series that was lost when Heinie Zimmerman chased Eddie Collins across the plate with the winning run; of the Series of 1924, when Hank Gowdy stumbled over his catcher's mask and a grounder bounced over Freddy Lindstrom's head and allowed Washington to win the last game; and of the last two games of the 1934 season, when the Dodgers dropped the Giants out of first place after Bill Terry had asked if they were still in the league. But I said nothing, for I realized that her affair with the Giants was a true love match and that she had adopted her mate's flaws as her own. The Giants and San Francisco are a marriage made in Heaven.

Candlestick Park is no supermarket; with its raw concrete ramps and walkways and its high, curving grandstand barrier, it looks from the outside like an outbuilding of Alcatraz. But it was a festive prison yard during the first two Series games here. In order to beat the midafternoon Candlestick wind, which can blow pop fouls into triples and cause flags on adjacent outfield poles to flutter briskly in opposite directions, the games started at noon, and the fans arrived bearing picnic hampers and gin-and-tonic fixings. The crowd here is polite, cheerful, and gaily dressed; it has the open, single-faced expression of a country horse-show audience. Some of the home-town exuberance wore off quickly yesterday afternoon, when the fans came in and found the Yankees waiting—Mantle and Berra, Ford and Howard and Maris, all instantly identifiable and suddenly menacing—on the field below. A few of the spectators gave

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors · Chipp · Furnishers



TOWN COLLAR SHIRTS

Adapting the English Spread, we have developed the perfect collar combination that can be worn with pin or as is . . . since stays are provided for neatness.

English Sea Island Cotton (double cuff)	$17.50
English Broadcloth (double cuff)	11.00
Superfine Pima Broadcloth (double cuff)	9.00
Long Staple Cotton Oxford	9.50
Blue Pebble-Weave Combed Cotton Oxford	9.50

Sizes 14-32 to 17-36

Mail orders accepted — No C.O.D.'s

Add 50¢ For Postage

Chipp

14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP

FINE LAPIS LAZULI
JEWELRY FOR MEN

Representative items
from our collection of
Cuff Links and Rings

18 kt Ring
$105*

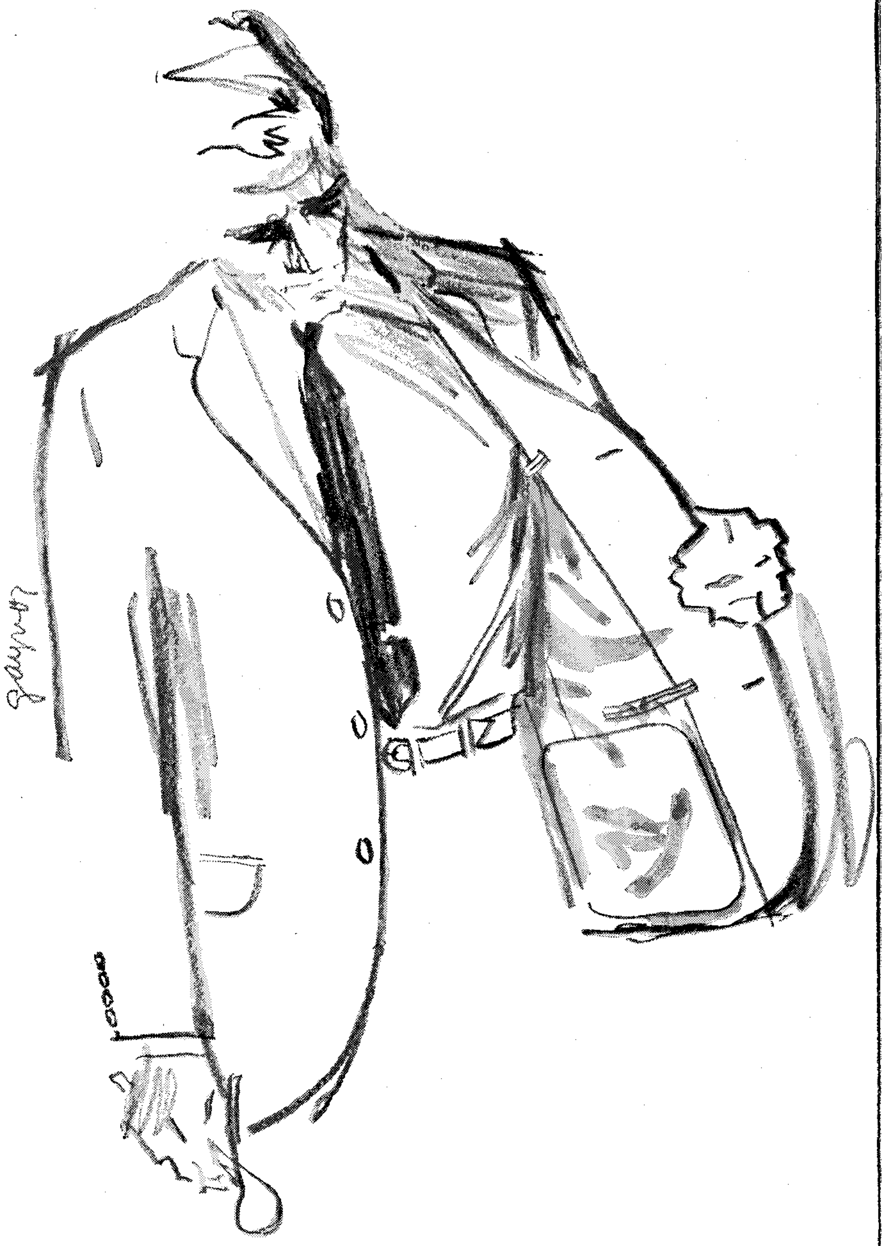
18 kt Cuff Links
$195*

Olga **TRITT**
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

Federal Excise Tax Included

up then and there. A man next to me in the lower stands watched Mickey Mantle hit four balls over the fence in batting practice, applauded politely, and then turned to his wife and said, "Well, at least we won the pennant." The Yankees started off just as he had feared they would, scoring two runs in the top of the first on three solid hits. The big crowd was restless and nervous until Mays came up to bat against Ford in the second. Willie Mays against Whitey Ford—this was worth the five-year wait! Willie singled, and came around to score the Giants' first run. An inning later, he drove in the tying run with another hit, and the San Franciscans whooped and screamed with elation and relief; every one of them, I was convinced, had harbored the secret fear that his heroes would perform like Little Leaguers against the all-conquerors. The Giants kept reaching Ford—nine hits in the first six innings—but they couldn't ruffle him or quite put him away. Ford stands on the mound like a Fifth Avenue bank president. Tight-lipped, absolutely still between pitches, all business and concentration, he personifies the big-city, emotionless perfection of his team. This was his seventeenth World Series game, and he was giving the young Giants a lesson in metropolitan deportment. O'Dell, the Giants' pitcher, was pitching better than Ford, but showing the strain. He was working too fast, striking out too many men, giving up walks, and running up high counts. Apprehension muffled the audience, and in the seventh Clete Boyer totally silenced the park with a home run over the left center-field fence. It was all downhill from there. The champions got two more in the eighth and another in the ninth. With victory in his pocket, Ford retired the Giants on a handful of pitches and left the mound as if on his way to board the four-thirty to Larchmont.

The apparently inevitable outcome of yesterday's game seemed to afflict the home team and its fans deeply this afternoon. A man seated just in front of me was suffering from a severe case of the uh-ohs. "Uh-oh," he would murmur to his companion, "here comes Yogi Berra."... "Uh-oh, Mantle comes up this inning." Meanwhile, the Giants were clustering under pop flies like firemen bracing to catch a baby dropped from a burning building (they muffed one baby, right behind the mound), and wasting their substance in overexuberant base running. In the seventh and eighth innings, they combined a home run by Willie McCovey, three singles, a walk, two successful sacrifices, and a



THE BAKER BELLOWS

Inside and out, one of America's finest suits . . . hand-tailored throughout with painstaking care. The inside bellows pocket*. . . just one of many costly custom features. A superb suit of the finest imported fabrics . . . unmistakably Baker!

a year or two ahead
Baker Clothes
200 Fifth Avenue, New York City
At the social register stores in America.

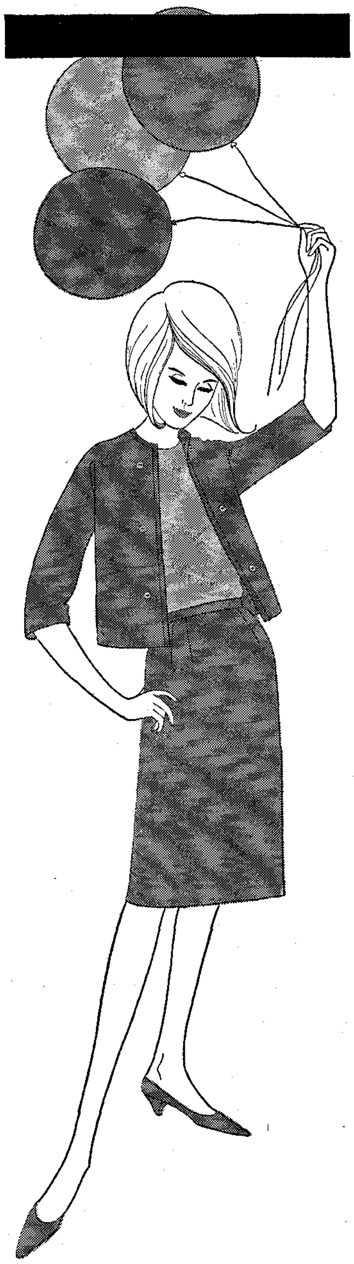
*In Baker's exclusive Gold Needle and Olympus editions.

CHAND'HABITS

your French tailor

Nothing suits you as well as heek suede lined in taffeta and piped with leather. French toast, blue, red balloon or green. 35.00 in 8 to 18 sizes at Alexander Beegle, Inc., Virginia Beach, Va.; Gun & Tackle Shops, Cleveland, Ohio; Trooping The Colour, Winnetka, Ill.; Ruth Kishline Country Clothes, Mt. Vernon, Ind.; Cross Country Shops, West Chester, Pa. or write Chand' Habits, 271 Madison Avenue, New York and they'll rush the name of a store near you.

CHAND'HABITS

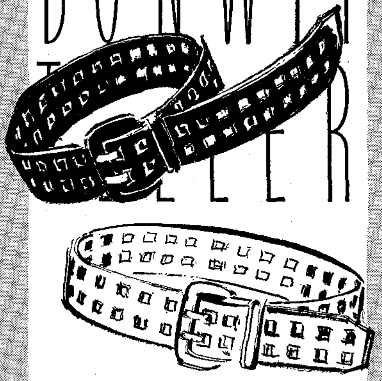


Yankee error for the grand total of one run, which may be another Series record. Fortunately for everyone, Jack Sanford, a tough, hard-working right-hander, kept his courage and his presence of mind, and pitched a lovely, near-perfect game, shutting the Yankees out, 2–0, with three hits. After the last out, the massed San Franciscans expelled their breath in a shout, and then trooped out into the afternoon wind with the same relieved, "Still alive!" expression on their faces that they had been wearing all summer.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 10

THIS jet Subway Series moved three thousand miles east last Saturday, but in watching the reactions of the local crowds to the first of the three marvellous games in Yankee Stadium this week I had the recurrent impression that the teams' planes had overshot their mark, and that the Series was being continued before a polite, uncomprehending audience of Lebanese or Yemenis. New York is full of cool, knowing baseball fans—a cabdriver the other day gave me an explicit, dispassionate account of the reasons for the Milwaukee Braves' collapse this year—but not many of them got their hands on Series tickets. Before the first game here, on Sunday, the northbound D trains were full of women weighted down with expensive coiffures and mink stoles, not one of whom, by the look of them, had ever ridden a subway as far as the Bronx before. There was no noise in the stands during batting practice, and the pre-game excitement seemed to arise from the crowd's admiration for itself and its size (a sellout 71,431), rather than for the contest to come; ritual and occasion had displaced baseball. The only certifiable fans near me were among the standees packed three-deep behind the lower-grandstand seats. When Roger Maris came up to bat in the second, the boxholders gave him a dutiful spatter of applause, but the voice of the demanding, unforgiving Yankee fan came from behind me—a deep, rich "Boo!" and the cry "C'mon, bum!" During the long, austere pitchers' duel between Bill Stafford and Billy Pierce, which the Yankees finally pulled out, 3–2, the spectators near me who had radios were giving most of their attention to the football game between the New York Giants and the St. Louis Cardinals. (There are no low-scoring pitchers' duels in pro football.) By the sixth inning, when the game was still scoreless, spectators had begun walking out in twos and threes, surrendering their tick-

BONWIT TELLER



Bonwit's Own
Belt Thoroughbred
Snappy way to shape shifts or pull the separates look together... 2 inches of lustrous leather with natty square cut-outs. By Ben King in black, brown, navy, gray, 24 to 30 sizes, 10.00
Mail and phone orders filled
Belts
BONWIT TELLER
All Stores

CLASSIC
BANGLE BRACELETS

Three hand-engraved initials add individual elegance to these enduringly fashionable gold-filled designs. From top; 3/4" width, bright finish, script monogram, 19.50. 1/2" width, Florentine finish, Roman block letters, 18.50.

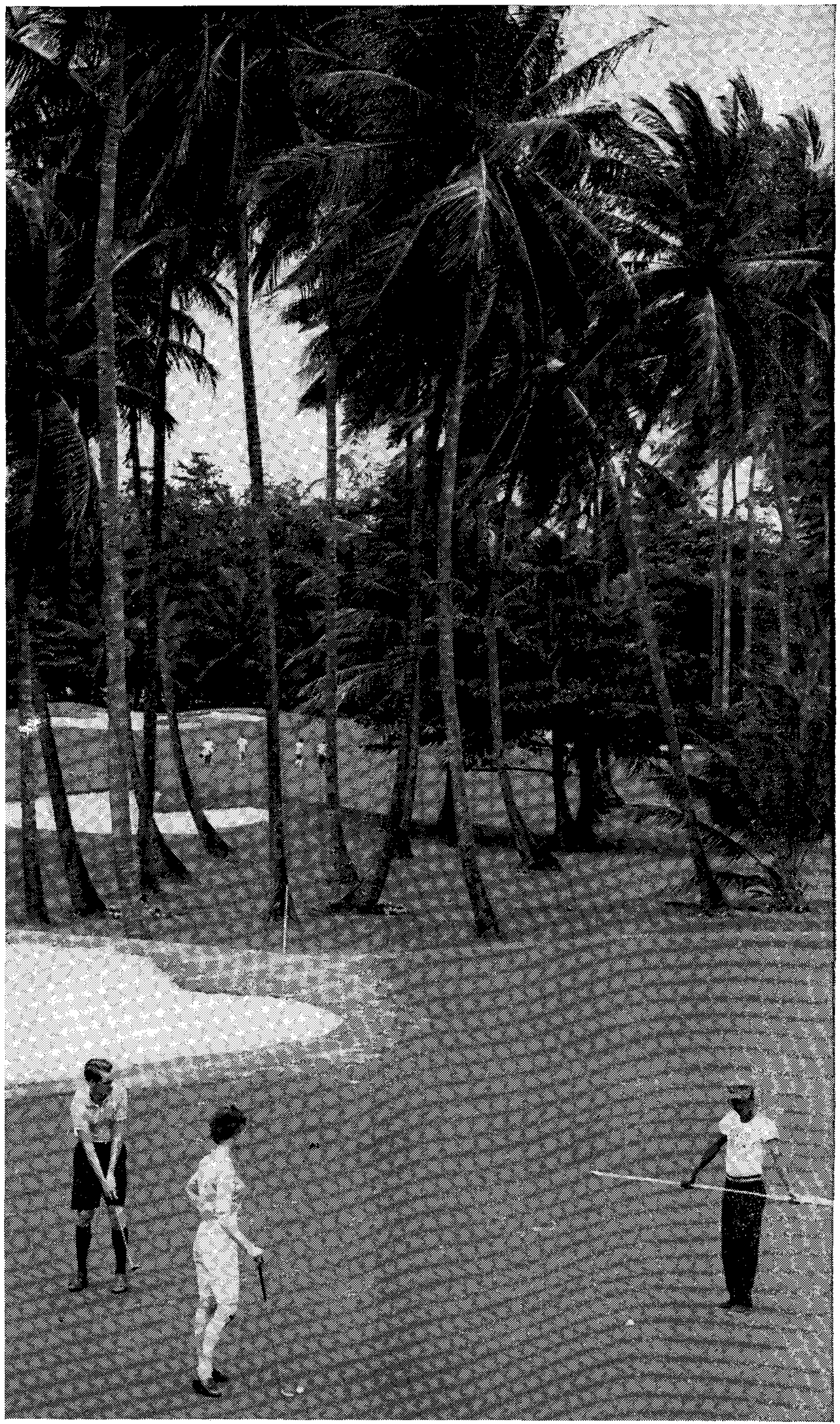
Federal tax included
Circle last initial on orders
Allow two weeks for delivery

JACCARD'S
SAINT LOUIS 1 MISSOURI
JEWELERS TO AMERICA SINCE 1829

et stubs to the persevering verticals; the departees had accomplished their purpose, which was to be able to tell their friends they had been to a Series game.

Ignorance and moneyed apathy became less evident during the second and third games at the Stadium. I suspect that a considerable number of corporation seat-holders went home to Dallas and St. Paul after the weekend, in order to begin earning the money to buy next year's trip to the Series, and thus freed their tickets for resale to more knowledgeable resident fans. At the same time, the gallant, inflammatory, instructive baseball being played by both teams began to make believers and partisans among those who had come only for the show. To judge by my private decibel meter, most of the neutrals became Giant rooters. The San Francisco *équipe* is a genetically pure descendant of its dichotomous, death-loving, strong-jawed forebears. It is capable of appalling human fallibility, which it attempts to counteract with insane pluck. When one sees troops with such qualities brought into battle against the massed fieldpieces of the Yankees, one is filled with the same pride, foreboding, and strong desire to avert one's eyes that was felt by the late General Pickett. In yesterday's game, the Giants' pitcher, Juan Marichal, flattened a finger on his pitching hand while bunting in the fifth. Alvin Dark then called on Bob Bolin, an inexperienced twenty-three-year-old fast-baller, to hold the Giants' two-run lead. Bolin instantly pitched himself into and out of an appalling jam; apparently enjoying the tension, he tried the same thing in the sixth, walking Mantle and Maris in succession, but this time the bomb went off and the Yankees tied the game. Enemy scores are a tot of rum to this Giants team, however; in the past two weeks, they have usually responded to them with an instant retaliatory base hit. This time, Matty Alou hit a pinch double between two walks in the seventh, and the bases were loaded with two out when Chuck Hiller, the frail San Francisco second baseman, came up. Hiller had struck out in a similar situation in the fifth, but Dark merely told him to try harder this time, and Hiller hit a grand slam into the right-field stands for the ball game.

In today's encounter, the last Stadium game of the year, the same melodrama of error, reprisal, and retaliation was played, but with a different curtain. Jack Sanford, pitching powerfully again, held the Yankees to three hits through the seventh inning, but the score, instead of being 2–0 for the Gi-



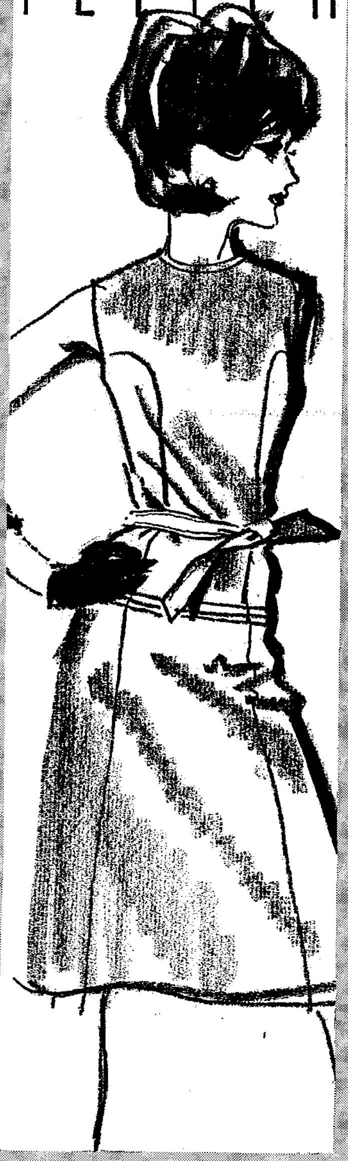
Don't put your clubs in the closet!

Twenty-seven holes of great golf is waiting to be played right here, all fall and winter. Also great swimming, dining, and resort living. (AND OUR OFF-SEASON RATES ARE IN EFFECT UNTIL DECEMBER 20TH)

DORADO
BEACH
HOTEL
DORADO • PUERTO RICO

See your travel agent or New York Reservation Office, Suite 1705K, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, JUdson 6-1141.

BONWIT TELLER



MISS BONWIT'S SKIMMER OF SUEDE

Star of the season... our superb skimmer of buttersoft suede leather, rayon taffeta lined. Of note, the top stitching detail, soft tie belt. In pale gold, azure blue, mushroom beige. By Weber and Franks. 8 to 16 sizes, 45.00. Mail and phone orders.

Miss Bonwit Dresses

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

ants, was 2–2, one Yankee run having scored on a wild pitch and the other on a passed ball. It is a poor idea to give the unsentimental Yankees a helping hand up, to dust their jackets, and to set their caps straight after they have fallen into a ditch. In the eighth, Kubek and Richardson singled, and Tom Tresh, the Yankees' elegant switch-hitting rookie, hit a three-run homer. Willie McCovey started the reflexive Giant rally in the ninth with a single and came around on Haller's double, but Ed Bailey, pinch-hitting, missed his bid for the tying two-run homer by about fifteen feet, and the two teams trooped off toward the more impressionable audiences of the opposite coast.

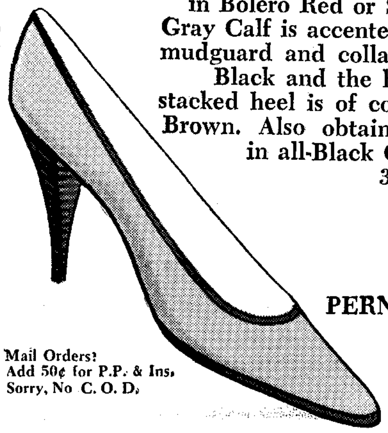
What these ballplayers left behind, with at least one spectator, was not just an appreciation of their individual skills, courage, and opportunism but a refreshed admiration for the sport they pursue. Unlike the playoffs, each of the five World Series games to date has been taut, wholly professional, wholly absorbing. Each has been won by the team that deserved to win. Each, in fact, has revealed in early-inning whispers—a key strike delivered, a double play just missed—which team was a fraction sharper or luckier that day and would eventually win. This year, baseball's two best teams rose to the beloved, foolish, exciting autumn occasion, and did honor to their great game.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14

THE violent West Coast storm that has postponed the completion of the Series has bred in me the odd conviction that this championship can have no satisfactory conclusion. A victory by the Yankees will merely encourage smugness among their adherents, whose mouths are already perpetually stuffed with feathers, and will reinforce the San Francisco fans' conviction of their own fundamental insufficiency. (I can hear my friend from the cocktail party triumphantly crying, "I *told* you we always have trouble here!") A seven-game comeback win for the Giants, on the other hand, will lead to another horn-blowing and paper-throwing orgy out there, to the pain of the resident non-rubes. It will also cause San Franciscans to discover for themselves the gloomy truth in Charles McCabe's warning; total triumph is unsettling, for introverts can taste in it the thrilling, debilitating, and ultimately fatal virus of future defeat. Giant fans, like all neurotics, are unappeasable. I can see it now—the Dodgers should have won the playoff. —ROGER ANGELL

Bally of Switzerland SHOE SALON

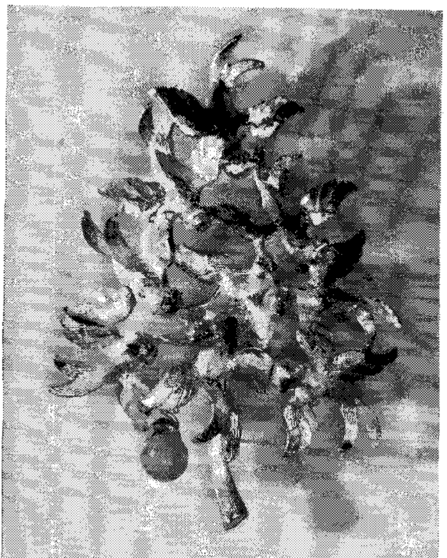
Harmonius triple tonality. This round toed pump in Bolero Red or Slate Gray Calf is accented on mudguard and collar by Black and the high, stacked heel is of course Brown. Also obtainable in all-Black Calf. 30.00



PERNOT

Mail Orders?
Add 50¢ for P.P. & Ins.
Sorry, No C. O. D.

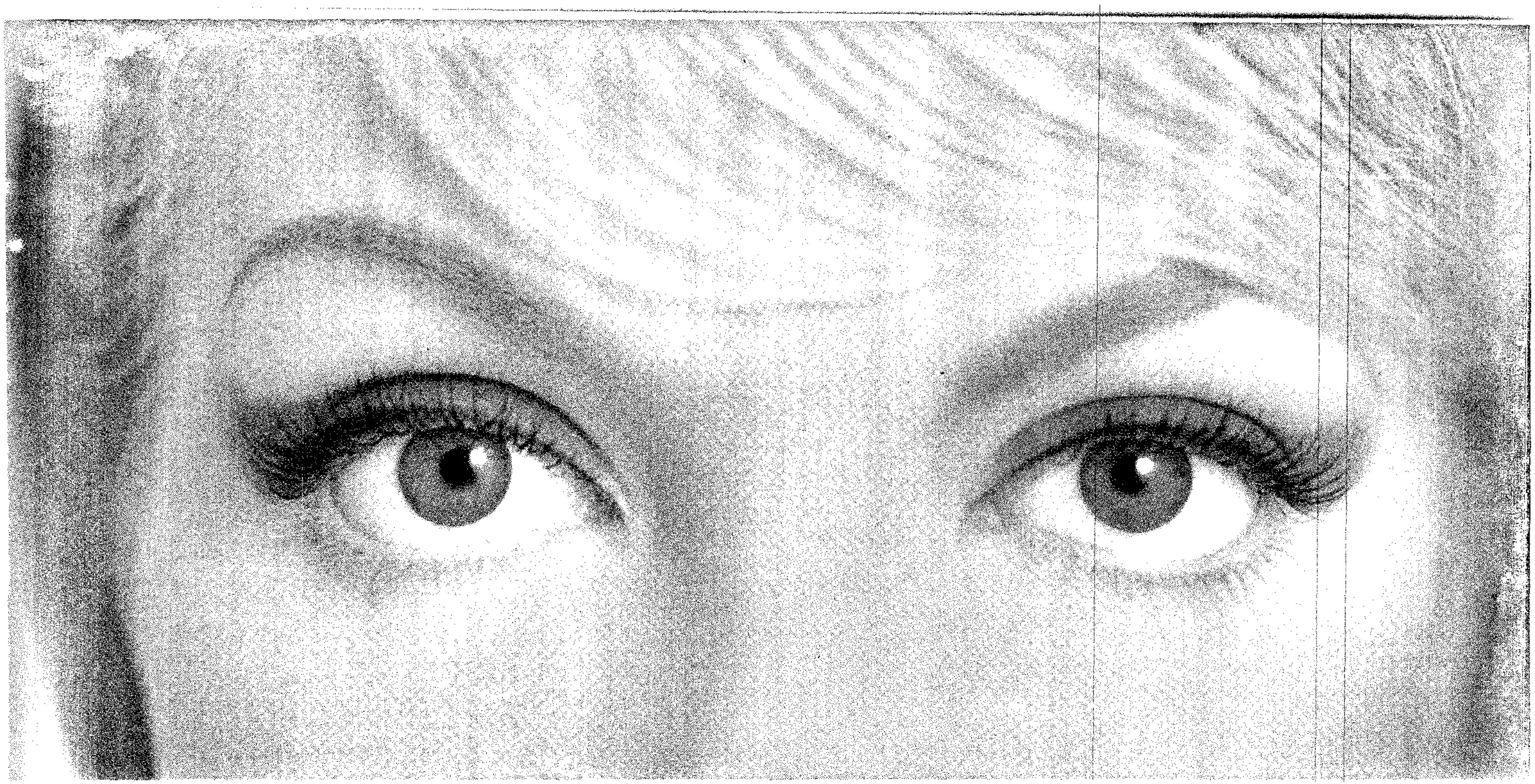
Bally
673 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.
At 61st Street



Our pear in a partridge tree pin by Cadoro. One, tiny, green pear swinging on delicately wrought gold-washed metal **5.50**
Fed. tax incl.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Houston

Shown actual size
Mail orders to Dallas Add 45c mailing Christmas gift wrap 50c



ue Shadow, Blue-Green Eye-liner, Brownish-Black Mascara Wand

MAX FACTOR SETS THE FASHION TEMPO WITH

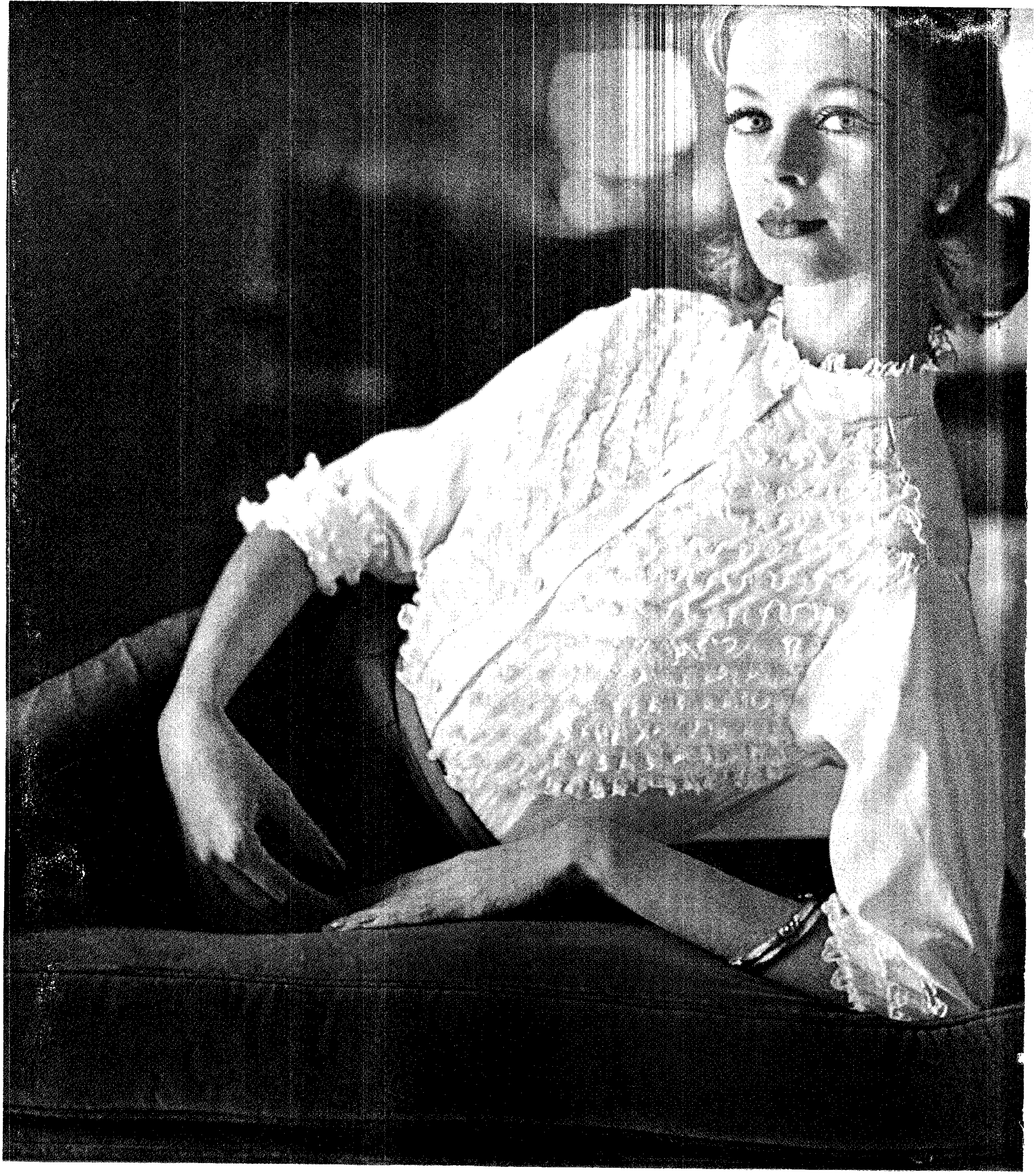
CALIFORNIA BLUES

It could only happen by California sunlight—the birth of a new kind of blues in the light—like music to your eyes. High-key blues that sing out against the fashionable new muted browns, neutrals, charcoals. And oh, how they play up the lights in your eyes! Put your own eye combo together from the cool ones, the true blue ones, the blues with a lilt of green. Max Factor makes them all in matte-powder or cream-stick eyeshadows, marvelous Mascara Wand, Hi-Fi Fluid Eye-liner. Give your eyes the accent fashion loves . . . California Blues. MAX FACTOR

Dress created for Max Factor by Women's Haberdashers.

©1962, Max Factor & Co.

MAX FACTOR
Powder
EYE
SHADOW
MAX
FACTOR
hi-fi
FLUID
EYE-LINER



WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL

Lady Manhattan® As feminine and fragile as the lady who wears it...a Lady Manhattan® shirt with ruffles of lace. It's lovely to behold; it's a pleasure to own...because it's another Lady Manhattan no-iron beauty! Made of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton batiste that practically cares for itself. Trimmed with 100% Dacron® polyester lace on the neckband, front and turn-back cuffs. Sizes 8 to 18 in white only, about $10. Slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

At these and other fine stores: STERN'S, New York • STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia • JORDAN MARSH, Boston • LAMSON'S, Toledo • MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago • FOLEY'S, Houston • THE MAY CO., All Stores • ROOS/ATKINS, California

THERE'LL BE NOBODY FOR LUNCH SUNDAY

Like a sail unfurling in a favorable wind, the white linen sheet bellied open, to settle, slowly and symmetrically, upon the waiting bed. Amy Manwaring persuaded the monogram to the exact center. "Poor creatures," she remarked to her son Clyde, standing by. "I want to make the whole house terribly pretty for them; poor dears, sleeping in bunks at Vassar, as they probably do. I want to make the place look divine, and so I shall, if— Help tuck that side in. Oh, use both hands, for goodness' sake. I could *kill* Bridie for not coming out to help, today of all days. How many, actually, do you think there'll be?"

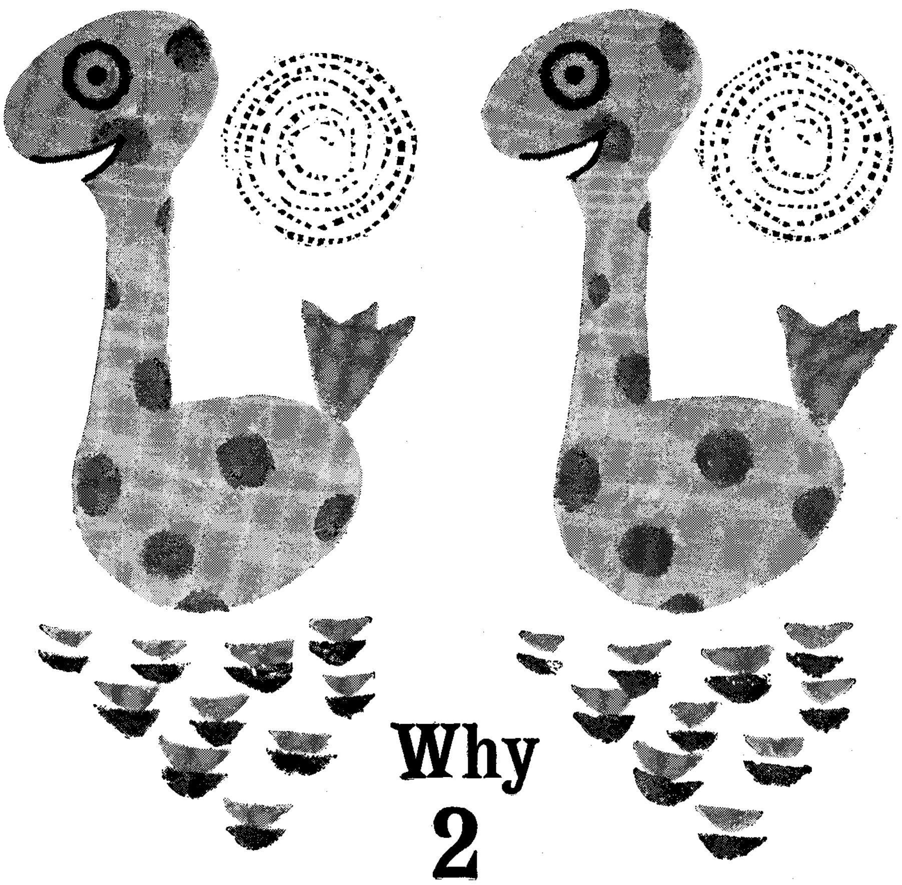
Clyde, pale and sleepy, balanced himself on his long legs, which looked as though they might fold beneath him at any minute. He and his friends were about to go off in all directions, the following week, from Yale, after their junior year, and in a cheerful moment, brought on by the prospect of no more intellectual toil for months to come, they had all asked their favorite girls to spend a long weekend at Clyde's family's house, in the country, west of New Haven. The boys themselves would continue to sleep in their denuded college rooms—hospitable though everyone knew the Manwarings to be, there was a limit—but they would all drive out for breakfast Saturday and Sunday, Clyde had told his mother. "I don't know exactly how many girls, but you'll know them all when you see them. Whatever ones come, they've all been here before—except Eleanor, who's Chuck's girl; his fiancée, to be exact. And Alf's girl, who maybe won't be here, because she's sick."

"Then approximately how many to sleep, darling? I can't help wishing they weren't coming, with you so tired you don't look a bit like yourself. . . . I don't want to seem fussy, but won't you have to bring me down the folding cots from the attic? Have you any idea at all, do you think?"

Clyde, usually so conscientious his family teased him about it, did not seem able to bring his exhausted mind to bear on the problem, and drooped in the doorway, mooning down at a slack handful of neckties. "Dozens," he murmured.

"*Dozens*! But to sleep! Even with all the cots, we haven't got—"

Had overwork turned his brain? But then a passing flicker of comprehension was to be seen in the boy's kind blue eyes



Why 2 Swimming Pools?

One for morning and one for afternoon? One warm and one cool? One deep and one shallow? Stop guessing. There's no real reason for two pools, except that it's typical of the way the Pierre Marques pampers guests. Every luxury, every convenience is provided. Yet the rate of exchange favors vacationers who want the best without spending the most.

At Acapulco's most famous and most fabulous resort, life is carefree, informal, **simpatico.** The pace is leisurely or active, according to your preference. There's a beautiful, private Pacific beach, all water sports including game fishing, skiing, skin diving, and sailing. Tennis. Golf. Duck hunting in season. Evenings are bright social occasions, with lavish international dining, gala dancing and entertainment.

Pierre Marques accommodations are luxuriously appointed, completely air-conditioned. Cuisine is deservedly renowned.

Acapulco is only a few air hours from wherever you are. See your Travel Agent for details, or call on our international representatives:

Robert F. Warner, Inc. in New York, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Toronto and London; or

Glen W. Fawcett, Inc. in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Dallas, Portland, San Diego and Vancouver.

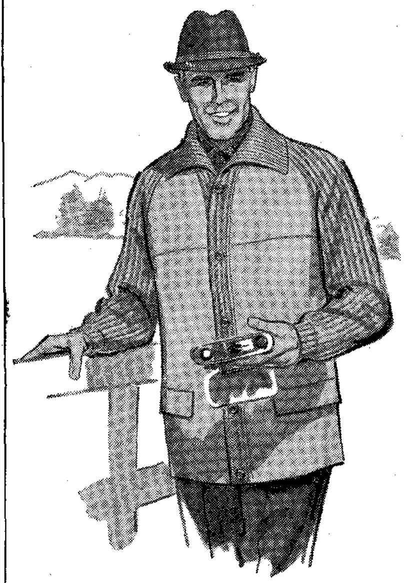
HOTEL PIERRE MARQUES
ACAPULCO, MEXICO
Affiliated with Hotel Pierre, New York

P.S. In Mexico City, the place to stay is the Reforma.

A&F

Suede Perfection

These luxurious A&F leisure jackets are tailored with the finest, most supple suede leathers. Favored by sportsmen who like the way the good looks of fine suede improve with age.



Tyrol Cardigan from Austria with all-wool knit raglan sleeves, collar and trim. Tan or dark brown. S, M, L, XL. . 62.50

Leisure Jacket with all-wool knit collar inset and trim. Tan or green. 36-48. . . . 89.50

Mail and phone orders accepted

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS

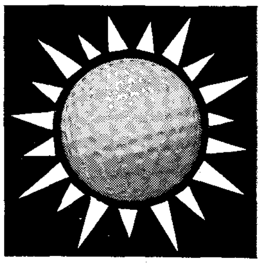
before he turned away. "Dozens of neckties, both long and bow, I never want to see round my neck again, so is it all right with you if I heave the whole lot into the Goodwill bag? It would sort of symbolize the end of exams for me."

She paused in her work to consider. "Even that nice navy blue?" Then, "Oh, I don't care what you do with them! What I need to be thinking about is how many of your friends' girls you estimate will be coming."

"Seven?" he hazarded, but she believed he pitched on that number by chance, or merely in order to keep her quiet. She hurried off, reminding him across her shoulder that *she* had asked *him*, not he her, and that seven would mean two folding cots in the sewing room and somebody on the old sofa in the back hall. Probably he needed a bracing tonic, and after this weekend was over she must engage in the usual death struggle preliminary to getting him to take one. A more immediate concern was that she must descend to the kitchen, where she had to break bad news to good old Nelly. "Oh, Nelly," she would say, "Bridie just telephoned she can't come out to help us today—that old husband of hers, sick again—so we'll just have to struggle along by ourselves, I'm afraid. I've got almost all the beds made," she would add, cheery and mendacious, as one so often, often has to be. She went downstairs. Half an hour later, back up again, as she was hurling pillows about in another upstairs room, she glanced out and saw Clyde perched drowsily at the foot of a long garden chair, conning that handful of neckties, selecting and rejecting; he seemed to be having special trouble casting out of his life a dark green. Ten minutes later, as she briskly redded up a bathroom, she looked out again, to see his long, narrow form stretched full length in the chair, eyes closed, hands limp and empty across his stomach, and a snarl of neckties, like bright, patterned snakes deployed on the grass, guarding his sleep. It was all too much, too hard; the mind that had been grappling for weeks and weeks with a paper on the probable political future of some of the smaller African nations, and simultaneously with another on a physiology subject so profound it had made even his father, Charles, whistle in disbelief—that mind had given up and was at rest.

Rapidly she dealt a hand of washcloths, then fetched an equal number of bath towels and distributed them round, hoping as she did so that she wouldn't,

Sun! Golf!



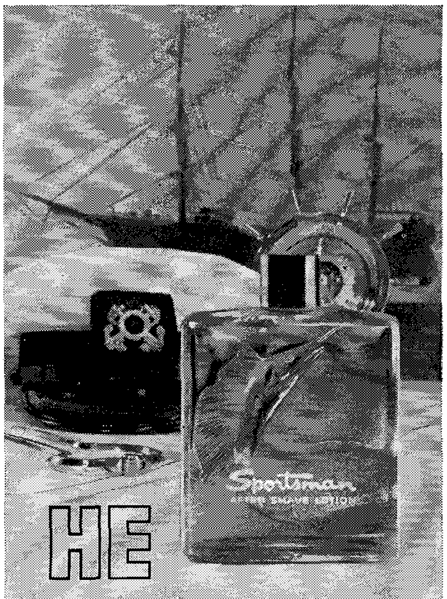
this winter in the comfort and luxury of the

ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL

Private, *uncrowded,* 18-hole championship course. Many, many other luxuries. This rare resort is a happy paradox . . . It is as if a complete, cosmopolitan hotel had been transferred to the desert and set down on a 1400-acre oasis of lawns, flowers, citrus groves...Here you enjoy the sunny Southwest to the fullest without having to go the least bit "Western" or giving up the comforts of home. For this great resort is staffed and operated as a fashionable, metropolitan, luxury hotel.

Modified Am. Plan (includes breakfast, dinner). For pictorial folder, contact John L. Love, Resident Manager.

ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL • PHOENIX, ARIZ.



sails on weekends and for everyday pleasure he uses...

Sportsman®

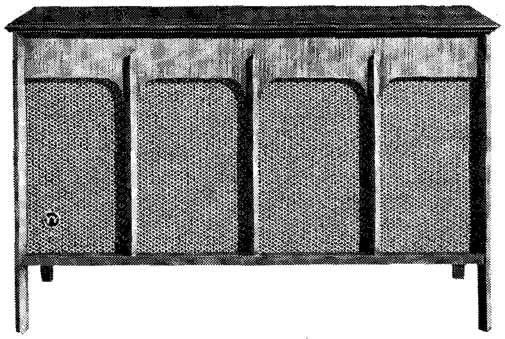
MEN'S GROOMING ESSENTIALS

AFTER-SHAVE LOTION • COLOGNE
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE • TALC • D-BAR

SPORTING ACCESSORIES FROM ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

definitive stereo sound system

elegant . . . eloquent!

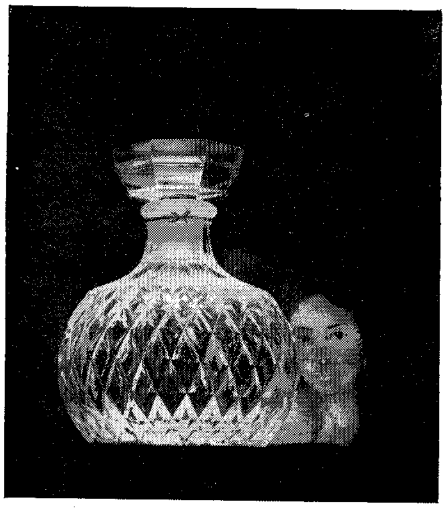


WEBCOR MONTEREY—tape recorder, phonograph, AM/stereo FM radio in oiled walnut cabinetry of enduring grace

The MONTEREY is no less than the definitive stereo system of the Sixties. And its graceful oiled walnut cabinet makes it a constant delight to your eyes as well as your ears. Every advanced feature known to the art of stereo is found here. Five wide range speakers deliver luxurious sound from each stereo source—tape recorder, phonograph and stereo FM. The tape recorder operates at all three speeds, the automatic record changer at all four. You can play back 2- and 4-track pre-recorded stereo tapes, or record your own from stereo FM, stereo records, or "live". Your Webcor dealer will be delighted to demonstrate its versatility and ease of operation.

WEBCOR
STYLED FOR SOUND

Webcor Inc., Chicago tape recorders, portable and console phonographs, radios, components, Dormeyer appliances and power tools



inseparable...
the fragrance
and the woman...
together they
make a mood
to remember

Capricci

PARFUMS
NINA RICCI
PARIS

CAPRICCI PERFUME MADE AND SEALED IN FRANCE. $60., $37.50, $12.50. EAU DE TOILETTE, FRAGRANCE SPRAYS, DUSTING POWDER, FROM $16. TO $6.50. PRICES PLUS TAX. PARFUMS NINA RICCI PARIS. IN U.S.A.: 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

B Altman & Co

next morning and the morning after, find these same towels, wet, flung down across beds and in the laps of chintz chairs, the way the young did these days. Were there, then, no towel racks at centers of higher learning? She wished some aged philanthropist or alert foundation would make a generous endowment for an ample installation of habit-forming chromium bars, so that, when there was a weekend party of Clyde's friends at the house, she wouldn't find chintz seats damply wrinkled and the top bed blankets clammy. The fact that she and Bridie folded these towels and carried them back where they belonged had made no impression whatever. There could be tiny commemorative chromium plaques on the Radcliffe and Williams bathroom walls, she dreamed: "Rockefeller Racks;" "Heckscher Hooks."

LATER in the day, the living room began filling with people. Cars kept turning in at the drive, and Clyde, rejuvenated, restored to a degree that might have led anyone but his concerned parents to suppose he had never in his life stayed up all night, nights running, to study, was a lively and affectionate host. Returning from one of several trips to the telephone in the hall closet, he announced to the room at large, "Alf's girl from Vassar really may not get here after all; I'd had hopes."

"Oh, why *not?*" asked a delightful creature with falling light hair and vast eyes.

"She's got a double earache and they've trapped her up in the infirmary."

Amy Manwaring suggested that perhaps Clyde had some other friend whose girl needed a roof over her head.

"Could be," her son amiably agreed. "Let me ponder," he said, and did nothing about it, and resumed filling his guests' glasses.

"Hail, hail," said a stocky young man from the doorway. He was followed by a girl Amy had seen earlier vanishing into an upstairs bathroom. Clyde, before presenting them, murmured to his mother that this was Chuck's fiancée. They joined the groups overflowing floor and furniture, and Amy thought how, after all her efforts, what a pleasure it was to see her living room so tenanted. Oh, the young these days are wonderful, she said to herself. So bright of eye and hair, so polite, so capable and knowledgeable and funny. Nell was statuesque, and giggled; there were two Ellies and sev-

Copenhagen's romantic castles, blue waters and flowering gardens have a story-book charm. And so does our collection of fabulous, fairy-tale furs.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
Copenhagen's Leading Furriers Since 1869

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Lord & Taylor

Woods and tweeds
bring out the best of
country handbags—
Etienne Aigner's natural
linen and leather, 43.00
All leather, 46.00 Plus tax.
At all Lord & Taylor stores

Photographed at De Pinna, Fifth Avenue, New York.

"Well! You must have come into an inheritance, or something."

"No, not at all."

"But you did say you were flying to London on vacation next month?"

"That's right."

"And you're flying Air-India?"

"Oh my, yes."

"Well, isn't that a pretty posh way to travel?"

"My dear, it couldn't be posher. Really, you get such heavenly service on Air-India's 17-day economy jet excursion fares, you hardly know you're economizing."

"Oh? And just how much *are* you economizing? Not that I mean to pry."

"Let's see . . . round-trip New York to London, we save $136 apiece. That comes to two hundred and . . . well, you can see it's quite a lot."

"But isn't that the same 17-day special the other airlines have?"

"Of course. And how Air-India can do it is beyond *me*. Why just to think what they must pay for their hostesses' saris alone — real gold embroidery, in the most divine patterns . . . and such elegant cabin decor!"

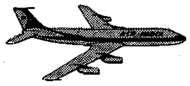
"It *is* jet, of course?"

"My dear—nothing less than Boeing 707 *Rolls-Royce* Jets. That's the only kind of plane Air-India flies. Such distinguished pilots, too . . . and the crew is *so* charming."

"Just imagine—Air-India and Europe, too! I must say, darling—you do find the most *chic* ways to economize."

Sample: 17-Day Economy Jet Excursion Fares From New York

London $350.00	Paris $389.60
Frankfurt $425.60	Rome $484.30



AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah

For group or individual reservations, see your travel agent, or your local Air India *office.*

Dernier Cri
THE LAST WORD

by
EMILIO PUCCI

Illustrated, style 70—$8.95

for the
FORMFIT DESIGNERS COLLECTION

Subtle, ladylike shaping for new, gentle fashion lines. Camisette neckline, hand-clipped French Rose lace for a look of Victorian charm. White or Black. Sizes 32-36. A or B cup. Style 70.

At all
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
stores

eral Cassies, a surprising number of whom were Thompsons and Thomsons; each one an enchantress, their hostess thought—that is, each an enchantress except possibly Chuck's girl, who never should have worn blue; her mother should have told her in the cradle how it paled her out. What was her name? This girl sat upright at the edge of a sofa; a stiff half smile never left her mouth. This was the girl, Amy knew in a flash of clairvoyance, whose bread-and-butter letter, deckle-edged in gold, would arrive a punctual twenty-four hours after whenever she left and would thank her for "the weekend of your gracious hospitality in your lovely home"—as if she had consulted a Good Manners column in a newspaper instead of her own heart, Amy thought, with the irritation born of exhaustion. Sometimes, after weekends, the nicest girl of all never wrote at all, and then Amy would think up excuses for her, and imagine some upset at school or at home that had caused her to let minor matters like polite letters go by the board. Eleanor—that was Chuck's fiancée's name.

In a pause of talk Charles was heard to say, affably, that pretty soon his living room was going to run out of chairs and sofas and floor space, and Eleanor then said, "What do you live so near New Haven for, then?" The sudden silence that followed was quickly masked over by a hurried babble. Had she meant to sound rude? Amy thought not; facetious, merely? It's hard to tell the difference, with the young and inexperienced; hard for them, too, to be able to predict what's going to come out of their opening mouths; a joke can become transmuted into something quite horrible in the very telling of it, nothing being quite so awkward as innocence. So Amy smiled across at the girl, and Charles said he wouldn't be without the consequences of living near Yale for anything, but Chuck shot a quick look round the room from under sandy brows, gauging the reaction of his contemporaries. They all happened to be glancing elsewhere. Amy smiled again at Eleanor, got up, and offered her potato chips, but the girl shook her head.

The telephone rang again in the hall closet. The host answered and was heard to say in easy tones, "No, no; no rush at all. . . . Not in the least—heavens, no. . . . Oh, house guests, and quite a few others. Don't hurry. Dinner's from seven to nine." Amy's eyes flew open and she looked across the crowded room at Charles, to find him looking at

D/R INTERNATIONAL
866 Lexington Ave. at 65th
N.Y. 22
RH 4-8995

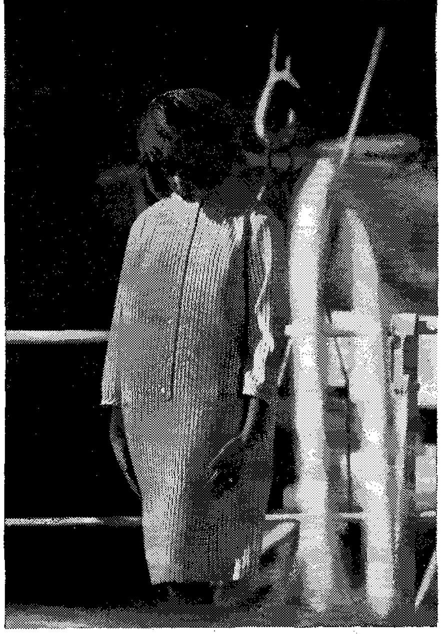
DESIGN RESEARCH
57 Brattle Street
Cambridge 38, Mass.
UN 4-6550

D R

MARIMEKKO from Finland

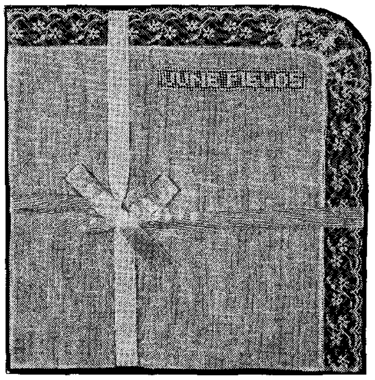
COAL LINE
White flannel with black stripe
8-14 $79

one of many new Marimekko woolens available at our stores



The definitive portrait is by Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men.

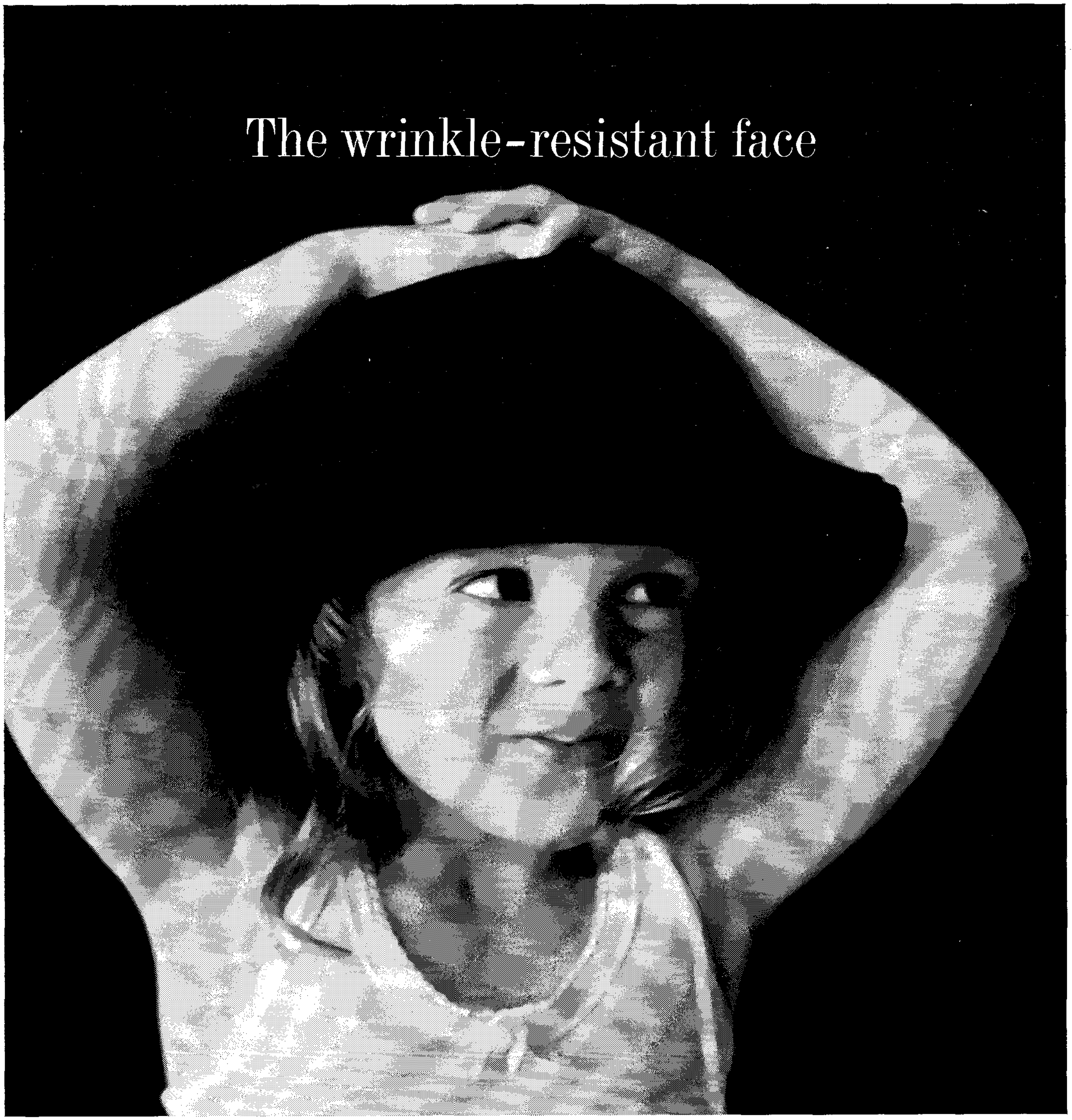


The IDEAL GIFT

Personalized with Her Full Name (cut into sheer white Irish linen) size 15" x 15" including fine French lace 1" wide. Entirely hand made. $3.75 ea. ppd. Box of 3—$10.50 ppd. (For air mail special delivery add 75¢). No COD's please. Mail order and remittance to:

Villari Handkerchief Co.
280 Madison Ave. (Rm. 507), Dept. Y10-20, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

The wrinkle-resistant face



You were born with a soft, smooth, fresh complexion . . . why not keep it?

JC
Flowing Velvet
HYDROPHILIC CREAM
Jacqueline Cochran

Very young skin is bountifully supplied with natural oils and moisture. Now science has found a way to maintain this vital moisture balance at any age.

Mere moisture isn't enough. Oils alone can't cope, when your personal "moisture-factory" slows down.

To keep the dewy look of a young complexion, you need both oils and moisture. That's why Jacqueline Cochran gives you both in Flowing Velvet with exclusive Hydrolin . . . the only formula that provides a normal balance of polyunsaturated beauty oils and pure natural moisture in one rich dual-emulsion. And that's why the woman who uses Flowing Velvet regularly never has a dry skin problem.

This unique flowing cream supplies vital oils and moisture to the sub-surface tissues where dry-skin aging begins. And it's absolutely greaseless; works invisibly under your make-up, works non-stop while you sleep.

If you have a dry skin problem . . . start today to bring back the dewy look of youth. Treat your skin to Flowing Velvet (a more-than-two-months' supply is just 3.50 *plus tax*). You were born with a soft, smooth, fresh complexion, and you can keep it with Flowing Velvet.

FLOWING VELVET by Jacqueline Cochran

ORIGINATOR OF THE MOISTURE CONCEPT

her, and laughing. "So now we know," she read his lips.

She went out to inform and pacify Nelly, and on her way back encountered Clyde, with a bowl of ice cubes, in the dining room. She said, "*If* this is turning into a standup dinner and all these people staying, I'll unset these two tables and do them over for a buffet."

He smiled down at her. "That's it. That's the way. You must remember, this is strictly informal. I've told everybody so," he added in very businesslike tones.

"Not me," she muttered, stacking plates. "Everybody but me."

Eventually returning to the living room, she threaded her way past the long legs of boys sitting on the floor, past the girl Eleanor still perched at the edge of the sofa and still smiling, even though at nothing much, and reached her husband's side. She spoke low to him.

"Ha!" he said, equally low, but clear. "Then if it's so informal, why can't you and I take our drinks outside to the long chairs and put our feet up?"

No sooner said than done. It was heaven. The great peonies hung their heads over, heavy with their own poignance. A frog's face watched cautiously from above the rim of a lead, shell-shaped birdbath on the grass; his eyes were alert yellow jewels; he was bathing, silently. The two people in the long chairs could hear, from far off, mourning doves mournfully bidding each other good night, assuring each other that tomorrow would be another day. Nearer at hand, yet one more car turned in the drive and its occupants entered the house to welcoming cries.

"Maybe the one with the earache has made it after all. Isn't it God's mercy I bought such a great big ham?" Amy said. "Do you suppose those beautiful girls' legs'll ever ache the way mine do this instant?"

Charles lit a cigarette against mosquitoes and then said, "Often, let's hope."

HOURS later, in the shadowy drive, beside the car he had borrowed for the weekend, Chuck said, "Hop in. On to the dance."

But Eleanor lingered. "Honey, *please* take me away from here and let me stay somewhere else."

Chuck was astonished. "But why, for God's sake?"

"I don't see any reason not to, if I want you to." She couldn't help it if her voice was sulky. "There's so much coming and going, they'd never notice."

"I don't see any reason *to*. Come

Peck & Peck

The Softness of Silk

...for all your important occasions. Pure warp silk taffeta, steeped in a beautiful blur of misted colours. Magenta red, sapphire blue or emerald green. 8 to 16, 49.95

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Rochester Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Indianapolis Atlanta • St. Paul • Minneapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D.C. • Hartford • Providence

TRIC-TRAC

$284 *For your leisure hours*

a unique French Tric-Trac games table—chess—backgammon—reversible felt top for cards or as a writing table. Made from mellow old pearwood. Luscious patina. 34½" x 23" x 28" high. Limited Edition. Mail orders F.O.B. N.Y.C.—Add $15 for crating beyond local delivery area.

Visit LLOYDS and discover exciting antique and reproduction furniture and decorations, distinguished pieces from old estates, and just plain good used furniture. You'll find it a rare and very worthwhile adventure.

Send for free 48 page catalog

LLOYDS 116 E. 60th St. N.Y. 22, N.Y. PLaza 9-7313

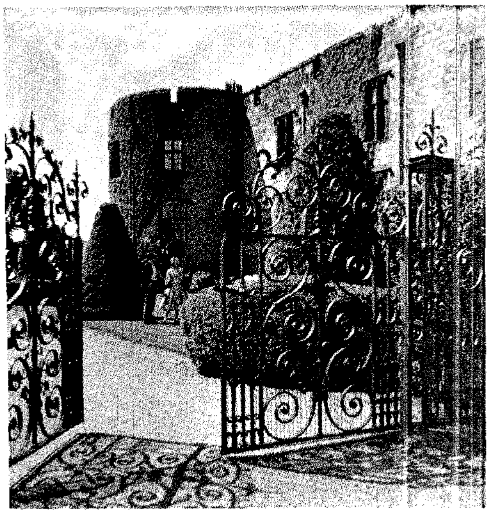
Sterling Silver
"George I" Coffee Set
$225. 25oz.

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

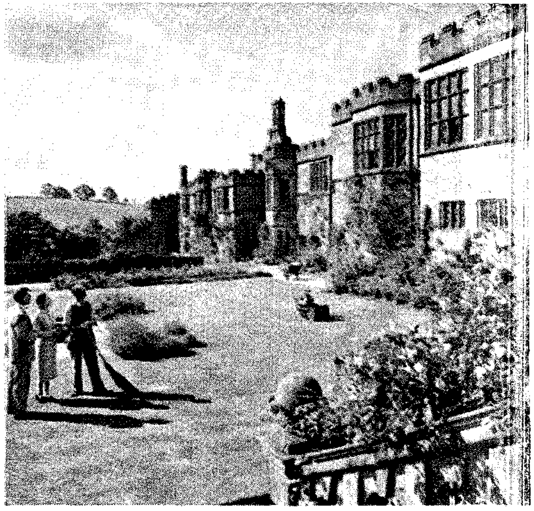
PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

Guide to the stately homes of Britain

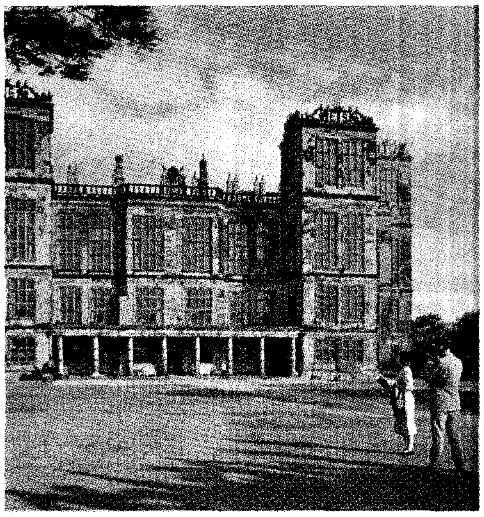
(Over 650 stately homes now welcome visitors in Britain — only 6½ hours or 5 lovely sea-days from New York.)



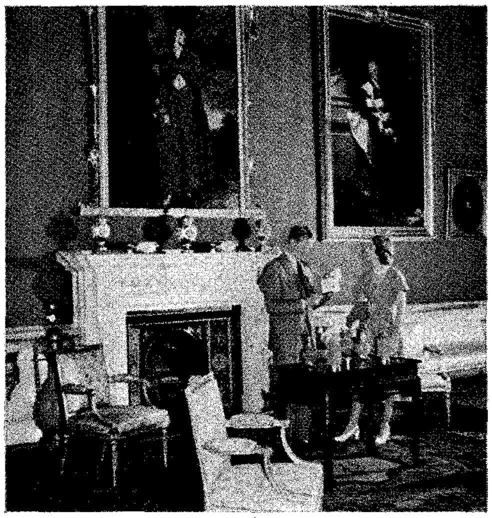
CHIRK CASTLE. This Welsh border castle has been lived in for 650 years. That's the charm of so many stately homes in Britain. They are *homes*, not musty old museums.



HADDON HALL. This mediaeval mansion belongs to the Duke of Rutland. If you rent a small car (about $36 a week), you can easily visit three ducal homes in a single day.

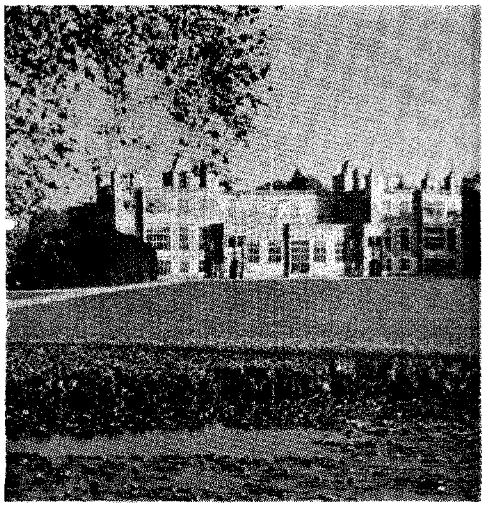


HARDWICK HALL. "Hardwick Hall — more glass than wall," says an old jingle. See for yourself — for 42 cents. That's the usual admission price to most of Britain's stately homes.

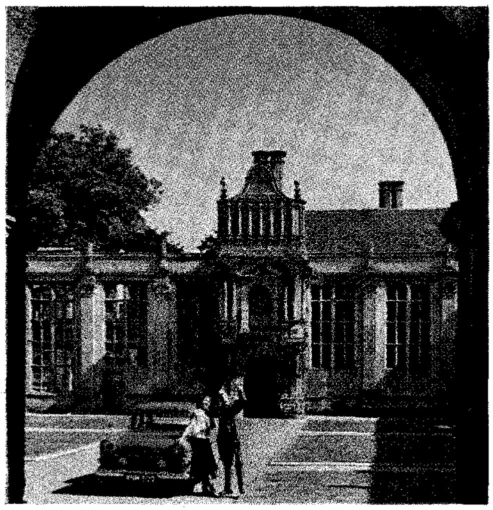


HAREWOOD HOUSE. Antique-lovers dote on it. Adam did the interior. The furniture is mostly Chippendale. Harewood is 203 years old, yet it is 643 years *younger* than the local church!

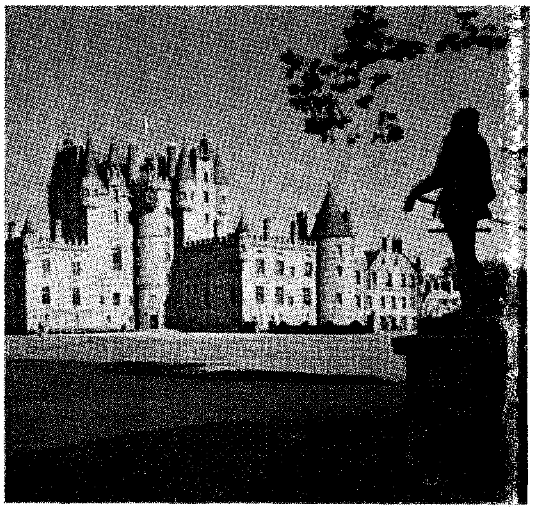
HATFIELD HOUSE. Queen Elizabeth I roamed its gardens as a *prisoner*. (Recipe for an English lawn: seed, then mow for 500 years.) The Cecil family own Hatfield and *live* in it.



AUDLEY END. This was once a palace of Charles II; he *summered* here. Your best touring time is Spring or Fall, when the roads and hotels are uncrowded and the temperature is ideal.

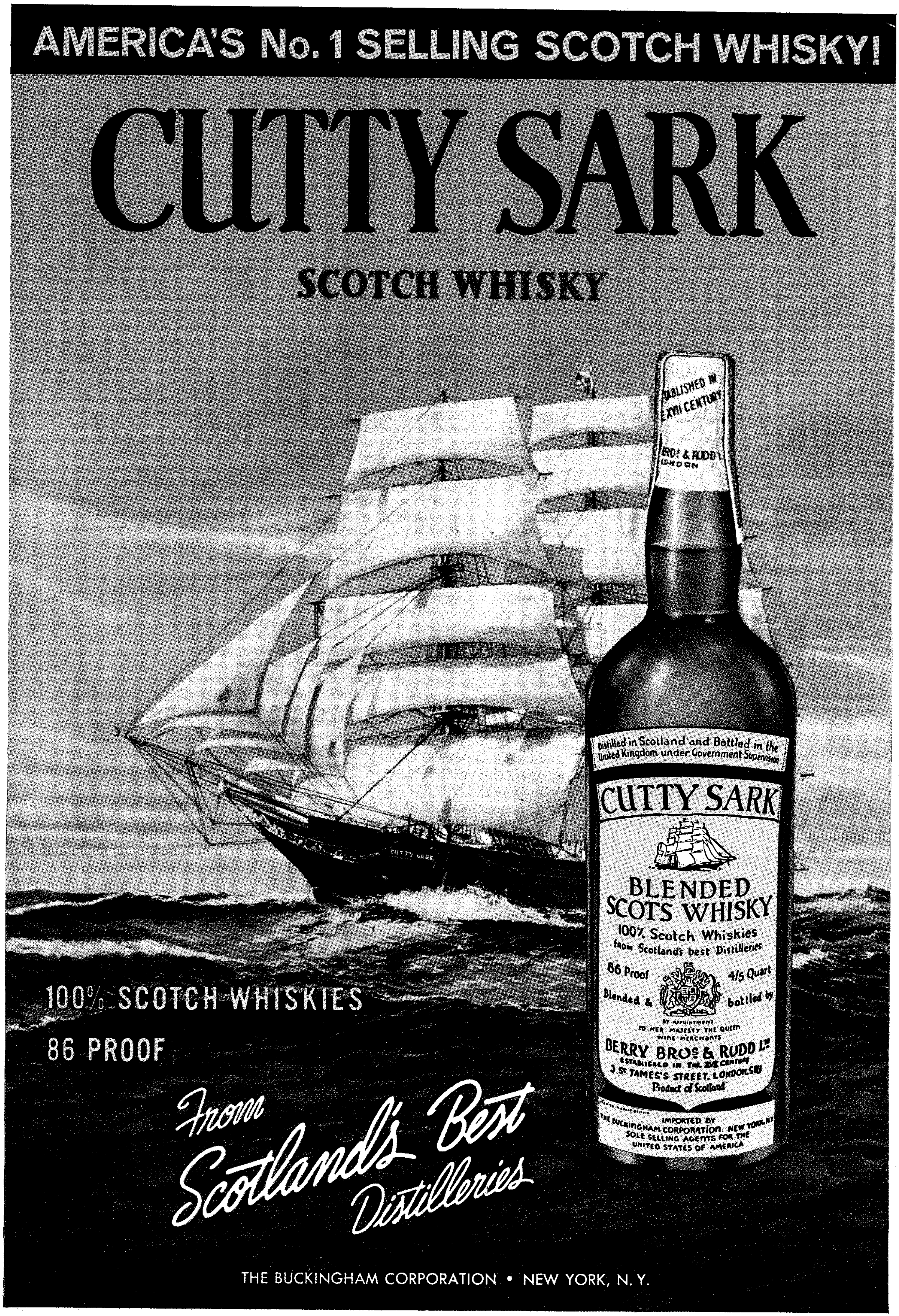


KIRBY HALL. This renaissance extravagance has a garden with 4,000 rose bushes. A nearby castle has hedges sculptured like elephants. British gardens are glorious. Labors of love.



GLAMIS CASTLE. Princess Margaret's birthplace — and Macbeth's home. It now houses an Earl and a nameless red-headed ghost. Fall and Spring are best for ghost-hunting. Nights are longer.

For free color booklet "Stately Homes in Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 412, British Travel Association.
In New York — 680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles — 606 So. Hill St.; In Chicago — 39 So. La Salle St.; In Canada — 90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.



AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED IN XVII CENTURY
BROS & RUDD
LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON S.W.
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
CUTTY SARK

along; get in. These proms cost money, you know, and we're already the last to leave here. You certainly took your time after dinner, dressing." He opened the car door.

"It was because I wanted to leave, so I let the rest go ahead. You never wrote me you were going to park me in a place like this, and I wouldn't have come if I'd known you wouldn't be staying here, too. You simply didn't write me that, did you? . . . Chuck, dear," she added, feeling rising antagonism through the darkness.

"Well, bear up about that, baby. You can get along for a few hours without me. You'll have me all day tomorrow, and all the day after."

"I thought I'd be somewhere in New Haven, nearer you." She put out a hand and found his sleeve. "Why don't I just go back upstairs and pack quickly—I've hardly *un*packed, as a matter of fact—my shoes, though, I mustn't forget them; they're under the bed—and we can tell them, oh, anything, and I could stay at a *motel* after the prom, and I wouldn't have to . . . to—"

"To what?" Exasperation began seeping through his voice. "Oh, let's get going. Into the car with you."

"Well, if you must know, I brought this long dress to dance in and I see the other girls all brought short ones, and they all know each other, or if they don't, they act as though they did somehow, and anyway all their cousins seem to have roomed with each other at Timothy's—"

"St. Timothy's," he interrupted. "St. *Tim's*, actually."

"—and my best shorts don't fit, so I brought ones I don't really—"

"Oh, who the hell cares about your shorts! Are we going to miss the entire prom because you don't admire your own shorts?"

"I don't like it here at all," said her sullen, young, despairing voice. "It's all too *smooth*. I mean, everything's too perfect. I don't think it's attractive," she said defiantly.

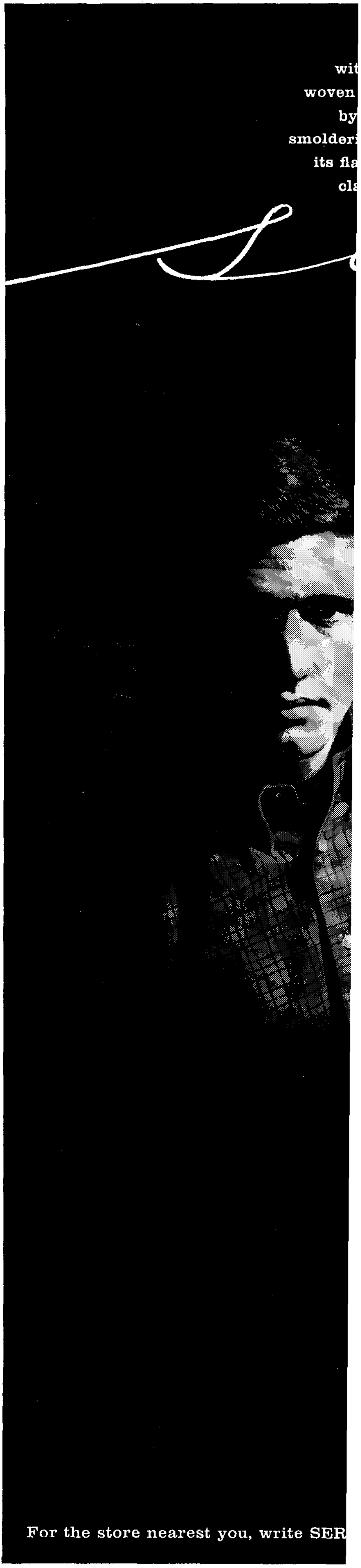
This was too much for Chuck. "I'm sorry you think the place isn't good enough for you."

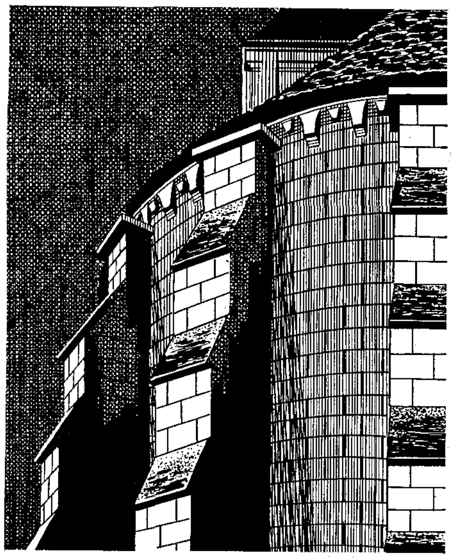
"Oh Chuck! Chuckie darling, I didn't mean it; it's just too perfect, kind of. I mean that's what's the trouble. Oh no, of course there's nothing wrong with the house, and in fact I said to her, Mrs. Manwaring, after dinner, I said it was a *really gorgeous place*, and she was pleased."

Chuck groaned. "You didn't!"

"I did, and she smiled and thanked me very much."

She jumped into the car and slammed


wi
woven
by
smolderi
its fla
cl
For the store nearest you, write SER



buttress

The most effective support for any investment is thorough research.

Smith, Barney & Co.'s large Research Department (which includes three of the firm's partners) serves as a stalwart buttress for the investment knowledge of our organization and the investment judgment of our clients.

As professional financial advisers, we are keenly aware that any sound financial structure must have a foundation of *facts.* Our Research Department is therefore engaged in a constant study of individual companies, industries, the quality of management, and market and economic trends. They provide a continuous flow of factual data to our staff and our clients...information essential to sound investment decisions.

If you'd like to see some recent examples of our Research Reports... to show you how they could buttress your investment planning... just let us know. We'll send them to you immediately upon request.

Smith, Barney & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges

20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia • Chicago
Boston • San Francisco
Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

the door. "But I think you're crazy. You're not in the least the way you were this summer at the lake. You aren't the same *per*son. Let's get started."

The car whirled out the drive.

"THERE goes the last one," Charles said to Amy as he sat on the side of his bed trimming his nails. "High time. Chuck and his girl. I think it was. I thought they seemed strained at dinner. Whose side are you on?"

"Hers," Amy said broodingly, from above her turned-over sheet. "Hers, poor thing." Charles heaved up, into his pajamas, and said probably by morning any rift would have all blown over, but Amy didn't think so. "Turn out the light," she said. Through the dark her voice then came to him as vigorous as though she were just starting a new day. "Nell's asked me to wake her up early so she can get some studying done. They always look perfectly ghastly when I have to wake them up. I'm never sure who's in which room, and looking at them on the pillow I still can't be sure I've waked the right Cassie or Nell or whoever, because with their hair all skewered up and netted down they look like women of fifty-five."

"I know those rollers well. They look like parts of a cotton gin."

"How would you know what they are, those contraptions?" she demanded through the dark.

"I see them rolling round in the bathrooms when I have to go in, occasionally. Clyde's never had a weekend party yet but some beauty hasn't somehow mistreated the plumbing. Remember that peach-colored child, Maisie Something, who put her toothbrush down the w.c.?"

"Elsie Somebody it was. She didn't put it down. She lost it down."

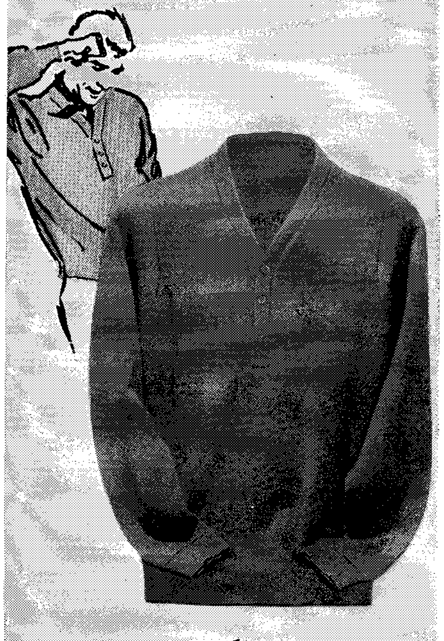
"It came to the same thing in the end."

Amy settled deeper into bed, sleep hovering over her and about to descend. She murmured, "And then how lovely they look when they get out of all that hardware and come downstairs, in pink and blue shorts and shirts, with all that gleaming, American-brown hair. It's too bad Alf's girl got sick and couldn't come, isn't it? Good night. Good night. Sleep well."

BREAKFAST was long-drawn-out, and fully as informal as dinner had been; more so, in fact. Some of the boys came out from New Haven early, some not; Chuck didn't; but from nine on, various young men materialized from town, girls delectable in fresh pink and

Halyard

FOR "AROUND THE FIRE" IN WINTER—
FOR ACTIVE SPORTS IN SUMMER. FINE
COTTON THREE-BUTTON PULLOVER
DESIGNED BY PAUL STUART. WASHABLE.
OLIVE, NAVY, BLACK. S, M, L, XL. $7.50
ADD 50C PER PACKAGE FOR POSTAGE



at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

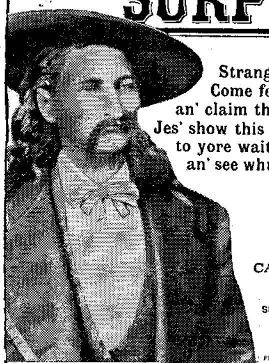
Breathtakingly Beautiful

Dry
Imperator
New York State
CHAMPAGNE

America's fine champagne is now in the world's most beautiful bottle..."Golden Service"

Sole U.S. Distributors: Robinson-Lloyds Ltd., Great Neck, N. Y.

SURPRISE!



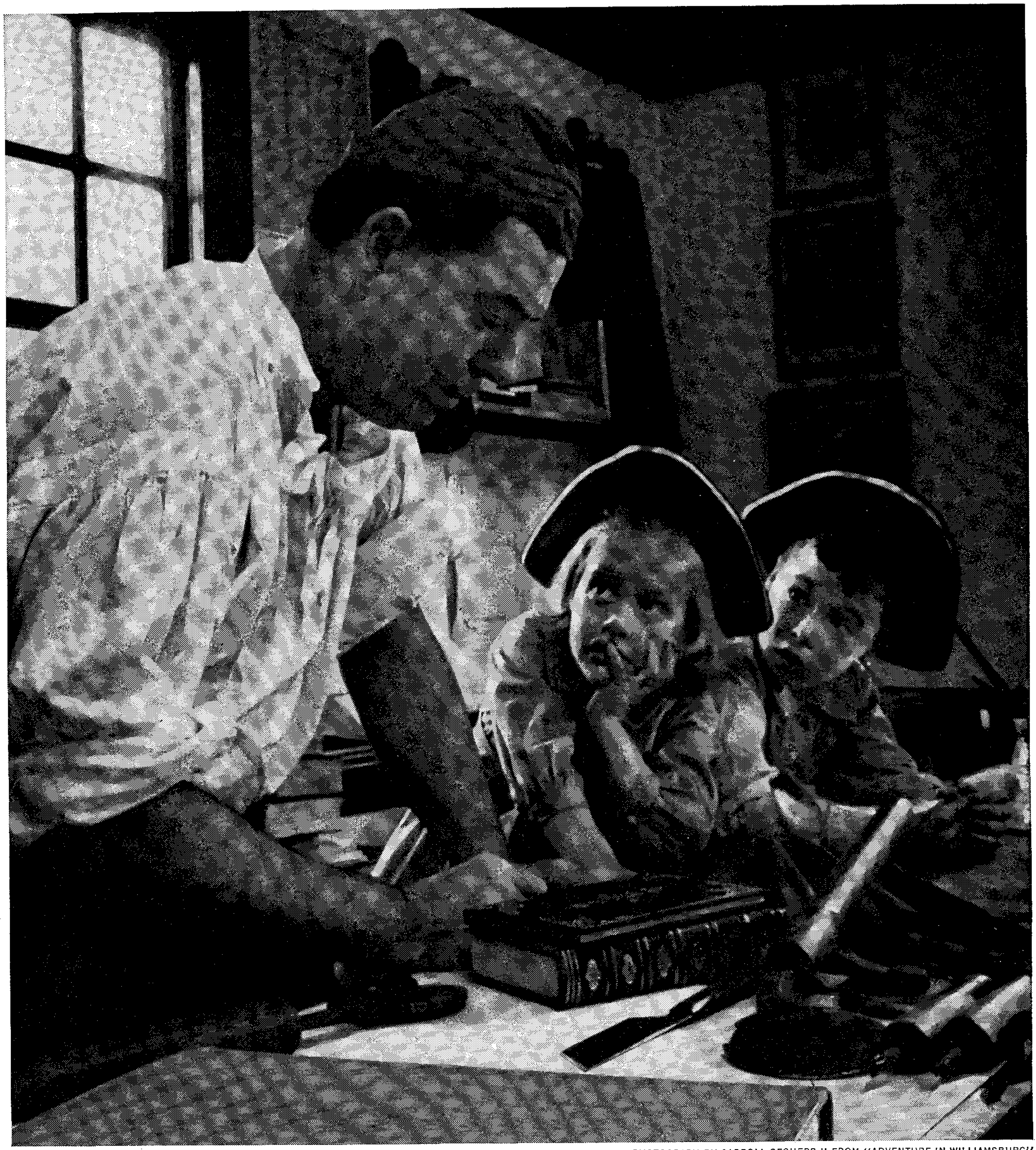
Stranger in town?
Come fer dinner
an' claim the ree-ward!
Jes' show this here 'ad
to yore waiter
an' see whut happens.

PRAIRIE-SIZE
STEAKS
CATTLEMAN'S CUT of
PRIME RIBS

SING ALONG WITH BILL FARRELL
IN THE SALOON
Open Daily & Sunday 'til 2 A.M.
Valet Parking • All Credit Cards
Reservations — YUKON 6-4988

PHOTO: WILD BILL HICKOK, MERCALDO ARCHIVES

LARRY ELLMAN'S
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT AT 47TH ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II FROM "ADVENTURE IN WILLIAMSBURG"

Spellbinder

This man binds books. He also casts spells. Like all Williamsburg craftsmen he has the power to carry you back two hundred years to the days when a man's two hands were his greatest asset. Experience the intriguing fascination of colonial life in the authentic setting of Williamsburg. Shops much the same as in the days of Jefferson, houses just as Patrick Henry knew them, taverns that would not seem strange to Washington. Come to Williamsburg soon and see.

WHERE TO STAY

WILLIAMSBURG INN & COTTAGES
. . . from $16 double (cottages from $11 double)
WILLIAMSBURG LODGE & TAVERNS
. . . from $11 double
THE MOTOR HOUSE . . . . $13.50 double

For reservations, free color folder, information, write Box B-Q, Williamsburg, Virginia, or call New York Reservation Office, Tel.: CIrcle 6-6800.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

choice
of the
smart set!

New
TAYLOR
VERMOUTHS

TAYLOR
Extra Dry
VERMOUTH
TAYLOR
SWEET
VERMOUTH

Premium quality WITHOUT the premium price. Sweet or Dry with just the right verve to give a cocktail the "master mixer's" touch. Try them and see.

© THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC., HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.
Producers of Wines . . . Champagnes . . . Vermouths

blue descended to them, smiling, from above, and more bacon and eggs vanished down young gullets than seemed possible. Clyde, one of those fortunate thin boys who can and do eat all day yet arrive at bedtime looking as though they could do with a CARE parcel, was an excellent host, never leaving the table or his repeatedly filled plate except to urge on yet more English muffins from the kitchen. The coffee percolator went full steam ahead until eleven, and by that time all the boys but Chuck had come, and had carried away, for the time being, for a ramble or to lie in the grass in the sun in the garden, the ladies of their choice.

The telephone rang in the hall and Amy answered. "No, he isn't here, as a matter of fact, but his girl is, I think, but still asleep. Do you want me to wake her up and ask her where he is, or doesn't it matter that much?"

A serious voice informed her, "Well, I've sort of got to get in touch with him right away, because he's on this fool committee, you see, and we're waiting for him."

"Hold on, then."

Eleanor was summoned from her room and guided to a telephone. "No, I don't; I wish I did," she could be heard saying. This was quickly followed by a false yawn, a false "Excuse me. I just waked up. But he'll be out soon, I guess. N-no, he didn't say. No, I *don't* know exactly when." She scuttled back to Clyde's bedroom, and Amy heard the door close.

Charles, informed, said he had a good mind to speak to that young man when he did turn up; it was almost noon.

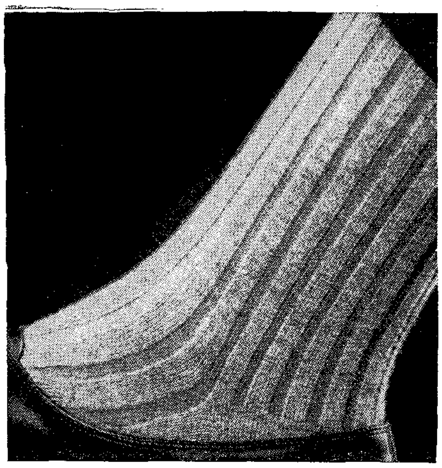
"Horsewhip him," was Amy's genial advice. "She hasn't had a bite of breakfast. Won't come down; I've tried."

Some time later, she glanced out and saw Eleanor and the dilatory Chuck by themselves on a stone wall, out of sight of the others lolling and laughing on the grass.

"COME on back and let's join the gang," Chuck was saying, but Eleanor didn't want to. She said, "I don't feel I know them too well." He gave the noise that in the mouths of old gentlemen is "Pshaw!" Looking sidewise at her he said, "They're exactly the kind of people I'm going to make my life among, so you better get to like them. Here you've got the perfect chance to see how they are, so why not seize it? What a waste if you don't."

She edged along the wall and up

VIYELLA® SOCKS $1.50



If they shrink, we replace!

VIYELLA YARN is spun in England from the softest wool (for warmth) and fine cotton (for lightness and long wear). The socks are permanently mothproof. Almost never need darning. And come in many manly colors. The short socks are $1.50; the regular, $1.75. Also available in non-elastic tops.

Viyella Men's Hosiery

Another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth

in Washington, D.C.

Dining at "Dukes"
Is Better
Than Ever!

DUKE ZEIBERT'S
Newly Enlarged and Completely Redecorated
RESTAURANT / 1722 L ST. N. W.

J.PRESS

INNOVATING OUR 'PERMANENT CREASE' TROUSERS

Our 'Permanent Crease' finish lasts the life of the trousers, impervious to dry cleaning.

NEW WOOL KNIT STRETCH FABRIC. Amazingly weightless and remarkably comfortable due to adaptability to body movement. Self-support waistband style. Oxford Gray. $29.50

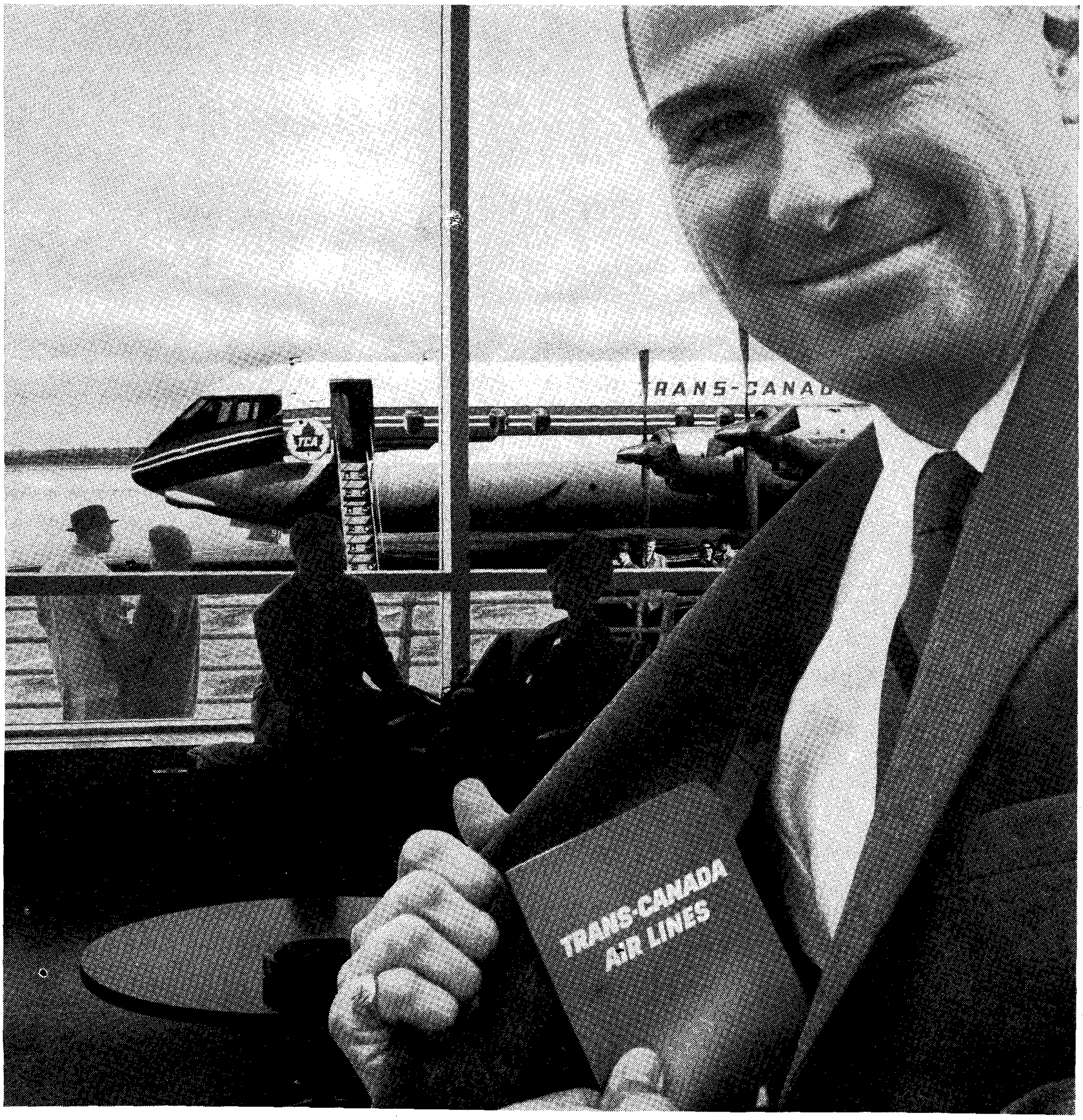
WOOL WORSTED FLANNELS. Light Gray, Oxford Gray, Midnight Gray, County Lovat or Gorse Mixture. $23.50

All are in the J. PRESS Plain Front model. Sized: Regulars 30-40; Longs 32-42 waist.

Please Direct Mail Orders to 262 York St., New Haven, Conn. Add 75c for mailing cost.

Swatches & Brochure Sent On Request

NEW HAVEN • CAMBRIDGE • NEW YORK



FLY THE ROLLS-ROYCE WAY TO CANADA

You'd smile too.

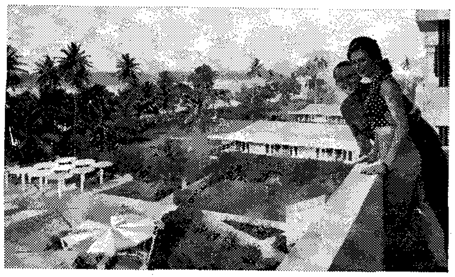
With more flights to Canada than all other airlines combined you can pick and choose on TCA. And it's good to know that all TCA Giant Jets, Vanguards and Viscounts are powered by dependable Rolls-Royce engines—and TCA's "Welcome-Bienvenue" service is also Rolls-Royce standard . . . at no extra cost.

These are some of the reasons why people who know us, always fly TCA, the Rolls-Royce Way to and throughout Canada.

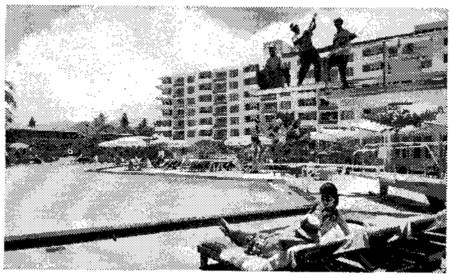
See your Travel Agent, or 'phone TCA in Boston, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Miami, Detroit/Windsor, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco or Seattle/Tacoma.

When you think of Canada, think of

TRANS·CANADA AIR LINES TCA **AIR CANADA**



EVERYTHING WONDERFUL



ABOUT JAMAICA

BEACH & SWIMMING AREA
FISHING BOAT PIER
COFFEE SHOP
MAIN LOBBY • MARTINS
DANCE STUDIOS
GENERAL MANAGER'S
PITCH N PUTT COURSE
POST OFFICE
TENNIS COURTS

IS MORE SO

AT THE

ARAWAK
HOTEL

The Arawak — so magnificent, so friendly, so comfortable — so Jamaica! Perfect location — at the focal point of all sightseeing pleasures and activities — in mid-Northshore at OCHO RIOS.

- Pitch 'n Putt Course
- 700-ft. white sand beach
- 18-hole Country Club Course nearby
- Gourmet meals
- Completely air-conditioned
- Spectacular Limbo Supper Club
- Cocktail Lounge Coffee Shop
- Filtered fresh-water Swimming Pool
- Tennis Courts (hard and grass)
- Sparkling entertainment nightly
- 30 acres of landscaped splendour

JOHN K. KERNAN,
Resident Manager

FOR INFORMATION AND RESERVATIONS, phone New York, MU 8-0123. See your Travel Agent or Leonard Hicks, Jr., Inc.: Chicago, Miami, Detroit, Washington, D. C., Atlanta, Toronto.
Richard Earl Assoc., San Francisco.

against him, placating and soft. "I just want to be with you. Kiss." But after, he drew up abruptly, and away, and she, chagrined, muttered, "I'll try. Though what's so wonderful and different about them I can't see. . . . Oh, an awful thing happened to me this morning," she said. "I overslept, and when I did get down to breakfast it was all over, so I thought I'd just have a cup of coffee, and the awful thing was I was hurrying and, reaching for the sugar, I jogged my own arm. I couldn't help screaming. The cup turned over and fell out of the saucer."

"Did it break?"

"Yes, it did. I was absolutely paralyzed, but one of the girls raced off out back somewhere and brought a cloth and scrubbed and scrubbed the rug and it all came out, every bit."

"Did you tell her—Mrs. Manwaring?"

"No, not yet. I'm going to. Do I have to?" To her dying day she thought she'd see that white cup falling. "And then she threw the cloth to one of the others and *she* took it back. . . . *I* wouldn't have known where to get one," she complained softly.

An opaque look had veiled his eyes; it reminded her of once at the lake, last summer, when he had accidentally splintered her father's canoe paddle. For a moment, looking into his face, she felt they were in league together, the sweet way they had been then.

"You'll just have to learn some of those things. Married women"—she jumped, so menacing was his voice—"have to fit in to their husband's . . . uh . . . way of life."

"Chuck! You must think you're going to get some damned good job after graduation if you expect us to be able"—she faltered—"if you think for one minute . . . What *do* you think you'll be able to get in the way of a job?" But he did not answer. He seemed to be turning something over deep down in his mind—something speculative and troubling. "Well," she said, defensive but reasonable. "You tell me exactly how you want me to be and I'll try."

"You could stand up straighter, for one thing. And," he added sternly, "that *blouse!*"

"What's the matter with *it*, for heaven's sake? You said you liked it, last summer, at the lake."

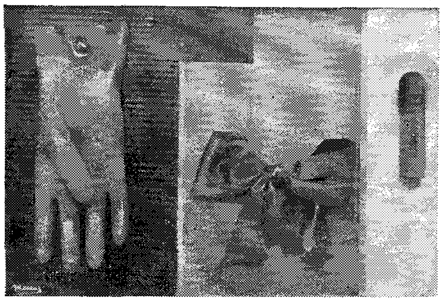
"Too revealing. It's cut too wide open at the neck. And too ruffly."

"Oh, for heaven's sake! Some of these other girls you're so much in love

CLASSIC EDITION—
S.F.A.'S MADRAS
FOR BOYS
To make a boy's Christmas brighter, we suggest our exclusive Indian madras sport shirt, with button-down collar, pullover front and long sleeves in assorted blue, red or olive cotton plaids. 8-12 sizes, 5.00. 14-20 sizes, 6.00. Boys' Shops, Second Floor. Mail and phone orders; no c.o.d's.

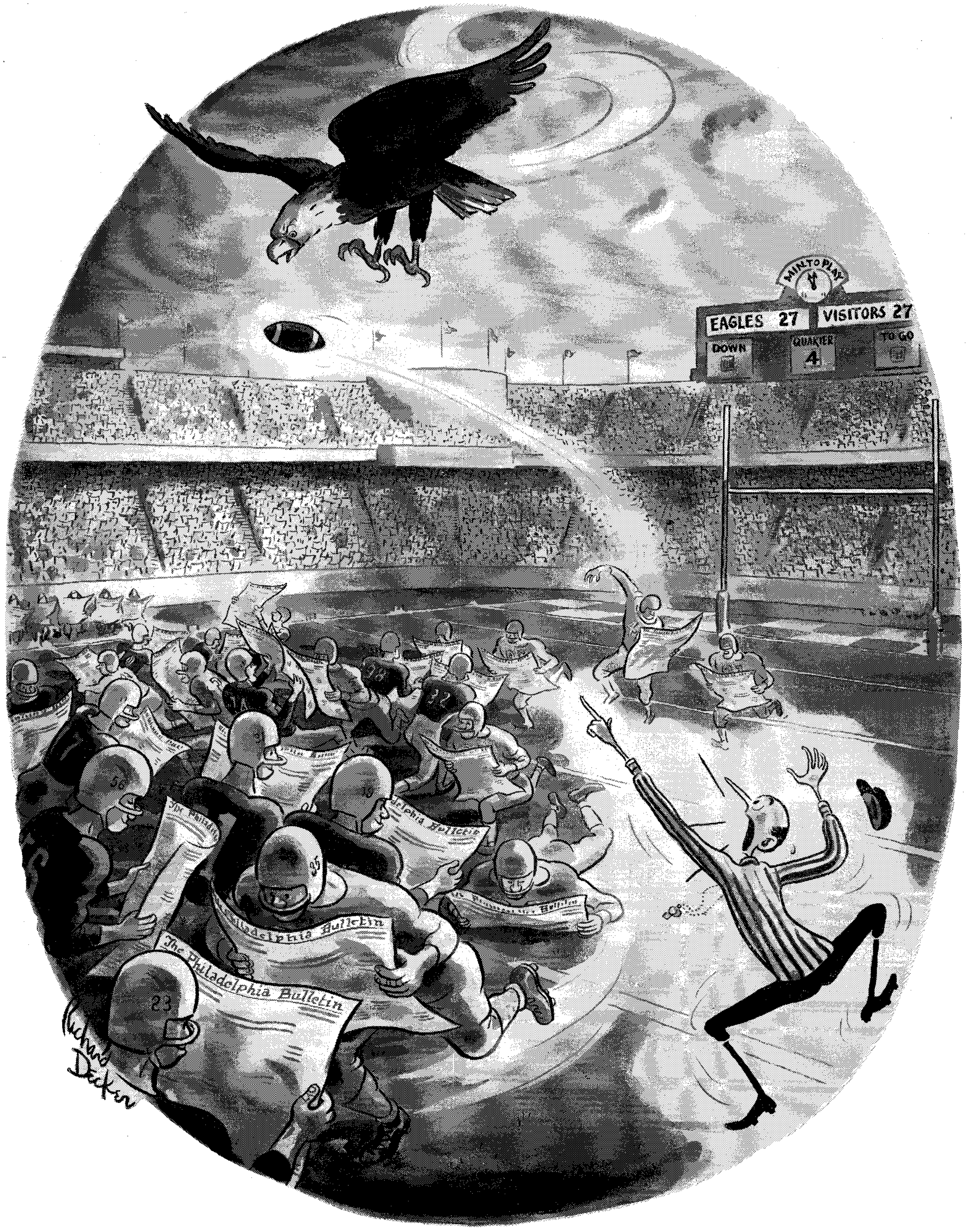
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino
ON THE
Park
Designed by Raymond Loewy
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
PAUL SEERS AT THE PIANO
Tel. Circle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH



E. L. T. MESENS
Objet de Culte
Collage, 12 x 17 inches

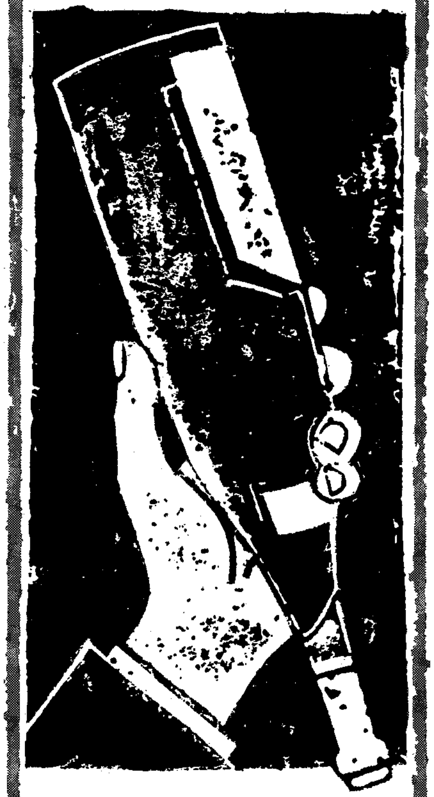
THE ALAN GALLERY
766 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK


MIN. TO PLAY
EAGLES 27
VISITORS 27
DOWN
QUARTER
4
TO GO
The Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)

make this test!



Liebfraumilch is the name given to a type of choice Rhine Wines. If you want to know which is the best Liebfraumilch, make this little test.
Pick up a bottle of BLUE NUN, and turn it upside down.
Now—look for air bubbles...
If you look closely, you may see one or two. That's all.
The makers of BLUE NUN know that air is the enemy of wine flavor...so they fill each bottle right to the underside of the cork. And even the corks are a special length—to seal out the air.
However, there is another test which is more fun. Turn BLUE NUN upside down, with the cork *out*. Pour it into a glass. Enjoy it with your next meal.
The menu doesn't matter. Because BLUE NUN is really many choice wines in one. It is the one wine which you can serve throughout any kind of meal.

LIEBFRAUMILCH BLUE NUN LABEL RHINE WINE H. SICHEL SÖHNE
BLUE NUN
LIEBFRAUMILCH
SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

with are lying out in the garden in bi*k*inis."

"That's completely different. I'd get rid of it if I were you."

"It's the only one I've got with me. I suppose you'd like me to sew up the neck into a little tiny hole and cut off the ruffles."

He swung off the wall. "Well, I'm off. There's a meeting I'm late to already. I'll be back."

When she demanded when would he, he said he couldn't tell her. She stayed alone on the wall, her head bent, picking at lichen with her pointed nails.

A FEW minutes later, Amy, by the greatest good luck, encountered Clyde going out through the porch. "Are all of you going to be here for lunch? Late, late—because you're just through breakfast."

No, apparently not. The plan was for all to drive away pretty soon, because somebody had asked them to have lunch in Branford that day. "Branford College or Branford town?" Amy asked, raising her voice to his departing back. From over his shoulder she received a bright and loving smile.

"Don't know, exactly," he said, and then, turning, "Oh, one thing I *did* forget to tell you, in case you want to know—there'll be nobody for lunch Sunday, either."

Charles and Amy were not the only ones who were concerned over the engaged couple. At the end of the afternoon, Amy, carrying a bowl of peonies for the piano, came on a group of all the girls except Eleanor lolling about the cool living room. The boys had suddenly recalled some final required irksomeness, flung themselves back into cars, and returned to college for an hour or two.

"Kind of a relief, isn't it?" a Cassie with short red hair said. She stretched herself with abandon, and then flipped off her flat yellow shoes. "They'll be back soon enough, the little dears—except that Chuck, I bet."

"Well, what about him?" Amy asked.

Round eyes, wide with sympathy, were turned her way. "That poor *girl*, Mrs. Manwaring!"

"I know, Ellie—Cassie, I mean. I have her terribly on my mind, but what can I do for her?"

"You can't do anything," they said sadly, firmly.

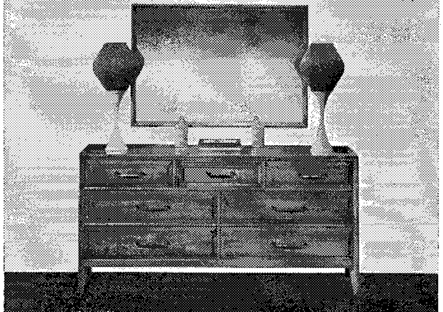
Nell said, "If it was me, left, abandoned like this, like a shorn lamb absolutely, I'd get right up and leave. I mean if anyone treated me the way he's treating that poor girl. He hasn't

quilted nylon robe

Velvet ribbon and lace for a pretty puff-quilted nylon robe! Vanilla, pink or blue. Sizes 3 to 6X, $7.00; sizes 8 to 14, $8.00. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C., and fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty 130 West 34th St., N. Y.

PRESIDENTE ITALIAN CONTEMPORARY



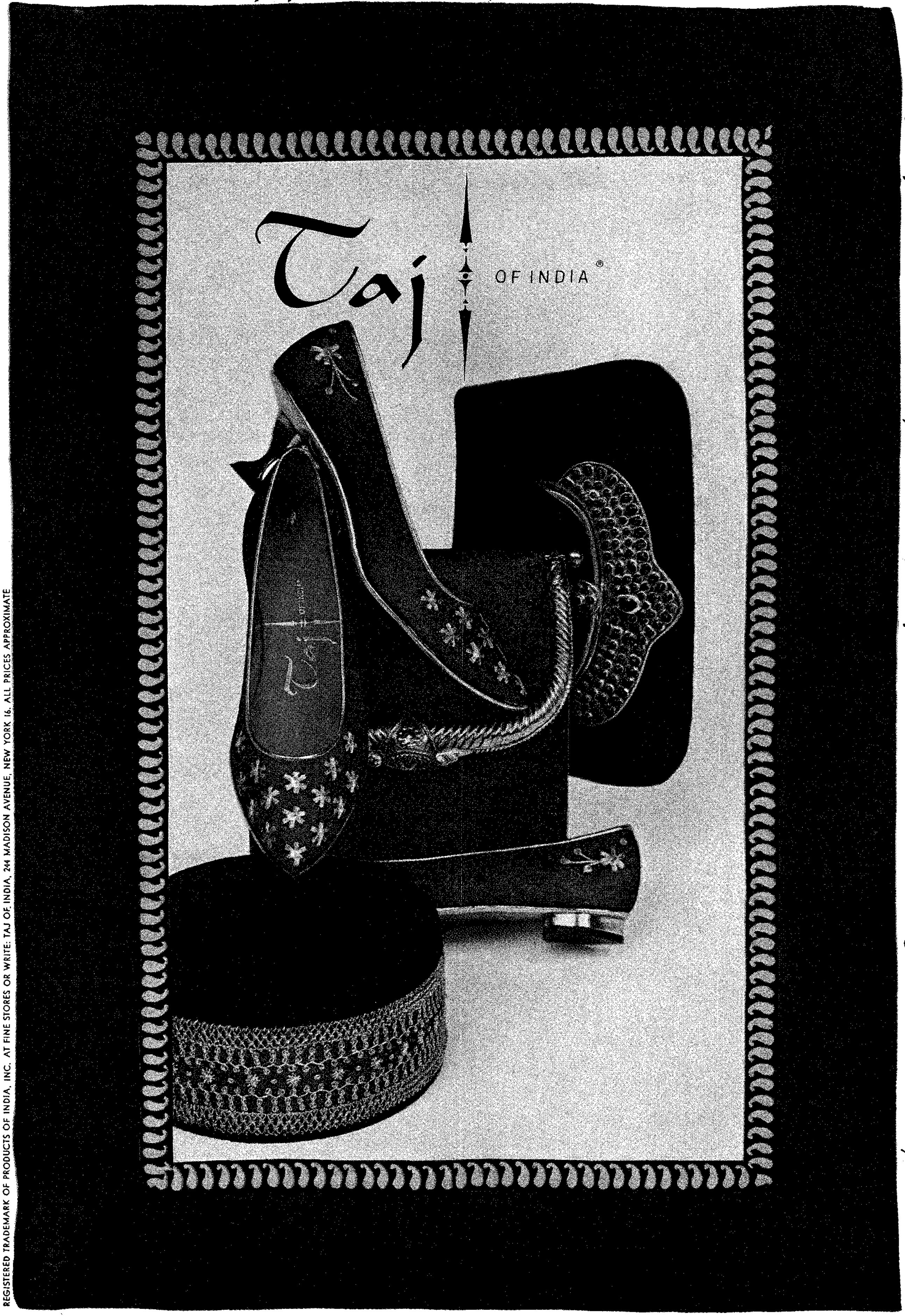
At leading stores everywhere. Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorators Mart, 425 E. 53rd Street, New York, N. Y.
Send 25c to Dept. N for booklet
UNION-NATIONAL, INC., JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

Smart suitors invite them to Longchamps. She knows the food is wonderful. He knows à la carte dinners are at lunch time prices.

AT ALL
LONGCHAMPS
RESTAURANTS

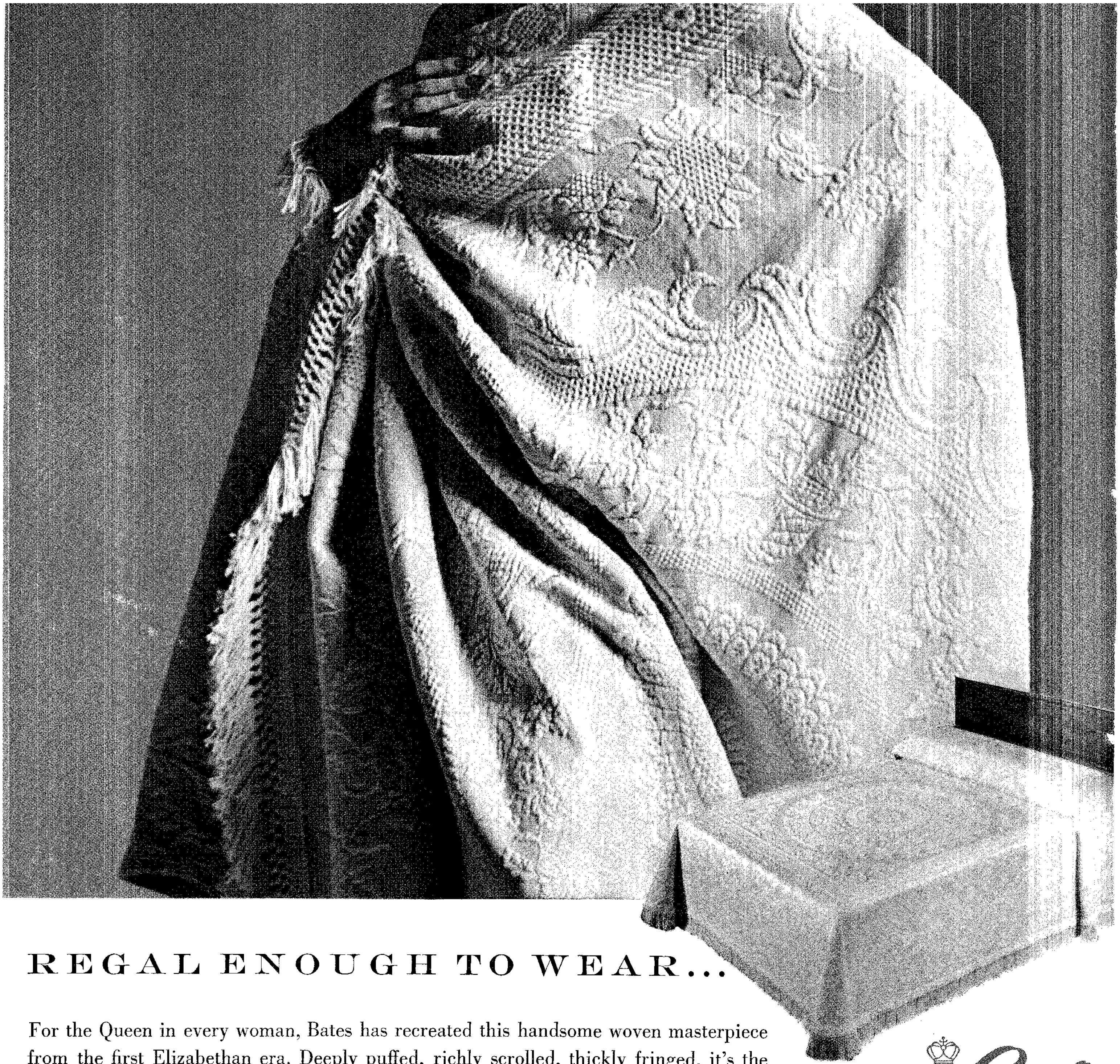
A treasure-trove of special-occasion shoes and accessories in Indian silk.



Diwali pump 24.00. Diwali flat 20.00. Nepal bag 36.00. Hasli bag 28.00. Sari hat 19.00.

REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF PRODUCTS OF INDIA, INC. AT FINE STORES OR WRITE: TAJ OF INDIA, 244 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



REGAL ENOUGH TO WEAR...

For the Queen in every woman, Bates has recreated this handsome woven masterpiece from the first Elizabethan era. Deeply puffed, richly scrolled, thickly fringed, it's the Queen Elizabeth by Bates...royal raiment for your own proud bed. Our way of making it is patented—Bates' and Bates' alone, and nothing less than the original will do for a woman of your taste!

Bates

GIFT-BOXED. IN ANTIQUE, SNOW WHITE, OR RAISED WHITE DESIGN ON SPICE BROWN. TWIN, $32.50. DOUBLE, $35. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST. ©1962. BATES FABRICS, INC., 112 W. 34 ST., N.

showed for hours now.” Then she giggled. “Can't you see me hiking along Route 1 with my big feet slapping in the dust and my evening dress in a suitcase banging against my legs!”

Their enjoyment of this pleasing picture was cut off by a wan Eleanor drifting across the hall, looking in at them sidewise, looking away.

“Hi, Eleanor,” called an Ellie. “Come in and have a well-earned rest,” and Cassie with brown hair said, “Sit here by me and tell me where you managed to find that divine skirt, because, me, I've shopped *ev*erywhere the whole spring long for just that kind of a . . .”

Amy slipped out. The shorn lamb was in good hands.

Slowly she mounted the stairs to her room. The ache in her hips had settled in as though forever, and the soles of her feet burned. She lay down for what was to be ten minutes and fell into a wonderfully sodden sleep that lasted an hour. Feeling much stronger, she got up and drew a bath. The telephone waited, held its breath till she had sunk neck-deep in hot water, then it rang out loud and angry.

“Is Chuck there?” a male voice asked.

“No, I'm terribly sorry,” began Chuck's dripping hostess, “I'm afraid he isn't just now, but—”

“Yes I am, Bill,” broke in a voice from the downstairs hall-closet telephone. “Yes I am, Mrs. Manwaring. Excuse me, but I think this is for me.”

The words came to her ear along the wire and also at the same time floated hollowly up the stair well.

“Bill, I'll be a little late for your party. . . . I know, I know. I got held up in New Haven, and now Eleanor says she can't find her sweater—this hot day. Here she comes with it on, so I guess we can make it, but it'll be late. Anyway, if I don't, I'll see you out here Sunday lunch, tomorrow. 'Bye.”

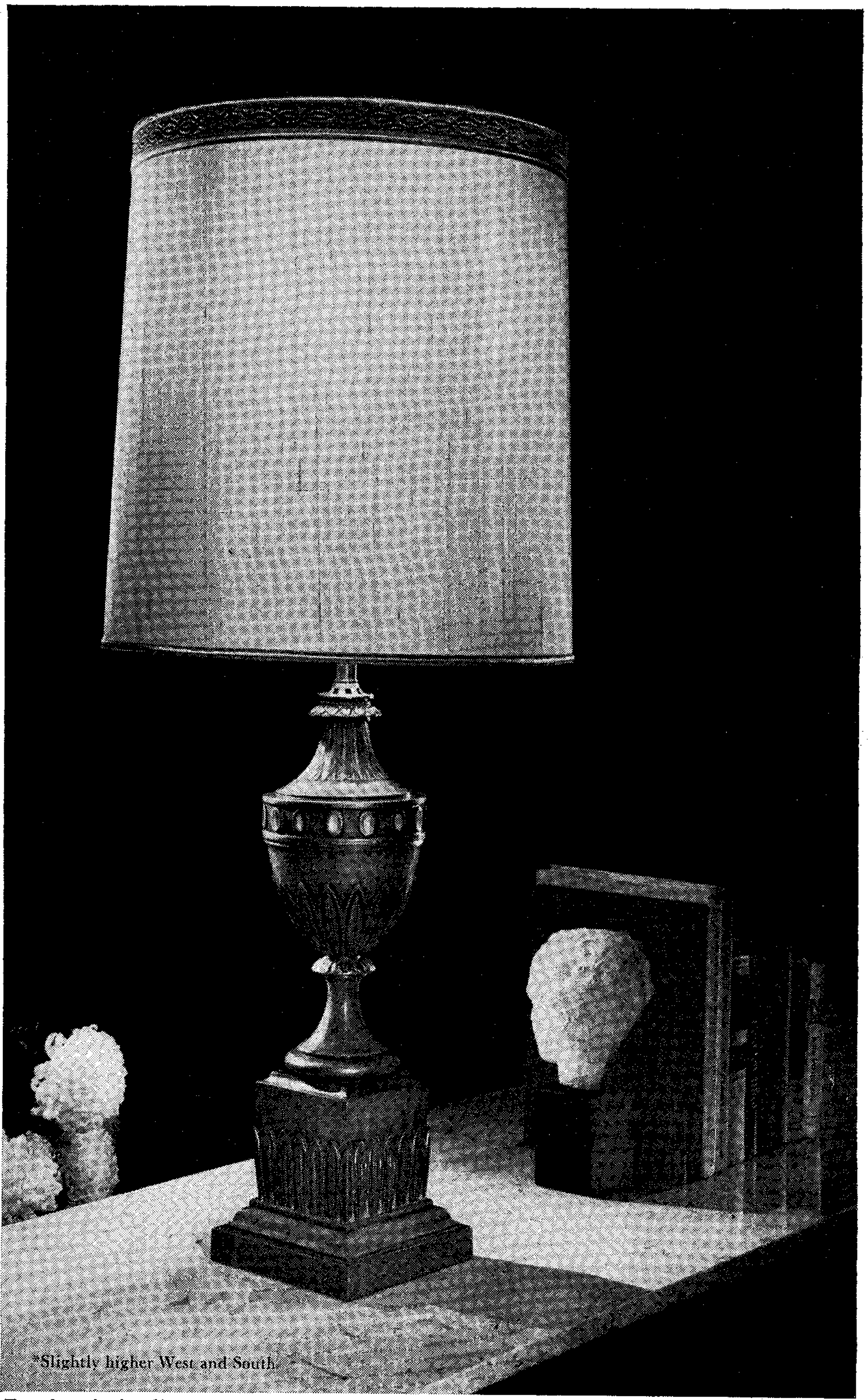
“Oh *no!*” Amy cried. “Clyde said—”

But no one heard her.

SUNDAY luncheon was long and gay and utterly successful. Amy wished her own dinner parties sounded so continuously merry. The dreadful delicatessen food Charles had been dispatched to buy seemed to be just what everybody wanted. “So why did I agonize over anchovy butter and home-baked ham?” she asked herself. Then, all of a sudden, heavy suitcases were thumped down on the hall floor, faces beamed at her, voices cried oh they hated to leave but must, her hand was shaken again and again, thanks volleyed

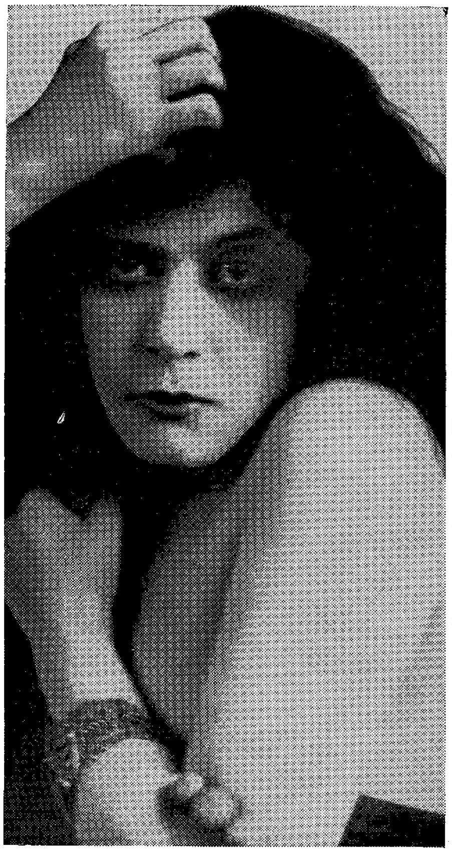
STIFFEL
The Royalty of Lamps

AMONG THE PROUDEST POSSESSIONS...Late British Renaissance (or George I) carved pine urn characteristic of the work of Inigo Jones and H. Tanner, Jun. Unusual frieze on urn with excellent leaves throughout carved ornament retains vestiges of gilt and old whiting. Height 43½ inches. $200.* Available at fine stores everywhere.



*Slightly higher West and South.

For descriptive literature address Dept. NY10. The Stiffel Company, Chicago 10, Illinois.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

"I surrender, BAY ROC!"

"Once I thought all I needed was a Caribbean beach, a trade wind, and the scent of Jamaican jasmine to make me deliriously happy. Naive little fool that I was, I didn't know about your kind of hotel. The sybaritic pleasures of having my own secluded patio. The lush and shameless feast you make out of an innocent meal like breakfast. The privacy and yet the gaiety of it all. And of course it wasn't enough to give me an endless beach at my very doorstep—you had to provide an enormous swimming pool as well. Alas, your brazen luxury has had its way. Are you satisfied at having spoiled me for any other hotel? Then take me, Bay Roc—I'm yours."

The End

Also yours: air conditioning, entertainment, dancing, water sports, automatic membership in tennis and golf clubs. Until December 16th, all for just $15 a day per person, double occupancy, including breakfast and dinner. See your travel agent or William P. Wolfe, 500 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36. LO 5-1114.

BAY ROC MONTEGO BAY JAMAICA

through the air, and even as motors were started up in the drive, the screen door banged again and again. All at once the Manwarings were alone—just the three of them, swaying on their feet with fatigue.

"That was wonderful!" Clyde said, gratitude shining in his eyes. "Everybody had an absolutely perfect weekend. I *do* thank you."

"Well, thank you, darling. Yes, I guess they did. . . . All but one, anyway, and somehow I thought that was my fault, maybe; maybe I didn't make her feel at home, somehow."

Clyde's face shadowed. He said, "No, no, of course it wasn't you."

Amy announced, in tones faint but sincere, that she had loved them all, each and every one. With maniac, retrospective hospitableness she went on, "I was only so sorry about Alf's girl's not coming."

Clyde was amazed. "But she *was* here!" he said. "Oh, sure, she made it. She got here late last evening. Maybe you'd gone to bed. She slept in Cassie's cot."

"She did? So—where was Cassie?"

"Oh, she'd left. Her grandmother got sick or something. Alf's girl's been here all day, actually. She's the one in the blue shirt—*didn't you notice*?"

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT
(WELL-BALANCED PORTFOLIO DIVISION)

[*From the annual report to the shareholders of Gamble-Skogmo, Inc.*]

All of us are aware that, in today's thermonuclear age, there hangs over us the ever present possibility that, through calculation or mischance, someone may push the button which, taking into consideration both contending forces, may wipe out millions of people and destroy countless of the world's greatest cities in a matter of minutes.

The current situation has created apprehension and is the subject of much confusion and debate; however, I would like to raise several points as a matter of reassurance. First, I am convinced that our totalitarian opponents are just as aware as we are of the results to them if the trigger were pulled, and that, therefore, they will tend to be prudent. Second, I firmly believe that, should such a catastrophe occur, the free world would have the resiliency to survive and prevail—although the world might be vastly different than we can imagine. Finally, I believe that because of the location of our operations in hundreds of smaller communities in central North America, our widespread resources and personnel would possess a greater degree of invulnerability and could recover more quickly to speed the necessary readjustment than many other distributive organizations whose activities are concentrated in the large metropolitan areas.

THE NORFOLK JACKET

Our revival of the classic Norfolk Jacket has created a wide interest to a select group of men searching for unusual styling and comfort. We've assembled a wide assortment of lightweight hopsackings, made in Scotland especially for us. In addition, we are introducing the jacket in warm, long wearing imported loden cloth.

Hopsack tweeds	$90.
Loden cloth	80.

Fall catalog now available

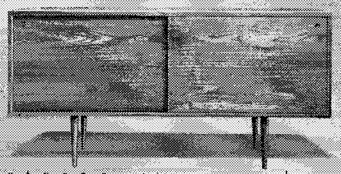
Travel exhibits in 25 cities. Dates on request.
Indianapolis—Sheraton Lincoln Hotel—Oct. 23, 24
St. Louis—Bel Air Motel—Oct. 25, 26
Kansas City—Muehlebach Hotel—Oct. 27, 29

NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898

THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS–FURNISHERS
NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.
NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

limitless choice—limited to the integrity of **good design**—best evidenced by our 4000/C48 cabinet. Deliberately designed with restraint of adornment for perpetual acceptance in any room setting. Because of our unique position—being designer, manufacturer and retailing direct to the client—of course **smilow-thielle's pleasing price** has become legendary **109.95**

Also available wall mounted



stereo • storage • bar

DESIGNED, MANUFACTURED AND SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY
smilow-thielle
NEW YORK—856 LEXINGTON AVE. (Bet. 64 & 65 Sts.) LE 5-9232
WHITE PLAINS—41 MAMARONECK AVENUE, WH 8-4788
MANHASSET—2046 NORTHERN BLVD. (opp. Bonwit Teller) MA 7-0444
PLAINFIELD, N. J.—311 E. FRONT ST. (nr. Bamberger's) PL 7-0111
WASHINGTON, D.C.—3139 M STREET NW (Georgetown) 333-4757
CARPETING • PLANNED PAYMENT ACCOUNTS INVITED • FREE DELIVERY

"HER NIBS"
Miss Georgia Gibbs
with Warner Shilkret
will delight you at the
PERSIAN ROOM
October 10 through November 6
Performances at 9:00 and 12:15
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA

Julius WILE SONS & CO INC
St Raphaël
APÉRITIF WINE
MADE & BOTTLED IN FRANCE
IMPORTED
APÉRITIF DE FRANCE
RAPHAEL imported FROM FRANCE

FRANCE'S MOST POPULAR APERITIF WINE

imported, yet only $2.39* fifth delicieux!

*New York State price. May vary in other states depending on local taxes.

Let This Seal Be Your Guide to Quality. Julius WILE SONS & CO INC NEW YORK

Heineken's
Heineken's
Heineken's
Beer

A treasure of pleasure from Holland to here!

Fully aged.
Natural carbonation only.
Brewed to
Heineken's exclusive
old-world formula.

IMPORTED
Heineken's
HEINEKEN'S LAGER BEER
Heineken's
BREWED IN HOLLAND

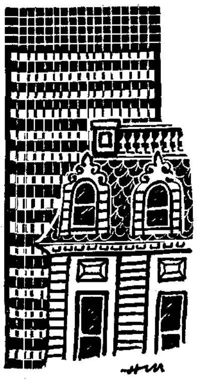
SPECIAL OFFER

Handsome Heineken's glasses (one shown above), imported directly from Holland, are now available at a special price: 6 for $4.00. Allow about 3 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order to S.M.D. Co., Dept. Y, P. O. Box 1580, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

IMPORTED
Heineken's
HOLLAND BEER
GEN. U.S. IMPORTERS: VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

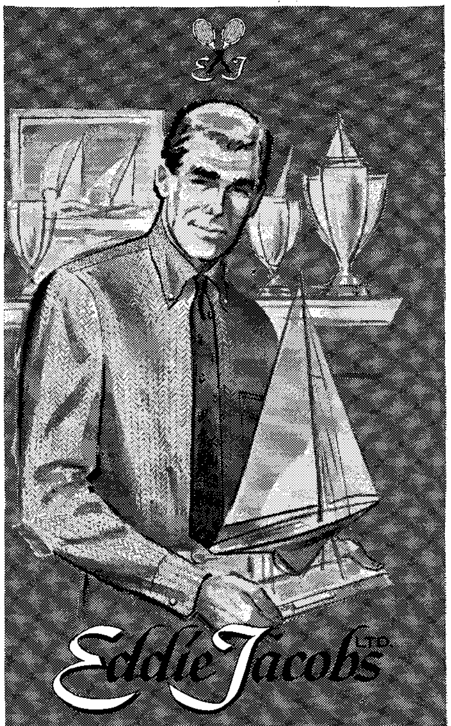
THE SKY LINE

False Front or Cold-War Concept



THESE last few years, the United States government has been erecting new embassy buildings all over the world, on a scale that rivals the number of Air Force bases we constructed a little earlier. In some of these embassies the spirit of the airbases seems to have affected the program of our less warlike missions, and in the design of one of the most important of these structures we have gratuitously awakened no little local resentment. This embassy is in London, the last place one would think a misinterpretation of our purposes—indeed, a literal misconstruction—could have taken place. In certain cities the new embassies have added to the prestige of American architecture, for, by a happy reversal of the usual official procedures, the panel of architects who competed for the job included many of the best of our older exponents of modern architecture. There were no inhibiting provisions that these buildings should be Georgian, Early Republican, or plaster-cast Classic in outward form, so they stand on their own as exemplars of the contemporary American mode, touched with what our architects have recently learned from other lands.

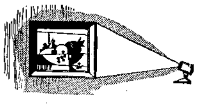
In Edward Stone's adaptation of the Indian screen wall for our embassy in New Delhi, he made a graceful bow to regional tradition. Its practical outcome, by all reports, has not, though, been on the level of its aesthetic success, for he unhappily forgot how difficult it is to translate ancient forms into modern materials. For Stone overlooked the fact, as did Le Corbusier and his associates at about the same time in designing the new Indian city of Chandigarh, that a concrete or stone grille, unlike its wooden counterpart, absorbs enough heat during the day to counteract even the cooling night air. Architects in America who have been copying Stone's innovation even in places where our summers are almost as torrid as India's may eventually regret their eagerness to take over this seemingly foolproof device for masking the familiar dullness of repetitive windows or for avoiding the imbecility of compensating for acres of exposed


Eddie Jacobs LTD.

OXBONE SHIRTS — Eddie Jacobs originals, tailored of tightly woven Cheviot Oxford with tapered bodies and flapped pockets. Exclusive Relaxmanship® in blue, chrome yellow or tallowstone, $7.75 PP. In neck sizes 14 to 17; sleeve lengths 32 to 36. Please address Mail Orders and Apparel-Portfolio requests to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Redwood St. East, at Charles, Balto. 2, Md.

Made in France for *Louvre-Like* Lighting

Art BEAM-LITE



1750 prepaid

(Actual size: 5" x 3⅞" x 2¾")

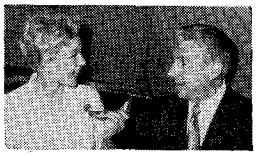
A UNIQUE GIFT SUGGESTION

ALSO ATTACHES TO WALL OR CEILING

Incl. 75-W. Mazda silvered reflector bulb, 8-ft. cord.

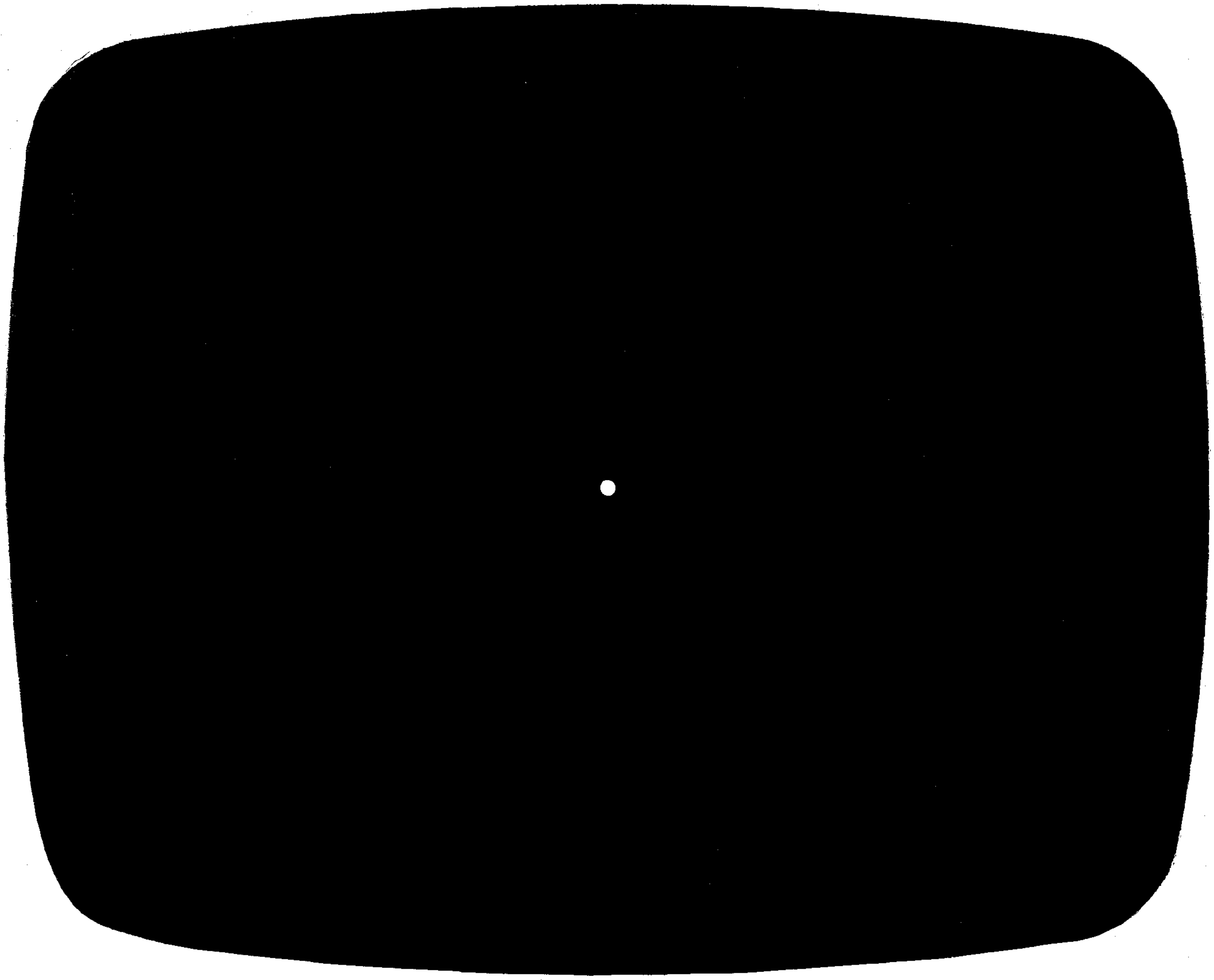
gray or black

Small, compact, handsome fixture provides concentrated lighting to enhance beauty of your paintings and objets d'art. **Adjustable** light beam frames picture only, not wall. Projects round, rectangular, or oblong beam. Ideal for window display, interior decoration. **Dealer inquiry invited.** Send check or money order to **MORDA DISTRIBUTING CO.,** Dept. NY-10 P.O. Box 24036, Los Angeles 24, Calif.



Kim Novak with Host John C. Bruno

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED STEAK HOUSE
LUNCH • DINNER
Open every day • Air-conditioned
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660



click.

Whose commercials are clicking on television these days? Ask any advertiser who's used Blair's Test Market Plan — TMP. For example: **click.** Procter-Silex steam iron brand awareness increased over 300%. **click.** Lestare dry bleach brand awareness increased over 800%. **click.** A major tire maker gained 24% higher brand awareness among men. **click.** A major cereal maker increased brand awareness over 300%. **click.** Conti shampoo increased brand awareness over 70 times. Reasons enough for joining the "click" of over 100 major advertisers who've successfully put Blair's Test Market Plan* to work—and at no extra cost. Call your Blair Television Companies' Representative today. Offices in 10 major cities. **THE BLAIR TELEVISION COMPANIES**

BLAIR-TV—BLAIR TELEVISION ASSOCIATES

*For the complete TMP story with case histories, send to 717 Fifth Ave., New York 22, New York for our TMP booklet.

are you in step?

your portfolio, that is.

Is it in step with today's constantly-changing market? It may not be. Easy way to find out. Just write to Reynolds & Co. for a free analysis. We'll be glad to give you professional investment advice, without obligation . . . and make suggestions on how your positions can be strengthened.

Reynolds & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
120 Broadway, New York 5, N. Y.
Attn.: Mr. Richard S. Graham
35 Offices from Coast to Coast

glass by using tightly drawn Venetian blinds. Employed judiciously, for a rational purpose, on a single wall, the grille may be a blessing, but, applied wholesale, it is both aesthetically depressing and functionally absurd.

The architect of the London embassy, the late Eero Saarinen, counts, like his father before him, as one of the most distinguished exponents of current American architecture. He was the one-man equivalent of the gigantic architectural corporation known as Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, and his buildings can be found on almost every great campus in the country—recreation halls, dormitories, auditoriums, hockey rinks, to say nothing of such a structure as the General Motors Research Laboratories near Detroit, which forms almost a super-campus of its own. Unlike the S. O. & M. brand, Mr. Saarinen's trademark was a disinclination to repeat himself, yet it happens that in planning the London embassy he borrowed a façade he had already created for the American embassy in Oslo. If this design were a happy one, there would be nothing against such repetition, for a well-seasoned architect, dealing for the second time with a building of a particular sort, should not be afraid to refine and perfect an earlier form, as Frank Lloyd Wright, despite his boundless powers of invention, did with his basic "prairie house" to the end of his life. For in official buildings abroad expressive design is now a matter of great importance. Our embassies are no longer simply places of official residence with an attached office; they are, rather, a complex of governmental, economic, and cultural functions, with offices, an exhibition hall, a library, and an auditorium—places in which our government not merely does business with its own citizens but attempts to make a good impression upon the country in which, for all its extraterritoriality, it is domiciled. The problem in creating such a building is not unlike the problem an American lecturer faces in addressing a foreign audience: of retaining his individuality and his national idiom without making any blatant assertion of his Americanism—being, in fact, a better representative of our many-faceted national tradition by showing his ability to find common ground with his hosts. The ambassador who has not the tact to do this should be kept at home; the embassy that cannot create a likable concept of our country has not fulfilled a main purpose.

THE London embassy occupies the major share of one side of Grosvenor Square—a large eighteenth-century

WEIGHS ONLY 15 OUNCES!
OUR NEW NYLON RAINCOAT, $25.

Dunhill Tailors' new and exclusive Italian import comes packed in a compact 8½ by 10 inch nylon envelope. (The gentleman pictured above holds it in his hand.) Takes up no space at all in your luggage. Beautifully cut and tailored and completely washable—no dry cleaning expense. Colors: Tan, Blue, Black. All sizes, regular and long. Incidentally, in black it's appropriate for evening wear anywhere. You can order by mail. Please add postage, and tax when necessary. *Grazie!*

DUNHILL TAILORS
65 East 57th Street • New York 22, N. Y.

SHELLEY BERMAN
EMPIRE ROOM
EL 5-3000
OCT. 18 – NOV. 17
NIGHTLY AT 9:15 & 12

In the Walldorfkeller—
Greta Keller sings
nightly from 10 P.M.

The Waldorf-Astoria

FAMILY ARMS

genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

7" x 6"..................$ 7.00
12" x 10"..................$20.00

postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct.

YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND

Good news, Bill. I'm leading a group for a 3-week tour of South America. Want to come?

I, ah . . .

We'll see Panama, Peru, Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina — have a ball. Everyone's invited.

Well, I . . .

We'll go on March 12th. South America is great . . . it has everything. Come on along, Bill.

Yes Jayne, South America is fun. Sorry, I can't go with you. Don't cry, I am going before you on February 12th and everyone's invited with me, too. (Besides, my name Jose, not Bill.)

What better way to travel — than in a group conducted by someone who really knows how to travel *and* have fun?

Therefore we (Braniff and Eastern) have persuaded the charming Miss Jayne Meadows (really Mrs. Steve Allen in disguise) and that world-famous expert on Latin American affairs, Senor Jose (Bill Dana) Jimenez, to lead two tours to South America. Assuredly the most exciting development in travel since Balboa invented the South American tour in 1513!

Bill Dana's tour will be three weeks, from February 12th to March 3rd; Miss Meadow's tour will be from March 12th to 31st. (Note that we have given South America a few days to recuperate between tours.) You may go on both of them, but we recommend that you choose one.

The tours will begin in New York on luxurious Braniff El Dorado Super Jets (in cooperation with Eastern Air Lines). Or you may join the group in Miami, where mere Miami bound passengers leave, reluctantly. Then *you'll* depart for 2 bright days in Panama, 5 more in Peru (with an excursion to Cuzco and Machu Picchu), a great glorious week in Brazil (Sao Paulo, Brasilia, Rio), a day of splendor in Uruguay, and 4 more golden days in Argentina. (We have a brochure that gives all the details. Send for it today.)

Now for the summary. You'll find the countries we mentioned are spectacular — in history, scenery, wonders, *wonderful people, resorts, food, shopping, night-life, beaches etc.* Miss Meadows, born in China, has traveled all over the world. We cannot conceive of a more perfect tour guide. (The qualifications of Sr. Jimenez-Dana need hardly be elaborated.) Of South America, Miss Meadows says: "Marvelous place! Can't wait to go." Of Braniff and Eastern, Sr. Jimenez says: "They are *him dandy.*"

Did we mention our brochure? Send for it today.

BRANIFF
International
AIRWAYS

Please send detailed information on the Bill Dana and Jayne Meadows tours of South America in 1963. I am interested in traveling with ☐ Bill Dana on February 12, ☐ Jayne Meadows on March 12. (Please check one)

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________STATE__________

My Travel Agent is:____________________

Mail to "Tour Dept.", Braniff International Airways, Exchange Park, Dallas, Texas.

NY-10

EASTERN
AIR LINES

TOO MUCH TO DRINK
NOT ENOUGH TO SELL

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Stopped by the revenuer on a country road, the Kentucky mountaineer claimed his jug contained only water from the spring.

Choking down one test swig, the law insisted the man do likewise.

"What do you know!" sputtered the mountaineer, "The good Lord's gone and done it again."

Now, our whiskey doesn't happen that fast, although it *is* a miracle of nature that changes yeast, grain and water to potable spirit. And it's no less an act of providence, working inside a charred oak keg, that slowly gentles whiskey to the tongue.

We purposely make the kind of bourbon that takes a heap of aging. We're in the "old-age" whiskey business as evidenced by the fact that we have more storage space in proportion to production than anyone in our industry.

Eight years ago we set aside a few choice barrels to age to this miracle of perfection. Just lately, after knocking out the bungs and complying with the usual Government BOTTLED-IN-BOND procedure, we were finally able to sample the results worked by Nature and Time. Perfection!

There's hardly enough of this miracle stuff to *sell,* yet more than we can *drink.*

So we're emptying these barrels into genteel antique bottles labeled *Very Old Fitzgerald,* wrapping them in soft tissue inside a handsome gift box, and offering them on a "this-is-all-for-now" basis. Labels may be personalized if you desire.

If you are one of the inner circle whose mature tastes have already discovered OLD FITZGERALD, this miracle whiskey is for you. We'd sooner it find its way into *your* glass than be wasted on anyone unable to appreciate truly fine bourbon.

Should you not be able to find *Very Old Fitzgerald* available, please write me personally. I will set aside a modest amount *so long as it lasts,* then arrange delivery through the retailer of your choice.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Aged 8 Years
Made in U. S. A.

(Advertisement)

square with long evidence of American occupation, first by our earlier embassy, then by the postwar memorial to Franklin D. Roosevelt that the grateful English erected there. The plot runs along the South Audley Street side of the square, from Upper Grosvenor Street north to Upper Brook Street, providing an all too imposing frontage on the square of some three hundred and fifty feet and a depth of some two hundred feet. Unlike the more formal squares of Bloomsbury and Belgravia, Grosvenor Square offers a considerable variety of form and color in its façades, though the buildings are mainly of the traditional, limited height. By the doubtful expedient of placing one floor half a story below the street level, and the tall ground floor half a story above that level, Saarinen respected this height limitation (the embassy shows only five stories aboveground), and when the trees are in leaf in the square the foliage mercifully hides the embassy's massive uniform façade from the spectator until it hits him full in the face. In any event, the square is so large that each side is a unit by itself, with little aesthetic relationship to the other sides, except at the corner meetings. Yet, as several British architectural critics have pointed out, the device of setting the embassy building back from the sidewalks, to get light for the below-street floor, created openings that disrupt the unity of the square far more than an additional story aboveground would. Not only that, but the building is further separated from the sidewalks by a formidable sloping stone-faced embankment, topped by a straw-colored metal fence. A retaining wall backs up the embankment, and between this wall and the building lies a deep if waterless moat—a drop capable of daunting any invader who dared to scale the outer barrier. From a military standpoint, the building is vulnerable only at the entrances, but for the purposes of friendly diplomacy this sidewalk barricade, which rises above the eye level, has the effect of a calculated insult—and has been so regarded by many not unduly sensitive Britons. Both the building and the barricade say, "Keep your distance! Do not enter!," though this is the precise opposite of our program for introducing the British to our educational and cultural achievements while performing the other necessary offices of an embassy. To provide sufficient space for these cultural functions, the first two floors cover the entire plot, save for the setback; the four stories above form a rectangular U—with its base on Grosvenor Square—around a central light court. This upper mass juts out

DESIGNED AND MADE BY
Alexander Shields
for BONWIT TELLER
PHILADELPHIA

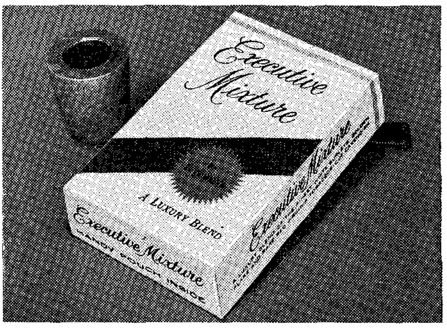
What a wonderful lightweight pure wool Challis

royal
sage green
navy
red

$40

BY MAIL IF YOU WISH

CHESTNUT & SEVENTEEN
PHILADELPHIA 3 —



FREE EXECUTIVE MIXTURE PACK

Try the Executive Mixture pack free on The House of Edgeworth. Inside the box, a foil pouch guards the blend of finest Burleys, Golden Flake and rare Red Virginia that achieves supreme flavor and aroma without added aromatics. For free pack of this most luxurious tobacco, send your name and address to Executive Mixture, Dept. B-13, P.O. Box 6-S, Richmond, Va. (Limited to U.S.A.)

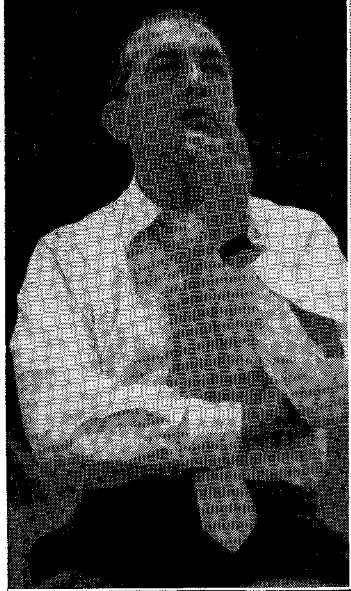
THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. • Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

One red-L of a vacation!

"We lost our red L and it's ruining our vacation," wrote a *Bali* fan. We jetted a red L to Tucson so she and her word-loving family and friends could continue their cutthroat competitions. *Bali* gets you! We guarantee there's no word game like it. No limit to the length of words that can be made. Pix scores nix! Play it solitaire, play it with others. Stumped for a gift for that someone who has everything? Give *Bali*—the game that has everything.

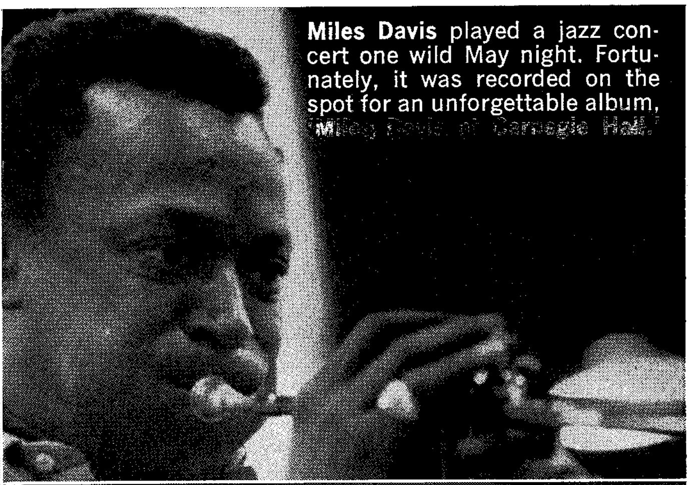
Bali *new edition* $3.00 ppd.
at your STORE or at "204"
204 E. 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Percy Faith mixes pervasive percussion with pulsating rhythms to capture, on Ⓛⓟ 'The Music of Brazil!'

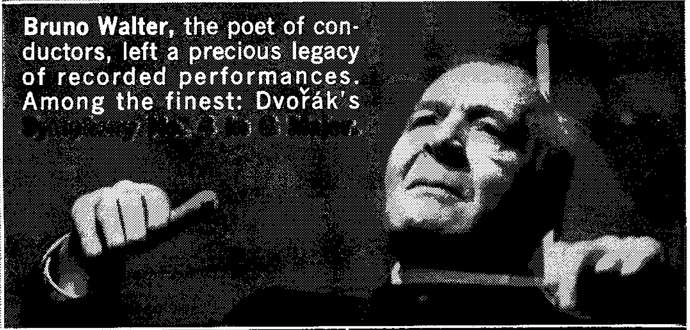


Leonard Bernstein conducts the New York Philharmonic in the first recording made at Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center. Brahms' **Symphony No. 2 in D Major.**

Miles Davis played a jazz concert one wild May night. Fortunately, it was recorded on the spot for an unforgettable album, 'Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall.'

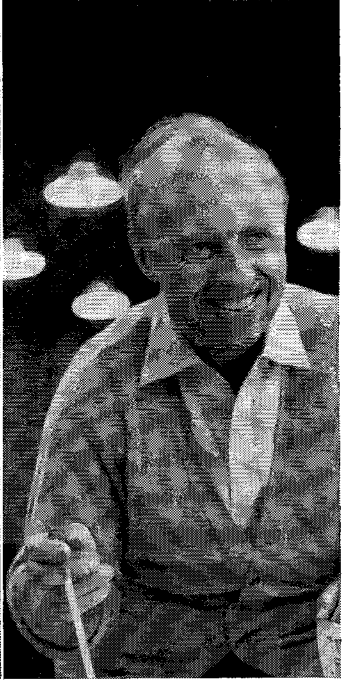


Bruno Walter, the poet of conductors, left a precious legacy of recorded performances. Among the finest: Dvořák's **Symphony No. 4 in G Major.**



André Previn, with a new album full of elegant, easy jazz for piano and orchestra, takes you to the 'Faraway Part of Town.'

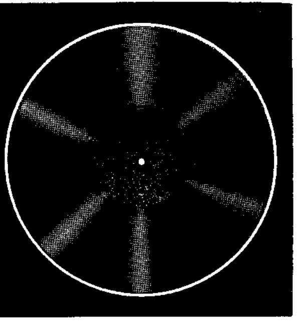
Andre Kostelanetz votes for Irving Berlin's tuneful hit score and gives it the V.I.P. treatment in his new album, 'Music from Mr. President.'



The Dukes of Dixieland add folk music to the royal realm of jazz in their new album, **'Dixieland Hootnanny.'**

Mildred Bailey influenced a whole generation of singers. Here she is, surrounded by the greats of jazz, on three Ⓛⓟs of

This is today's world of entertainment. Enter, friend. You'll find it warm, inviting, alive. In wonderful high fidelity or stereo sound, this world sounds wonderful on



®"COLUMBIA", Ⓛⓟ MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Visitors or Executives at work... make the Hotels Ambassador your Chicago home

Superb Hospitality, Unique Elegance, Every Facility at no more cost than at Lesser Establishments. ■ Visitors find the Hotels Ambassador more than a pleasant place to stay. ■ Here, they live in the world of The Pump Room, the Buttery, The Beau Nash Club. Here, they find authentic elegance from the classic, gracious dining of the past. ■ And when it is time to retire, they find rooms, suites and penthouses designed to gratify the most sensitive taste. Air-conditioning, radio and television. ■ Executive meetings and social gatherings have long been invited and have used The Guildhall, The Four Georges, The Sarah Siddons Walk. These rooms of impeccable appearance are made to meet any requirement, large or small. ■ Distinguish your next visit in Chicago by letting us be your hosts. You are sure to stay with us again.

HOTELS
Ambassador
EAST • WEST

Hosts to the famous and the fashionable

1300 North State Parkway • Chicago 10, Illinois
Area Code 312—SUperior 7-7200, TWX 222-0807
NEW YORK CITY—PLaza 2-5660 or Circle 7-2700
LOS ANGELES—DUnkirk 8-1151
SAN FRANCISCO—EX 7-2717

several feet to overhang the lower floors and is supported by a series of boldly expressed beams. Offices of both stenographers and officials, all with outside windows, are ranged along the sides of the U. There are three entrances to the building—the central embassy entrance on the square, with a double bank of elevators right at hand to give access to the whole building; a consular entrance on the south flank; a United States Information Service entrance on the north flank.

On the principle that the positive virtues of a building should be presented first, let me dwell on the interior public spaces, which give the ground floor a monumental scale that properly contrasts with that of the upper office floors and so provides the façade with what formal distinction it has. The tall, oblong windows on this level, which reach from floor to ceiling, have some justification for their existence, for though the exhibition hall, which is in the center of the building, is not served by them, they at least provide daylight for the library, which occupies one whole corner of the Information side of the building. This serene library, "all beautified with omissions," as Henry James said of The Great Good Place, is just what a library should be—the readers' tables close to the windows, and the stacks, holding some twenty-five thousand volumes of Americana, easily accessible. To give the authentic American touch, there is even an American Bible, but no King James Version! I cannot say as much in praise of the furniture. The clumsy, armless, almost immovable chairs were obviously chosen by someone with little experience in sitting or reading, much less in note-taking; they achieve a maximum of cushioned discomfort with a minimum of efficiency, and, compared with the not altogether adequate but still commodious oak armchairs of the reading rooms in the New York Public Library at Forty-second Street, they are singularly inept. There are today, incidentally, five badly designed "contemporary" chairs on the market for one that is even tolerably good, and the meekness with which the fashion-minded public accepts these incompetent pieces of furniture is second only to its eagerness to pay good money for the more infantile forms of modern painting. Here was a place for a dexterous innovation in modern library furniture, to match the high standard we have achieved in the conduct, if not always the design, of lending libraries. A room that vies in excellence with the library is

DRY FLY SHERRY

DRY FLY SHERRY
FINDLATER MACKIE, TODD & CO LTD LONDON

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests
IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

Thick 'n' Tender! Aged to Perfection!
10 FILET MIGNONS

World's best corn-fed Omaha beef
Don't envy epicures in Omaha! Join them in a memorable eating experience with these finely marbled, table-knife-tender filet mignons. Approx. 2" thick and mellow with corn-fed flavor. Ideal for gifts and special occasions.

10 8-oz. Filet Mignons shipped prepaid (Cont. U.S.) guaranteed perfect on arrival $27.50

- To order include check with shipping instructions
- Write for TSM catalog of "Omaha" meats

TABLE SUPPLY MEAT COMPANY
Dept. F 1209 Howard St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

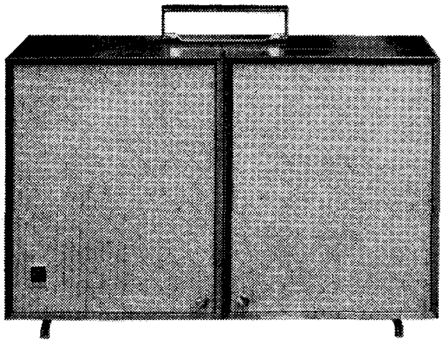
THE FORUM OF THE TWELVE CAESARS
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
57 WEST 48TH STREET.
PLAZA VII-III-IV-V-O

the auditorium, for it is done with a quiet perfection that happily recalls Saarinen's smaller theatre in the Kresge Auditorium at M.I.T. Whether such a single-purpose room, for intermittent use, is justified in the embassy is another question; the Beveridge Room in the University of London, so arranged that it can accommodate as little as twenty people at a seminar or two or three hundred at a concert or a lecture, seems to me a far more adroit solution.

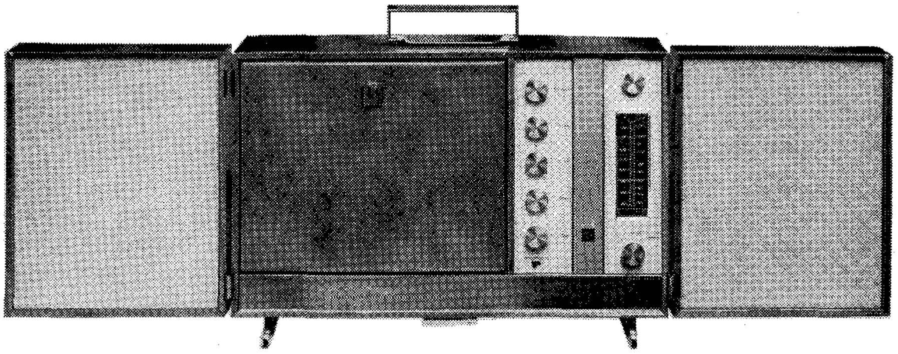
The fact that the exhibition hall serves frequently as an art gallery—like the lesser space at the Information entrance—is an excellent feature of the plan, since until recently America's contributions to painting and sculpture have been overlooked in other countries, a situation for which we have been partly to blame. Unfortunately, the hall is little more than a corridor, and space that might have been used to provide temporary alcoves, for a show of prints, perhaps, is sacrificed to a singularly irrelevant architectural device—a long, lengthwise trough of water, split by a wedge-shaped bank of stone that is punctuated by spouts, presumably to serve as a fountain. This trough cuts the gallery space in two without adding to its charm or usefulness. Possibly no one has yet backed into this watering trough, but it remains a clear and present danger, and, what is worse, it prevents one from going back and forth between pictures on opposite sides of the hall, as one often wishes to do when viewing a single artist's work.

The upper-floor corridors and offices are a smooth miracle of cold anonymity, as violently antiseptic as an operating room in a hospital, and even on the hot day in summer when I inspected them the absence of color and contrast was far from ingratiating. One of Conan Doyle's early villains tries to drive his girl victim insane by putting her in a white room with no hangings or decorations of any sort. This once seemed to me merely a quaint commentary on the Victorian conception of decoration, but after also looking at the endless array of white cubicles in the inner row of offices on the ground floor of the embassy I began to wonder whether there mightn't be something in the notion, and I shuddered at the thought of coming into this building not out of the summer sun but out of the dark, dank fog of a London November or the cold rain that one may encounter at any London season. Under such conditions it would take more than central heating to make the embassy seem anything but bleak and forbidding. Only a distinguished ar-

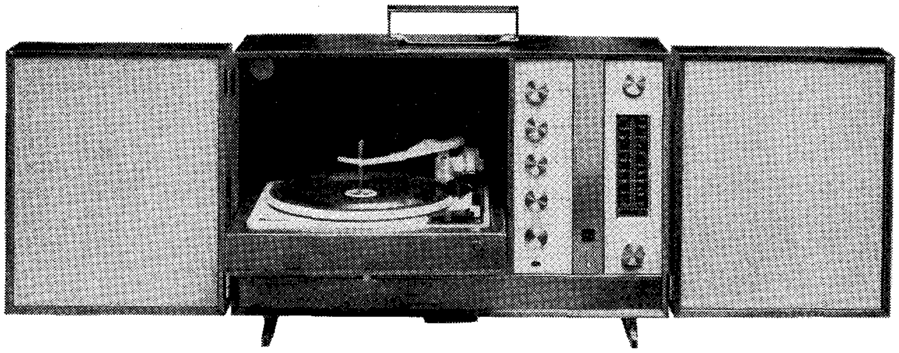
THE NEW LOOK
OF STEREO



"So you're a portable stereo, eh? Where are your speakers?"



"I see. O. K., where's your record changer?"



"A-ha! You're the new Adventurer by General Electric."

The Adventurer's clean styling is a tasteful addition to any room. On a table. In a bookcase. In a room divider.

Novel swing-out speakers and flip-down Garrard® changer give you full stereo separation *and* compact portability. The all-steel case is clad in scuff-proof vinyl in three color schemes.

Sound? Check these components carefully. Then hear them at your dealer's. The Adventurer is there now, amid an assortment of fine portables and consoles. All with a fresh, new look. All from General Electric.

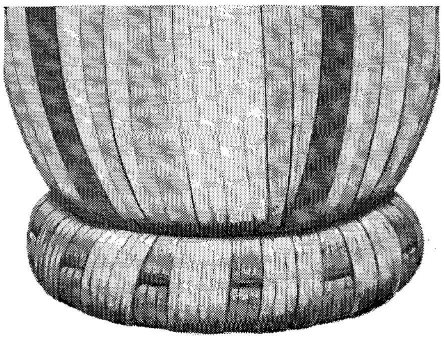
COMPONENTS:

- Speakers: 8" woofer, 3" tweeter in each swing-out wing. (Wings also detach for over 20' separation.)
- Flip-down Garrard custom changer.
- Built-in FM/AM/FM-Stereo tuner (optional).
- General Electric C-100 Ceramic cartridge.
- Record-saving Diamond stylus.
- Bass, treble, scratch filter, balance and compensated loudness controls.

AUDIO PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT, DECATUR, ILLINOIS

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The noblest chianti:

BERTOLLI

Every drop of Bertolli Chianti Classico is born in the heart of Tuscany, the true Chianti district. There Nature is uncommonly generous to wine grapes. Bertolli selects the very best and blends them. Time does the rest. The result is quite unlike any other wine you've bought or been served. Bertolli Classico: Sparkling red. Delicate in aroma. Gloriously mellow, yet light in taste. One sip will make it a permanently welcome guest at your dinner table. **Salute.**

SOLE U.S. REPRESENTATIVE:
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

ITALIA
INE
CONTAINS ONE QUART
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ITALY
CHIANTI
CLASSICO
BERTOLLI
FRANCESCO BERTOLLI S.p.A.
CASTELLINA IN CHIANTI (ITALY)

chitect could carry through his original errors with such consistency—and with so little misgiving about his basic premises.

ON the exterior, Saarinen attempted a more positive note in the four upper stories—in the bold fashion of Le Corbusier when he was modelling his Unity House in Marseille—by alternating oblong windows in broad, forward-thrusting stone frames and in narrow fluted frames that are not merely recessed into the walls but divided vertically by a bar. This pattern of alternation is carried through in the placing of the windows one above the other, so that a recessed window frame sits over a projecting window frame, and this scheme prevails through the entire façade. Such a strong modelling restores to us an almost forgotten part of the architectural curriculum—the traditional course on Lights and Shadows—and the contrasts hereby achieved will be strikingly accentuated, unless London's smoke nuisance abates further, when the Portland stone Saarinen wisely employed weathers, in standard London fashion, into streaks and patches of charcoal and gray, set off against gleaming white. Then the alternation of the flat stone surfaces of the broader window frames with the fluted units that border the other windows may become far more effective than it is now. All in all, Saarinen used his best talents to give this façade the character of an old-fashioned masonry structure, and if one of the youngest leaders of the "Brutalist" school has complained that the embassy is too monumental, the fact is that at least its masculine strength compares most favorably with the slickly neuter glass walls that have dominated the buildings of the past decade. With the admirable structural consistency that was so marked in Frank Lloyd Wright's work, Saarinen even carried the heavy beams of the lowest projecting floor out to the exterior, not alone to support the overhanging stories but to create a bold, serrated edge that sets off the recessed windows of the set-back ground floor as effectively as an old-fashioned cornice. Aesthetically, this is a far sounder feature of the façade than the overeffortful window frames, but the architect, alas, softened the effect by covering his beams with straw-colored anodized aluminum sheathing. The use of this feeble color throughout the building wherever a metallic covering is needed is an unfortunate lapse; it not merely looks fatally cheap, like imitation gold, but offers insufficient contrast with the

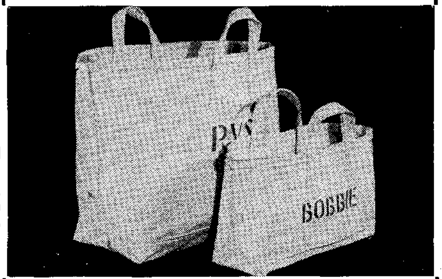
Lady Macintosh®

Made in England. Superb cotton poplin. Lightweight versatile jacket. Zipper front, shoulder lining, adjustable side tabs. Washable, yet extremely water repellent. Sand or Slate Blue. *$21.95*

Abercrombie & Fitch—New York, Chicago, San Francisco. John Jarrell — Atlanta. Tweeds and Weeds — Santa Barbara.

For other fine stores write Robert Appleby & Co. Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York 17

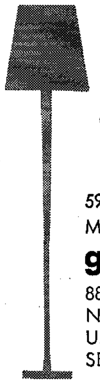
CANTON CARRY-ALLS



Holds everything: Packages, Books, Bottles, Ice, Ski Boots, Last-Minute Loads, etc.
LARGE SIZE: 24" x 8" x 14"
NEW SMALL SIZE: 12" x 6" x 9"—beach, bike or knitting bag.
BOTH made of No. 6 white canvas. Tough, washable. Stand alone—fold flat.

Unmarked: Large $5.00* Small $3.50*
With initials or names in red or blue (specify which) up to 6 letters:
Large $6.00* Small $4.50*
If more than 6 letters, add 20¢ per letter.
**Plus 30¢ postage East, 50¢ postage West of Mississippi*

CANTON CARRY-ALLS
CANTON, CONNECTICUT



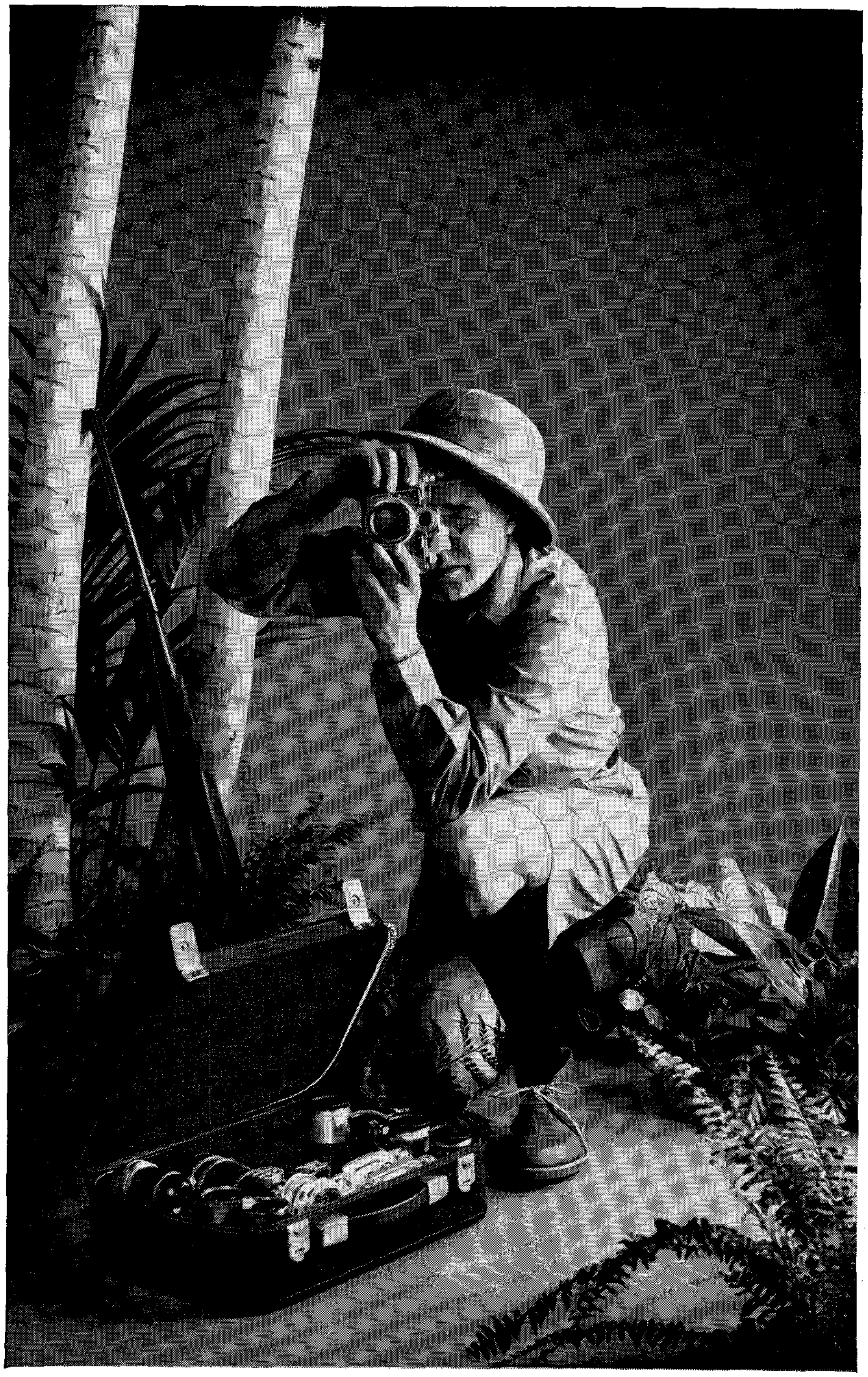
teak

59" high. $48.00
MAIL ORDERS INVITED
george kovacs
888 Madison Ave. at 72
New York 21, N. Y.
UNiversity 1-8955
SEND FOR BROCHURE "A"

diluted cream of the unweathered exterior stone.

What the architect sought here is obvious—he made a desperate attempt to conceal the incurable monotony of his façade by breaking away from the glib modern curtain wall, yet without going back to the simple repeating pattern of window and masonry wall that marked the buildings on the decently unobtrusive eighteenth-century London squares. In the older order of London, architects concentrated their efforts at individuality and distinction on the entrances of the houses, with their delicate fanlights and inviting classic porticoes; at most, they gave the special dignity of column and pediment to the building at the center of a row of houses, just because of its position. Saarinen sought to overcome the dull uniformity of a long, unbroken façade by making every other window stand out, but the power of his forms only increases the building's obsessive, repetitive beat. In contriving this form of aesthetic escape, he chose a solution that was not quite so arbitrary as that in his elevation for the new girls' dormitory at the University of Pennsylvania, in which, for no reason except superficial decoration, quite inadequate horizontal windows alternate with equally meaningless vertical ones. The truth of the matter is that if the functions within a building are themselves unduly repetitive, one cannot save the situation by overemphasizing that embarrassment.

In point of fact, Saarinen embraced the bureaucratic functions of the embassy too eagerly, and neglected to express the cultural functions that could have given life to this unnecessarily monotonous and sterile building. One would hardly guess from this façade that the embassy is not a mere office building. The library, the exhibition hall, the auditorium, the more public features of the building were all at the architect's call, waiting for appropriate architectural expression—indeed, demanding it—to dramatize the building's special ties to the great city and to those many Englishmen who are eager to come closer to our country's culture. That culture, in all its brief historic exuberance, is in contrast to the conformities and standardizations of our more recent affluent, bellicose, and bureaucratized society, and this vitality and variety should not be hidden behind a uniform façade. On his own confession, Saarinen knew that the administrators of the Grosvenor estate planned to rebuild the other sides of the square to a height of nine stories, so, quite apart from the embassy's privilege



The case for the adventurous life

You'll bring your adventures back alive with a Zeiss Ikon Camera *System*. With Zeiss Ikon's multiple lenses you can snap an elephant's eye or a whole stampeding herd with the same precision, from the same distance. With Zeiss Ikon's interchangeable backs you can switch freely, instantly, from sun-bright color to black-and-white film. A versatile Zeiss Ikon Camera System lets you photograph whatever you see, wherever you are, just the way you'd like to remember it. For the booklet that describes the extraordinary possibilities of Zeiss Ikon Contarex and Contaflex 35 mm. Camera Systems, write to Carl Zeiss, Inc., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Safari gear from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.)

SYMBOL OF EXCELLENCE® ZEISS IKON IN WEST GERMAN OPTICS

a bed of rosebuds,
pink or blue on white
. . . cultivated in all jm robe
collections. satin-trimmed
cotton cordana by smart time,
sizes 10 to 16, just 7.00

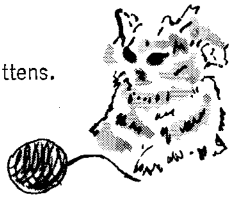
JOSEPH MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA NEVADA
mail orders to: joseph magnin, 77 o'farrell, san francisco. add 4% tax if delivered in calif.; .40 handling charge outside bay area.

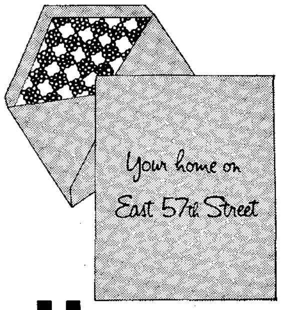
of extraterritoriality, there were no spatial limits to his handling of the varied functions of the embassy. By rejecting any formal expression of the cultural functions of his building, Saarinen repeated in his own fashion the mistakes of the United Nations headquarters in both New York and Paris—he gave precedence and eminence only to the bureaucratic function, thus bowing too complaisantly to the ruling force of our age and simply overlooking, or bluntly denying, our not inconsiderable cultural advantages.

WHEN the plans for the embassy were made public, it appeared that a dominant feature of a purely decorative order, trite but overwhelming, had indeed been provided, in the form of a seemingly huge golden eagle with outspread wings perched high above the main entrance, and a great deal of criticism was aroused in London, even in usually friendly circles, over this flaunting of our national bird. But when this pale eagle finally materialized it had shrunk into tame inoffensiveness, and now blends quite innocuously into the anodized aluminum of the rest of the decoration. What still causes resentment among many Britons—justifiably, it may as well be said—is the embankment of concrete. For this feature, I have been told, the State Department is responsible, unbelievable as that may seem. This device is a far remove from the Renaissance habit of placing a free-standing building on a plinth or base whose bold intervention between the ground and the structure not merely raised the building but set it off without violating its aesthetic composure. Many far less offensive barriers were available, even under the conditions Saarinen faced. One that instantly suggests itself is the cheerful London fashion of a bastion of flower boxes, which offers at most seasons the touch of color and organic form that is now lacking at every point in this building. Even for an embassy in Moscow, this quasi-military design would have been an unfriendly, if perhaps prudent, gesture; among our British friends and allies it is much worse. At the moment the State Department is urging people to smile in their passport photographs, our London embassy presents a cold, unsmiling face, a face unfortunately suggesting national arrogance and irresponsive power. We should amend this concept even if this demands that we take a long look at ourselves, to find out why the official Face of America and the Voice of America today so often contradict our

THE BERMUDA SHOP
LTD.

PURR-FECT
Lovable kittens at play
on our white cotton
short sleeved blouse.
Colors: tan, blue,
green or raspberry kittens.
Sizes 8-18
8.95
PLEASE
ADD 35C FOR SHIPPING
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22





NOW RENTING
For residency beginning January

Harridge
House
225 EAST 57TH STREET
Call PLaza 5-5615 for appointment

START WITH COCKTAILS FROM 5 P.M.
STEAKS·ROAST BEEF
BARBECUED RIBS
. . . AND CONTINUOUS DANCING FROM 9 P.M.
THE TWIST
AT THE
ROUNDTABLE
151 EAST 50th ST., N.Y.C., PL 8-0310

historic character and our present professions of idealism.

No architect can solve that problem singlehanded.

I DO not wish to leave this discussion of the work of a dead man, who cannot defend himself, without citing a quite different appraisal, from a contemporary English architect who is full of admiration for this building. Though dubious about the pallid metal trim, he praises the use of the Portland stone and the effort to achieve a strong, characterful façade. He feels that the decorative treatment of the interior is exquisitely chaste—read "hospital coldness" in my report—and he regards the detailing of the structure and the craftsmanship as setting a standard well above most contemporary work in his country. He is charitably willing to overlook the sidewalk barricade—though he winces at it—and he thinks that the building will settle down into the townscape of Grosvenor Square as a happy addition, full of character, if not charm. Since he is one of the most English of Englishmen, this is a most objective judgment, if not a representative one. I wish I could share his sentiments. But to me the whole style and message of the building seem as ominous as the depersonalized sort of thinking that comes out of our Air Force research centers. By the very perfection of its technique and the emptiness of its performance, it seems to say—as, indeed, our newer technologies often seem to say—that, quite apart from possible nuclear catastrophes, our civilization has come close to a dead end. At this juncture, we shall have to surrender what is left of our more humane values or retrace our steps to the point where we took the wrong road. One is not as yet easily persuaded that this blank, bureaucratic-military mask is the true face of America; certainly it does not represent the America we love, the America that other countries once found both enviable and lovable. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

MONTERREY, MEXICO (AP)—Santiago Reyes, one of Mexico's best-known jewel thieves, escaped from the penitentiary here in a cereal box Tuesday.

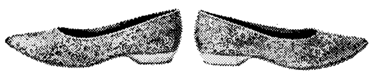
Reyes is the object of a nationwide search.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

May we keep him if we find him?

•

There is usually "one turning point in a campaign," he said, "when the grass catches fire and it begins to snowball." —*Atlanta Constitution.*

And the people blow hot and cold.

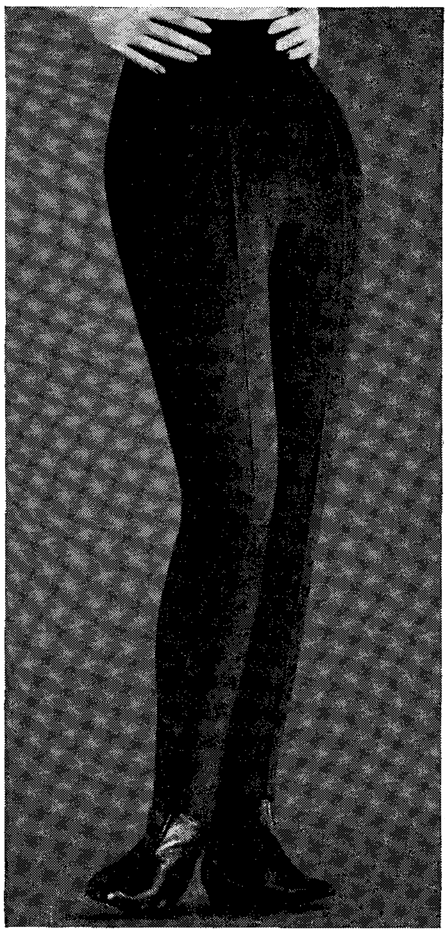


When you get right down to it...you'll just love your many-splendored

Oomphies

(Shown: Pagoda.) Oomphies priced from $4 to $12 a pair. Oomphies, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.1. Oomphies of Canada, Ltd., Sherbrooke, Quebec.

JOSEPH MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA



Bag, sag, crumple, rumple and lose their lovely lines they won't! Fit you here, there and everywhere they will! These black Helanca® gabardine pants have give (50% stretch Chemstrand® nylon, 50% rayon) to spare. Price $23.00. By Pants Internationale. Chemstrand, New York 1, a Division of Monsanto Chemical Company, makes Chemstrand® nylon.

NYLON
CHEMSTRAND™

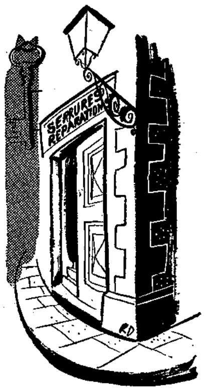
add 4% tax if delivered in Calif. add .50 outside bay area.

joseph magnin
stockton at o'farrell;
san francisco 8, calif.

Please send me
the following leisure pants: Quan. Size
Sizes 6-14 for 5'2" or under ____ ____
Sizes 6-18 for 5'2" to 5'6" ____ ____
Sizes 10-18 for 5'6" or over ____ ____
*Name*________________
(Print)
*Address*________________*Apt. No.*______
*City*__________*Zone*____*State*__________
☐ *Charge* ☐ *Check or M.O.*

LETTER FROM PARIS

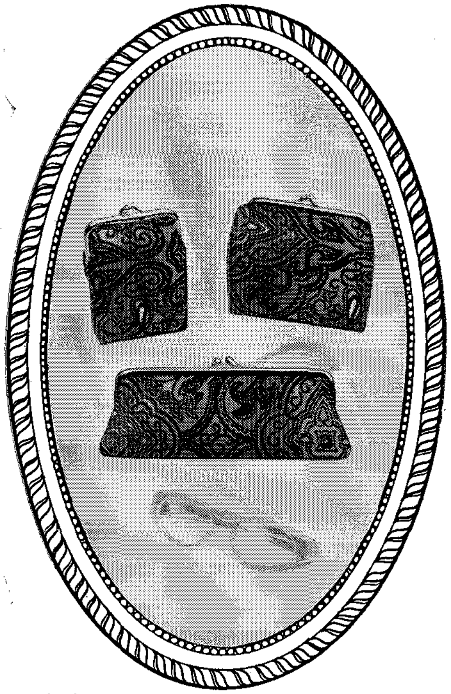
October 10



IT seemed characteristic—and certainly it was an old familiar act—that the first use the French Parliament made last week of its suddenly unloosed political energies after these four inert years under General de Gaulle's autocratic Fifth Republic was to overthrow a government—his government, headed by his Premier, Georges Pompidou. This opening and successful defiance of the all-powerful President de Gaulle took place in that dramatic, historic all-night Parliamentary session which ended shortly before dawn last Friday. Its damaging and, at the same time, liberating results will be spread over the next month and a half, until a French government is put together again, with a newly elected Parliament. But whatever comes now will be only like a postscript to the heroic Fifth Republic.

As harsh, realistic proof that de Gaulle was indeed the savior of France, his sacrosanct salvationist importance has ebbed in the few months of peace since he ended the Algerian war. His solo pattern of governing today's prosperous, revitalized France has seemed increasingly démodé to many of the French. This, combined with his age and the recent appalling and so nearly successful attempts to assassinate him, made imminent the French Parliament's return to the surface of national life, and, unfortunately, the inevitable restoration of some of the bellicose republican practices and politics normal to France—provided that Parliament could find an opening, some chink or hole, in de Gaulle's impervious personal armor for its reëntry. It was this that he supplied by a so-called violation of his own constitution—contemptuously bypassing Parliament and relying only on a coming popular referendum to validate his project for the election of his dynastic Presidential successors. These he proposed to have elected by popular suffrage, in order that they might not be selected by Parliament's politicians. De Gaulle's war against the French politicians has been like a religious war, in which the politicians a fortnight ago suddenly found him guilty of a kind of heresy—a violation of the Sacred Writ

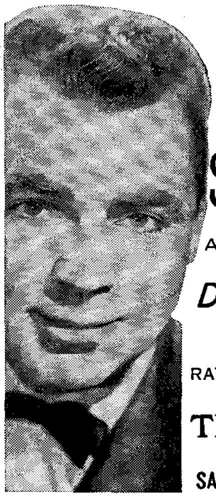
A Reflection of Impeccable Taste
... in our own exclusive design



Matched set in our exclusive Liberty silk Paisley pattern. French purse, $7;* cigarette case, $5; double eyeglass case, $6; cosmetic case (not shown), $6.* Choice of red with turquoise, brown with charcoal. *plus tax

at select stores only

Bond Street Ltd.
30 EAST 33rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY
matched accessories for pocket and purse



TED STRAETER
AT THE PIANO
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Dinner & Supper Dancing

RAY HARTLEY • DINNER MUSIC
CUISINE CONTINENTALE
THE COLUMNS
EL 5-2600
SAVOY HILTON • FIFTH & 58th

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

of Constitution. Here was their chance to attack him.

That de Gaulle had in truth violated his constitution was also the opinion of France's Council of State (which corresponds to our Supreme Court), of the majority of the Sorbonne law faculty, of leading jurists all over the country, of the powerful French trade unions, and of Paris and provincial newspaper editorialists. It was also the opinion of his two immediate predecessors, ex-Presidents Auriol and Coty, and of that high official who would follow him as a stopgap President if he should be murdered or should die in office—the notable French Guiana Negro M. Gaston Monnerville, long-time president of the French Senate.

All this disapprobation reverberated as cumulative news through the press from one end of France to the other. The only sign that de Gaulle had overheard it at his height was his astute decision to give his nationwide TV speech twice last Thursday—first at 1 P.M., before Parliament convened and started talking against him, and then at eight that night, his usual time. Relayed over the state-owned Radio-Télévision Française, it was one more demonstration of his unique privilege of communication, of personal propaganda, and of influence with his special little nation of eleven million radio owners and three million TV owners, to whom his gifted microphone voice and his dramatic, elderly face, now the visage of France herself, have become exclusive symbols of state leadership. One must understand that the power of his privilege is enhanced at all times by the R.-T.F.'s being a state monopoly and strictly censored, so that, in the ordinary way, no one and nothing subversive or antagonistic to or critical of the state—which means de Gaulle's government and himself—ever gets on the national French air. (However, this monopoly will be temporarily lifted on October 15th, the official opening of the referendum campaign, when his opposition can have its belated say.) De Gaulle's most important announcement in the one-o'clock broadcast, which certainly had some influence on the afternoon Chamber speeches, was his closing solemn threat to the French people that he would retire from their midst if they failed to support him adequately in his now truly vital October 28th referendum on that Presidential-election project, as much a necessity for his plans for the future of France as it is a measure of his prestige.

All this was the agitating background of the extraordinary Thursday-into-Fri-

wake up to a NEW SENSATION IN SLEEP COMFORT
the blanket with the cellular Weave
incredibly light-
SHILLCRAFT CELLULAR BLANKETS
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND . . . FOR YOURSELF, FOR GIFT-GIVING

Now. . . enjoy a new experience in blanket lightness and warmth. The remarkable new Cellular Blanket seen on T.V., in magazines and newspapers. Thousands of breathing spaces provide all the warmth and comfort of an ordinary blanket, with less weight. *Proved* in daily use in thousands of English and American homes. Standard equipment aboard many Transatlantic jets and ocean liners. Now used in many fine U.S. Hotels and Resorts and in leading English and U.S. hospitals. More and more people everywhere are enjoying Shillcraft Cellular Blankets, summer and winter. **AVAILABLE IN 100% VIRGIN WOOL AND 100% COTTON.** Only the finest natural fibers are selected for these blankets. British quality is apparent at a glance. Both Wool and Cotton Blankets retain effective warmth through all cleanings. Wool Blanket is luxuriously edged with 3 inches of high-sheen satin. Cotton Blanket has a hemmed edge and is guaranteed machine-washable. **SPECIFY COLOR:** White, Rose Pink, Powder Blue, Mint Green, Peach, Lilac, Lemon Yellow. Many of our satisfied customers say these blankets are so beautiful they serve as wonderful bedspreads. **NOT SOLD IN STORES.** Buy direct from importer. Mail coupon today for yourself, for lovely gifts. WE PAY POSTAGE. Mail to Shillcraft, Dept. 10, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md.

PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Not Sold in Stores. Buy Direct from Importer. Mail Coupon Today.

SHILLCRAFT, Dept. 10, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore 1, Maryland.
Please send the following Shillcraft Cellular Blankets, postage paid, on an unconditional money-back guarantee.

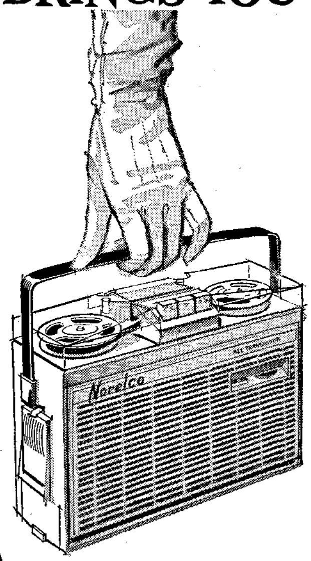
Quan.	100% WOOL (Satin Edged)			Color	Quan.	100% COTTON			Color
	Crib	36″ x 54″	$7.75			Crib	36″ x 54″	$4.95	
	Twin	72″ x 90″	18.75			Twin	72″ x 96″	12.95	
	Double	80″ x 100″	22.75			Double	80″ x 100″	14.95	
	King Size	90″ x 100″	25.75			King Size	90″ x 100″	16.95	

Maryland Residents only add 3% Sales Tax.

NAME.................................... (please print)
ADDRESS....................................
CITY....................ZONE..........STATE..........

I am enclosing
☐ Check for $_____
☐ Money Order for $_____
☐ $1.00 Deposit. Send C.O.D.

Norelco®
BRINGS YOU



A
PORTABLE
TAPE
RECORDER
that works on ordinary
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES
so you can now record
anything, anytime, anywhere!

Only 8 lbs.—is worn over your shoulder like your camera. Records and plays back up to 2 hours on one reel. Simple to use? Push two buttons and you're recording . . . push one button and you're playing back. What could be simpler! Sound is clear as a bell and as loud as you want it. Ruggedly built, with constant-speed motor . . . handsomely styled . . . surprisingly low-priced. It's the newest Norelco 'Continental'—the 100% transistorized

CONTINENTAL '100'

. . . available at camera shops, hi-fi dealers and leading stores all over the country. Write for brochure: 10B.

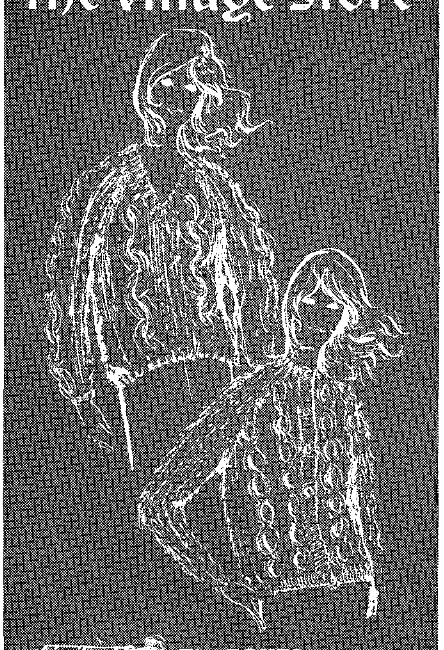
NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC.
High Fidelity Products Division
230 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, L. I., N.Y.

In Canada and throughout the free world, Norelco is known as the 'Philips'.

day Parliamentary session that brought to the foreground this first organized political defiance of the monumental, solitary *chef d'état*—the first pandemonious, garrulous attack in what has openly become an intense power struggle between him and them, they being the long humiliated and now vengeful "men of politics," as he disdainfully calls them, as if somehow rather illegitimatizing them. The aim of the Thursday session was to pass a motion of censure against de Gaulle's violation of the constitution to carry out his Presidential project as an "opening breach through which, someday, an adventurer might pass"—a remarkably pretty and sinister phrase. He himself was, naturally, absent. At the session's beginning, the deputy-filled hemicycle hummed with revived animation. Once more, Parliament was the disputatious center of Paris, of France. A choice audience was also there assembled, almost as many women as men, drawn by a special appreciation of the unrehearsed, ad-lib drama, in which they could watch and listen to a government that may end in mortal agony among its final and futile political forms of speech—an audience that continuously packed the luxurious visitors' loges and crammed the public gallery's wooden benches beneath the roof during the twelve hours (from four o'clock Thursday afternoon until four-thirty the next morning) of intermittent speeches, debates, shouts, cheers, insults, interruptions, bangings of desk tops, and occasional long suspensions. Then the figures on the overwhelming vote of censure—more than three-quarters of the entire house being in favor—were read aloud, and de Gaulle's government was dead.

Another exceptional thing about this session was that the five traditional old big parties, all quarrelsomely opposed to each other in Parliament in the past, had this time united as an opposition. As their opposition leader they had chosen the Chamber's most brilliant, vivid, quick-tongued orator—the diminutive, sturdy octogenarian Paul Reynaud. Chief of the attack against de Gaulle on Thursday, thirty years ago he had been the first in political circles to discover and admire the then unknown Colonel de Gaulle, with his vain dream of a modern, mechanized French Army. As Premier of France in the early, desperate days of the last war, Reynaud had made de Gaulle Deputy Minister of War; in 1958 he had helped bring him back to power; and recently he had broken with him over republican principles when the General chose as his Premier the estima-

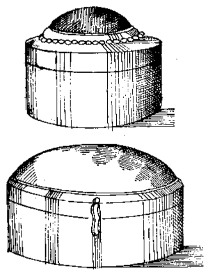
the village store



The POUFS . . .
To cuddle you on chilly mornings or breezy evenings, these handknit mohair and wool sweaters from Italy are light as air, warm as fur. Both come in oatmeal, cranberry, black, shell pink or pale blue. Both S, M, L. Cabled V-neck pullover 18.95. Cardigan 25.95. **Pony Express to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Michigan.** Postage 50¢. Catalog on request.

NEW YORK CITY, 822 Lexington at East 63rd St.
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

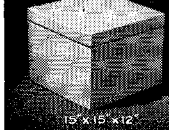
FROM A COLLECTION
OF APOTHECARY CASES
AT THE PHOENIX



Above: Sterling silver pillbox set with an amethyst, 5.00. Below: Agate pillbox in pink, yellow or green, 15.00. Add Federal tax and 50¢ for handling. From THE PHOENIX, 793 Lexington Avenue, New York / 1514 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington.

LACQUERED MODULE

OUR OWN DESIGN · · · A VERSATILE LITTLE CHEST



ONE IS A SPOT OF COLOR, AN EXTRA TABLE OR SEAT. SEVERAL WILL COMBINE OR GROUP AS YOUR FANCY SUGGESTS. THE TOP LIFTS OFF FOR USEFUL STORAGE.

IN BITTER GREEN 19.95
ADD .50 FOR MAILING

DESIGNERS' DEN
COLD SPRING HARBOR, N.Y.

ALSO AT BLOOMINGDALE'S
CASUAL FURNITURE 7TH FLOOR

TO LET

Enchanting Finca, Pollensa, Majorca. Ideal atmosphere creative work. Modern conveniences, fabulously furnished, 4 double bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 living rooms, 6 terraces, studio, swimming pool, 7 acre garden. 5 servants with separate quarters. 2 garages. View Roman aqueduct, mountains. Beaches nearby. Priceless art & book collection. Lease November first, 6 months or more. Brochure available.

Box VR, The New Yorker Mag.,
25 W. 43 St., N.Y. 36, N.Y.

ble Rothschild banker Pompidou, who had never even been in politics, let alone been elected a deputy. Reynaud's Thursday speech glittered with emotion and intelligent substance. Standing at his full brief height on the speaker's rostrum, and as if musing in disillusion over his illustrious former friend who had gradually seized all the functions of government in his own two large hands, he said, "How could we have fallen into such intellectual disorder? It is because General de Gaulle wanted to combine the honors of the Chief of State with the powers of a Premier—to be both Winston Churchill and George VI. . . . To those who say with fright, 'But what if he should leave us?' "—the threat contained in that noon's TV speech—"I say that this fight is not justified unless you doubt France. It is not very deeply patriotic to lose faith in all the French except one. To use this argument does not make one man bigger, it makes one's own country smaller. . . . In all civilized lands, the Parliament represents the nation, with its qualities and defects, its diversities, and even its contradictions. If the Assembly represents the nation, then France is here"—in the hemicycle itself—"and not elsewhere." His final, rather gallant sally referred in part to de Gaulle's having written somewhere in his memoirs that French politics had degenerated, and it was addressed to de Gaulle's Premier Pompidou, listening as if mesmerized on the government's front bench. To him little Reynaud ordered loudly, "*Monsieur le Premier Ministre*, go tell the Elysée that our admiration for the past is intact"—a noble compliment to de Gaulle's earlier days—"but that this Assembly is not degenerate enough to renounce the Republic!" There was then a burst of what the French papers called "*vifs applaudissements prolongés sur les nombreux bancs*."

A very noticeably high proportion of the thirty-eight speakers listed were from de Gaulle's own party, the U.N.R. These were mostly self-important, inexperienced young men with nothing consequential to say. However, the charge of favoritism was not made until fairly late in the night, when an angry deputy suddenly announced from the floor that the regular nine-thirty TV news—broadcast, of course, by the government and shown all over Paris—had given exactly one and a half minutes of its afternoon Chamber news to Reynaud and his dominant speech; the same to Socialist leader Guy Mollet, his colleague in opposition, who followed him; and a full thirty minutes to Premier

Beauty Secret
(for your table, too!)
Birthday Candles
CANDLES

She *always* chooses

Will+Baumer Candles

Whatever form of candlelight she plans to beautify her table, she knows the *one* brand to buy with confidence: Will & Baumer—a name well known to her mother and her mother's mother. She knows that *only* Will & Baumer offers such a complete selection of sizes, styles and fashion-right colors. She's confident—and proud, too—because her choice is also the choice of America's leading hostesses.

From the Will & Baumer Candle Center

Know them by name: Taperlite, Tavern, Twistolite, Marble, Princess, Teardrops, Hawaiian Lites, Birthday Twists—at leading stores, and all by

Will & Baumer Candle Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.

WINTERFUN
begins in
BAVARIA

Let Lufthansa fly you to Munich!

Festive Munich is not only a center of Bavarian high-life—it is the proper gateway to all the Alps, heart of the world's finest ski-country. You can be there next morning on our big Boeings (on to Kitzbuhel by private bus, too). Our Family Fare plan saves a lot!

Lufthansa offers a wide choice of trips—for skiing, winter sports or just winterfun—in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. All-inclusive 17-day Budjet Ski Vacations start at $548...3-weeks at $782. (On 17-day Excursion Fares, you save $136 over the regular Economy Class round-trip fare).

Find out how easy it is to have a European Winter Vacation—just mail the coupon below, or ask your own Travel Agent.

Skiers! Our 10th Annual Ski-Safari leaves for Kitzbuhel February 17th—a special, escorted tour with experts in charge... starting at $499. Prices quoted based on New York departure

LUFTHANSA
GERMAN AIRLINES
410 Park Avenue—Dept. NY, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me Budjet Ski Vacation brochure:

Name________
Address________Tel.________
City________Zone____State____
My Travel Agent is________

Pompidou's exegesis of de Gaulle policies. At this, the Chamber broke into an uproar of boos, shouts, desk thumpings, and angry voices crying "*Voilà le fair play français!*" Pompidou himself seemed both surprised and embarrassed by the discrimination. The Speaker of the Chamber ordered a long suspension to consider what to do, then reported later, to repeated booing, that no TV news at all would be recorded of the evening session's proceedings, which increasingly looked like a defeat for the de Gaulle forces. The session being resumed at midnight, the passage of time was carefully indicated by a change in the attire of the Speaker, young Chaban-Delmas, of the U.N.R., who, sitting aloft in his great chair on the tribune, with his gavel ready to rap to restore order and a bell to clang if the noisy deputies started to get really out of hand, looked as he always does—rather like an expressionless, handsome tailor's dummy. For the afternoon opening, he had worn a very smart black cutaway coat and striped trousers. For the night session, he reappeared, as he invariably does, in full evening rig of tailcoat and a somewhat flamboyant big white butterfly tie. Just before dawn, when he announced the final news, he was probably the only man in the Chamber still immaculate and unwrinkled.

That portion of Pompidou's speech which was devoted to de Gaulle as a man, and was not a defense of his fashion of governing, was bold and touching. In part, he said, "This President of the Republic, General de Gaulle, is not a general in the popular sense that General Bonaparte or General Boulanger must have been. But it is he to whom you all, *Messieurs*, owe not only the restoration of the Republic in 1944 but the saving of the Republic in 1958, and again at the Algiers barricades in 1960, and again in 1961, during the *Putsch* there, and it is not six months since he surmounted the offensive of the O.A.S. Even on the evening of the recent assassination attempt, there was no one who did not feel that with him liberty nearly died. I beg of you at least to temper your words against him with gratitude."

When it was all over, the winning deputies left the Chamber shouting the "Marseillaise," with no unity of rhythm or pitch. In the courtyard outside on the *quai*, across from the illuminated spectacle of the Concorde's pale, cleansed, porticoed buildings, moon-colored just before dawn, a soldier stood in the shadows, with his cape on, his feet spraddled far apart, and his machine gun at the ready in his hands in case there might be

Versatile
Loden Coat

Imported from West Germany, this naturally water-repellent coat is double thick for extra warmth . . . detachable hood. Dark olive. Regulars: 36-46; longs: 40-46. $35. Boys' sizes: 6-12. $25.95; 14-20. $32.50

Mail Orders, add 50¢;
No. C.O.D.'s, please.

ROOT'S
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

Clothiers to Gentlemen ...and their Sons

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

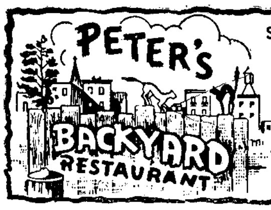
Superb pre-theatre dining ... and just a stroll to your theatre.

After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

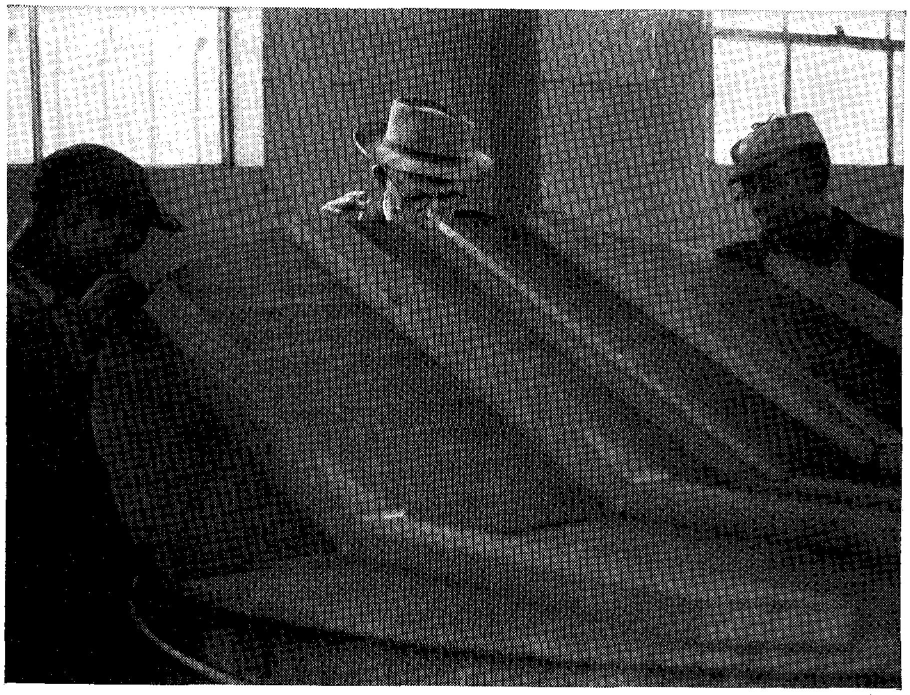
John Yervant's
FOX HILL
RESTAURANT AND INN
"French cuisine at its best."
Luncheon—Cocktails—Dinner
Piano music wed. thru sun. Franklin Young
Facilities for social & business functions
Guest accom. available—IDlewood 8-2628
EXIT 40 FROM MERRITT P'WAY 15 MI.
NORTH ON RT. 7—RIDGEFIELD, CONN.



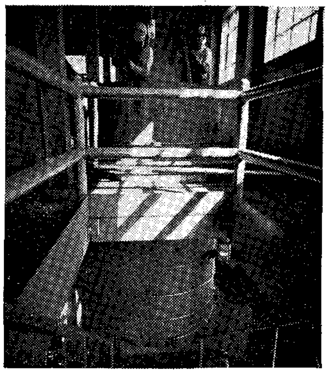
STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER-SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

the beginning of trouble because of this first decisive political crisis in de Gaulle's Fifth Republic.

STIMULATED as well as worried by events, the public has been giving itself a fling at the Paris theatre. The drama critic of *L'Express* has just asked if the theatre is not "becoming a retrospective art right under our very eyes." A fortnight ago, the best new Paris play was an early Bertolt Brecht, "Dans la Jungle des Villes," given in Munich in 1923; before that, it was Chekhov's "Ivanov." This week, it is the second Pirandello in town, his "Tout pour le Mieux." Last week, at the old Ambigu, it was "Victor, ou Les Enfants au Pouvoir," a morsel of Surrealistic lunatic hilarity written in 1924. It is basically a takeoff of the *comme-il-faut* melodrama and manners of the 1900 epoch here, and stars the long-legged Claude Rich, to be recalled for his steadily subtle performance as the incestuous brother in Françoise Sagan's play "Le Château en Suède"—one of the rare elegant young character actors on the French stage. It is he who acts the role of the nine-year-old Victor, who is so "*terriblement intelligent*," playing him in boy's gawky blue clothes and with sinister guile and shining imagination, backed by his chum Esther, aged six, acted with almost equal simulated precocity by Uta Taeger. The piece was directed by Jean Anouilh, because he liked it. The special view in the play is that of the children, who see merely the actions of their surrounding adults (such as the liaison between her father and his mother), without the compensating mature psychology or passion or even credulity to understand it all, or any of it very much. To the excited, sadistic children, the grown-up hypocrisies and falsehoods and shibboleths seem such comic imbecilities that they keep stirring everything up like a mudpie, until murders are the fitting result. Even Victor mysteriously dies, after having his birthday cake on this his ninth birthday, perhaps surfeited with fate and knowledge. This extravagant opus farcically abounds with gags, insomniac scenes, nightgown-and-nightshirt chases, caricatures of the 1900 bourgeoisie's low minds and lower morals, and a kind of lyric general lunacy, which has become important in the Western world today. It was written by the Surrealist Roger Vitrac, was first played here, without causing a ripple, in 1928, and is only now finding its loud success. Vitrac, who unfortunately died some years ago, is now posthumously hailed as the predecessor of the Beckett-



TENNESSEE SIPPIN' WHISKEY has to go through a Charcoal Mellowing vat drop by drop. Any faster, and we repack the vat.



Charcoal Mellowing calls for seeping our whiskey down through 10 feet of tightly packed, hard maple charcoal. If the whiskey should come out any faster than a drop at a time, the vat is repacked and the whiskey is put through again. It's a slow process that needs a lot of seeing after. But we believe you'll agree the sippin' smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is worth all the pains we take.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

©1962, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

Still produced at the World's Oldest Distillery... Still produced by the family of its Founders... Still produced under its Original Formula... Still the most palatable Whiskey in *any* drink!

Once you taste it, you'll wish you had done so long before.

OLD BUSHMILLS
Irish Whiskey

86 PROOF. 100% BLENDED IRISH WHISKIES.
QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., N.Y.

"The Spirit of the Ages"

OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
ESTD 1784
BUSHMILLS

Ionesco-Audiberti *déraillée*, or off-the-rails, theatrical school, which in the last few years has swept over France and England especially. It is sad that Vitrac did not live to know his fame, for he had relatively little in life. He was an amiable, jolly, fine-looking giant, the only good-tempered Surrealist who ever frequented the Deux Magots, where we all used to know him, and he was one of the few young French poets and writers who also frequented Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare shop, in the Rue de l'Odéon.

The painful news, just announced here, of Sylvia Beach's death sometime last week, alone and for days undiscovered in her small flat above what had been the Shakespeare premises, is another American epitaph to engrave on the historic Left Bank Epoch of the Twenties, to which she was the hard-pressed presiding hostess, book publisher, book lender, bookseller, and friend, who never failed in any line. Without her, some of those who were becoming great writers could not have written so well, and certainly without her James Joyce's "Ulysses" would not have been published as early as it was. Her eyesight had never been good, and deciphering Joyce's curlicues of crabbed handwriting and interlinear scribblings on his manuscripts and proofs was an exercise of devotion and loyalty that her eyes never recovered from. She was a friend to all of us in Paris who used the pen, no matter how modestly. She was a friend to writing. —GENÊT

•

Mr. Williams named four necessary items in the personality of the successful Procter and Gamble junior executive: responsibility, complete honesty, intelligence, and a faculty for what he called knee bending.

"We like to pile work on a new fellow until the sweat breaks out and his knees fairly buckle," Mr. Williams said.

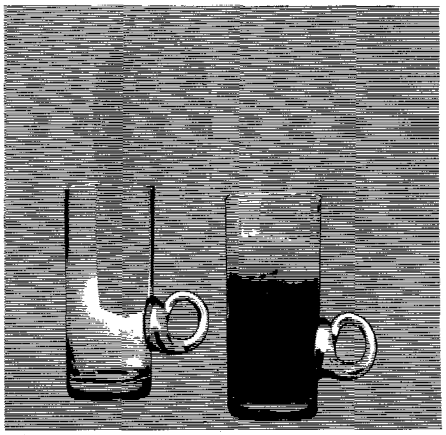
"Before you know it, the man who assumed that load is ready for more—he'll be a senior executive by the time he's 30," he said.—*Toronto Telegram.*

Too tired even to wash up before dinner.

•

Mrs. Doris M. Chaney of Bethesda announces the marriage of her daughter Carolyn Pauline to Mrs. James S. Benson, son of Mrs. Markland K. Benson of Upperco, Md., and the late Mrs. Benson. Mrs. Benson is also the daughter of Mr. Paul E. Chaney, Sr. The wedding took place June 16 at the Bethesda Presbyterian Church. The couple will live in Cincinnati, Ohio.—*Washington Star.*

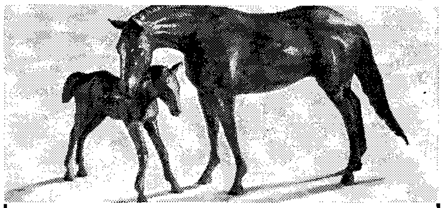
Home of the Redlegs.



Coffee Glasses For Irish Sophisticates
(AND OTHERS, TOO)

From the oldest house in America still hand-blowing fine lead crystal in the ancient manner comes this unique tribute to the Emerald Isle. Chaste cylinders of brilliant crystal are offset with delicately formed little handles to compliment your most expertly concocted Irish Coffee. And these delightful vessels are equal conversation pieces when they contain whiskey sours or parfaits or perhaps hot toddies. Ask for them at your favorite fine glassware department or write to Bryce for the name of the dealer nearest you. Price, about $6.00 for four packaged together. Erin go bragh!

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand-Cut, Lead Crystal
Since 1841



Poem in Wood Sculpture!

Solid walnut mare and foal. Flawless conformation and detail. Warmth and beauty in the rich hues of natural walnut. Fondly and lustrously polished.

The pair (8½ x 4¼) $38.50 ppd.

Catalog, other sculptures in wood, 25 cents

[Portrait sculptures of your own dog —from life or your photos]

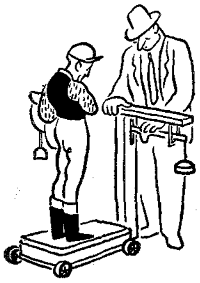
M. E. BRASHER
KENT 14 CONN.

The EMPRESS
Authentic
CHINESE CUISINE
Free Parking after 6:30
710 THIRD AVE. (bet. 44-45 Sts.) YU 6-5995
Diners & Am. Express

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

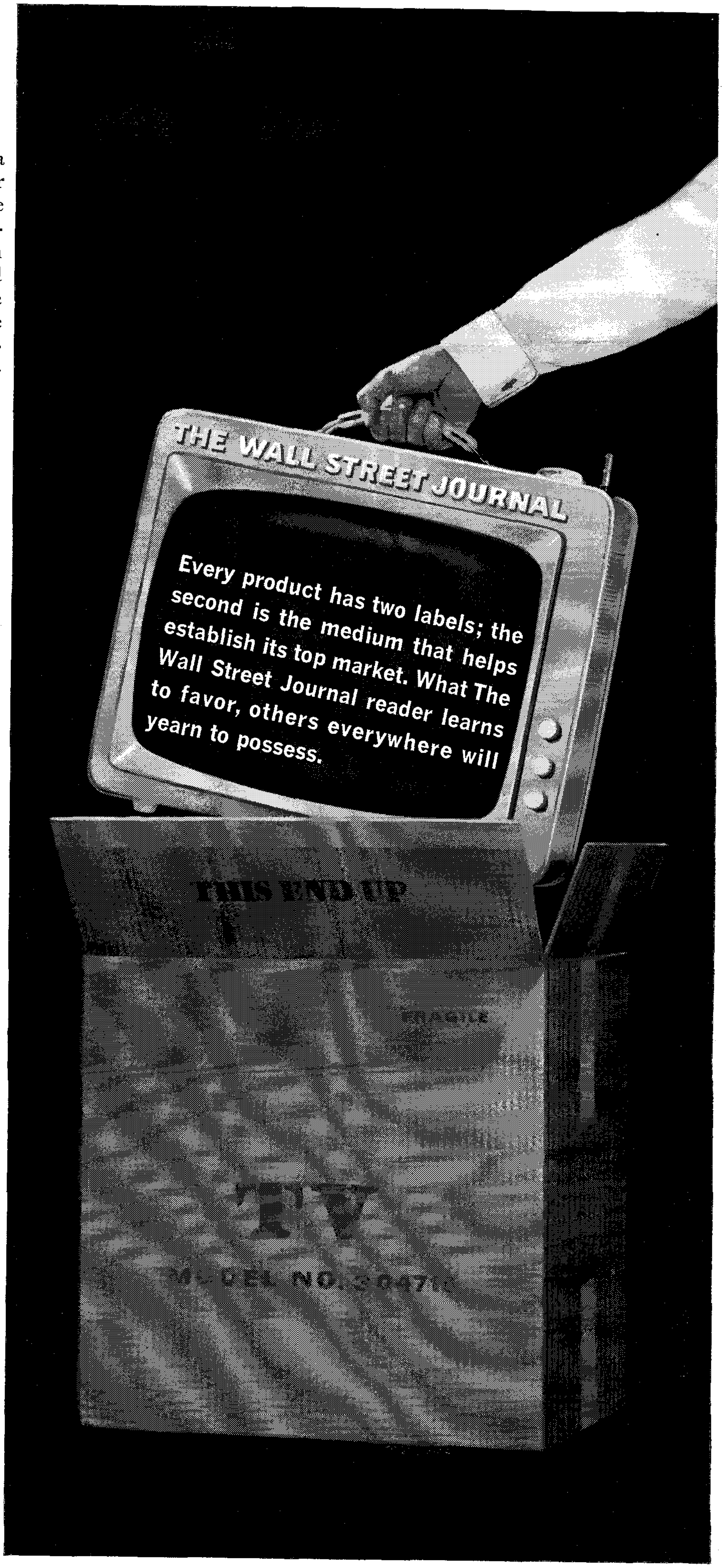
THE RACE TRACK

Whiz-Bang



THOUGH it's a little early for summaries of the season, it seems pretty safe to list Cain Hoy's Never Bend as the best of the two-year-olds. He was master of the situation from the beginning to the end of the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last weekend, winning by eight lengths. Master Dennis, a 15–1 shot, was second, followed by Outing Class, Sum Dum Kid, Bold Commander, Valiant Skoal, and Slipped Disc (who ran as if he had one). Apparently, Never Bend's recent efforts in the Cowdin and the Futurity (as you know, he won both) settled his nerves, for he was cooler and calmer than usual in the paddock and in the parade to the post. He looked very fit, too, and no lighter in flesh. The race was a rather tame affair, but Never Bend was a pleasing sight as he galloped along in front—running the mile, incidentally, in a fast 1:35⅘ without being pushed. His next start will no doubt be in the Garden State Stakes in Jersey on November 10th, and if he keeps his present form he'll win that, too. He's been first in six of his eight tries to date, and has earned $396,616 in prize money, $129,675 of it in the Champagne. The Garden State purse should put him over the half-million mark. By the way, this was the third Champagne Stakes for Cain Hoy; Armageddon won it in 1951 and Flying Fury in 1954. However, the stable's luck last week wasn't all good. Colonel Martingale thought the perfect parlay would be Battle Joined in the Manhattan Handicap on Columbus Day and Never Bend in the Champagne, but Battle Joined, who had won the Realization Stakes so impressively earlier in the meeting, pulled up lame after a workout two days before he was to run. It is hoped that he'll come back to the races before the season ends. His front legs have never been absolutely sound, though, so one guess is as good as another.

THE Manhattan Handicap produced a real stunner, in which Jaipur, the odds-on favorite, finished sixth. No doubt that old streak of Nasrullah temperament in his ancestry popped up



Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. Paintings from the Italian primitives to Cézanne and Seurat, medieval ivories and miniatures in precious colors, Byzantine enamels on gold, Renaissance angels, tapestries and embroideries in colored silks, Greek vase paintings, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer, and Gauguin, and a festive variety of designs from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. Mail the coupon below for the catalogue, which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N20

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

again, for Jaipur ran the same way he ran in the Preakness last May. He led easily for the first couple of furlongs, and then followed Tutankhamen to the mile mark, where he called it a day. Tutankhamen, who was second choice in the betting, at nearly 5–1, went on to win handily from Sensitivo, with Windy Sands third. Speaking of long shots, Honey Dear, a filly from C. V. Whitney's stable, rolled home by five lengths in the New York Handicap and paid a $58.30 mutuel. It isn't often that a Whitney horse pays such odds; I suppose it was because she'd never raced on grass. But she liked the footing, and scooted past Barnesville Miss in the stretch after following her pace for nearly a mile. There have been changes in the New York Handicap since 1940, when Alfred Vanderbilt, who was president of Belmont Park at the time, started the race as a fifty-thousand-dollar event. It was at two miles and a quarter on the main track, and among its winners were Alsab, Stymie, Rico Monte, and Miss Grillo. In 1951, its distance was reduced to a mile and a furlong, and the purse to $25,000, and in 1955 it was shifted to the turf course at a mile and three furlongs. This year, it's become a race exclusively for fillies and mares, at a mile and a quarter.

Just for the record, there was a daily double at Belmont last week that paid $2,540.20—the biggest jackpot in years for the lads and lassies who play numbers rather than horses. Sixty two-dollar tickets were sold on the combination of Happy Punny (now, I ask you, is that a name for a horse?), who won the first race, and Electioneer, who won the second. Next day, every long-priced runner in the double got an extra-heavy play.

CICADA is in action again. At Garden State Park last Saturday, this remarkable three-year-old filly romped off with the Jersey Belle Stakes by nearly six lengths. It was her nineteenth victory in thirty-one starts, over two seasons. She has earned $679,992—more purses and stakes than any other member of her sex. If she wins the Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct next month, why shouldn't she be the Horse of the Year?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Seattle Times]

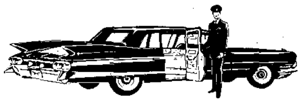
[B. K.] Nehru said the Mississippi crisis "could never happen in India."

"Discrimination is barred in our country, very strictly," he said.

"Nobody would dare stop an untouchable from going to school in India. In fact, we have special seats reserved for them."

FALL IS BEAUTIFUL
at beautiful
Gulf Hills
DUDE RANCH & COUNTRY CLUB
Ocean Springs, Miss.
700-Acre Gulf Coast Estate
Free To Guests . . .
18-Hole Golf Course
Horseback Riding
. . . plus deep sea and fresh water fishing, paddock swimming pool, tennis, water skiing, boat marina, entertainment, every variety of fun and pleasure.
Magnificent Ranch-Style Meals
One low, all-inclusive rate . . .
Starting at $14 per Person.
Write For Color Folder . . .
Dept. 9, Ocean Springs, Miss.
Director - Leslie Spencer
Manager - Chuck Wynn
Golf Pro - JOHNNY POTT

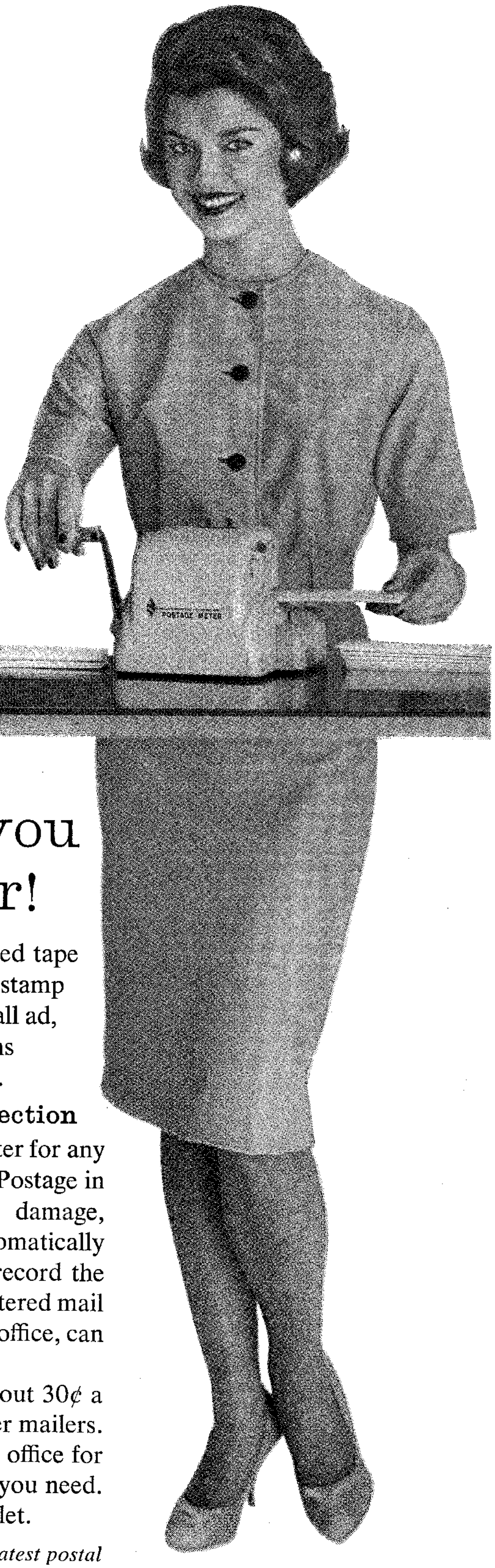
Who else ?...
CAREY® AIR CONDITIONED
Cadillac
LIMOUSINE
with uniformed chauffeur
for the finest
limousine service in New York
for reservations call: PLaza 5-6409



CREDIT CARDS HONORED
ANY DAY · ANY HOUR · ANYWHERE · ANY WEATHER

For the entertainment of your most valued customer or cherished friend
Florentine Room
in the ITALIAN VILLAGE
71 W. Monroe, Chicago DE 2-7005
Luncheon—Cocktails—Dinner

Oriented gourmets prefer...
EAST HORIZON
116 EAST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 22 • PLAZA 3-2610



I am not ducking work—but you really do need a postage meter!

"Naturally I'm not crazy about sopping and sticking little stamps. And playing policeman to a stamp box. And second guessing the postage account. And trips to the postoffice when stamps run out.

"But you're a businessman. Interested in efficiency and all that. Saving time and postage. Keeping track of the postage expense. Having smarter looking mail, delivered faster. Why don't *you* get a postage meter?"

For the small mailer

Thousands of small businesses have replaced old-fashioned stamp sticking (and pre-stamped envelopes) with the DM—the small, low-cost, desk model postage meter. Over a third of DM users average less than $1 a day in postage, prefer the meter for its convenience.

The DM prints postage right on the envelope or on special gummed tape for parcels. It always has the stamp you need. Prints your own small ad, if you want one. Also moistens envelope flaps for easy sealing.

Positive postage protection

The postoffice sets your meter for any amount of postage you want. Postage in the meter is protected from damage, loss or misuse. And is automatically accounted for; two registers record the postage used and on hand. Metered mail needs less handling in the postoffice, can often get away earlier.

You can have a DM for about 30¢ a day. Powered models for larger mailers. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office for a demonstration of the meter you need. Or send coupon for free booklet.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of latest postal rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*

Pitney-Bowes
POSTAGE METERS

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines . . . 149 offices in U.S. and Canada.
In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 330, 909 Yonge Street, Toronto.

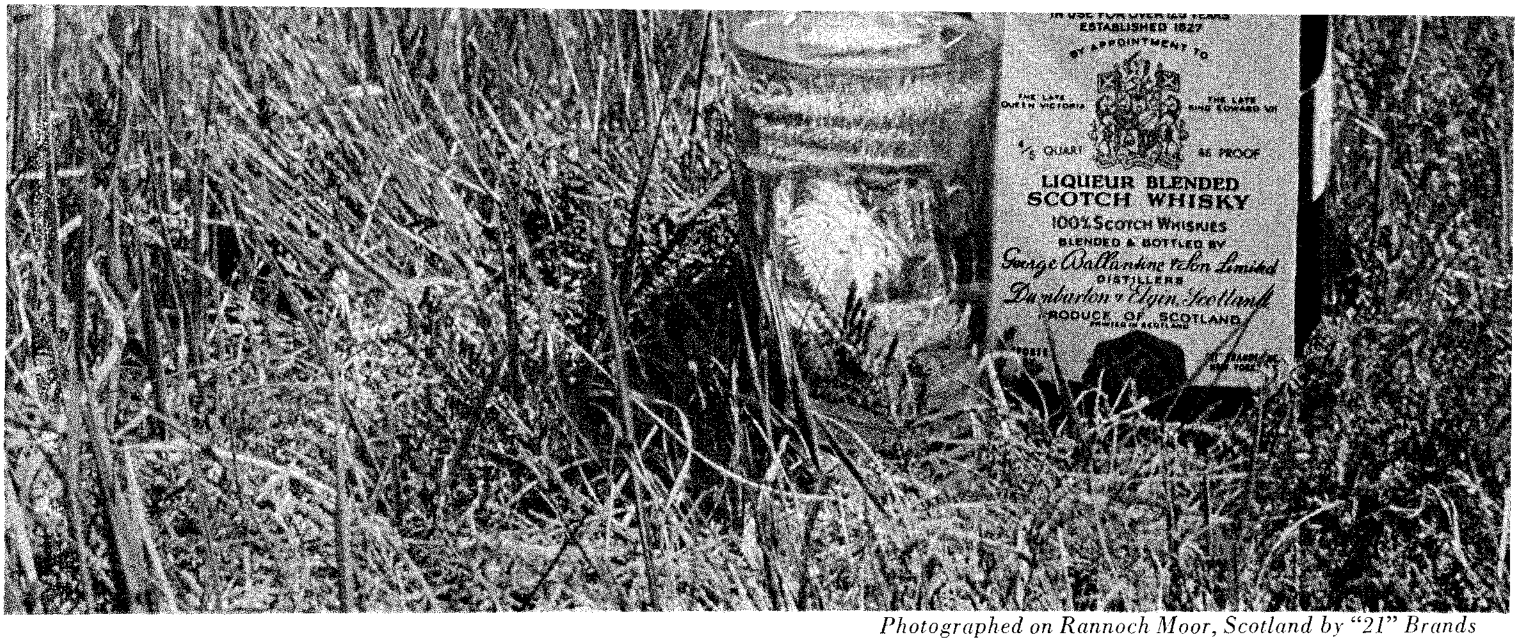
YOUR AD HERE
YOUR CITY DATE STATE
US POSTAGE 04

PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
1630 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.

Send free ☐ *booklet* ☐ *postal rate chart to:*

*Name*____________________________

*Address*____________________________


ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Dumbarton & Elgin Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Photographed on Rannoch Moor, Scotland by "21" Brands

What does Scotland's moody climate have to do with Ballantine's sunny-light flavor?

Scotland's climate is an odd combination of weather conditions. There are periods of fine rain and hanging mists. Overnight it clears and a dazzling sun bathes the land. Somehow, this climate has a beneficial effect on Ballantine's sunny-light flavor.

At Dumbarton, oaken barrels of Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. Heavy mists from the nearby River Clyde mingle with rolling zephyrs from the Highlands, wrapping each barrel in a gentle blanket. Slowly the whisky "breathes" through the barrel, taking something, giving something.

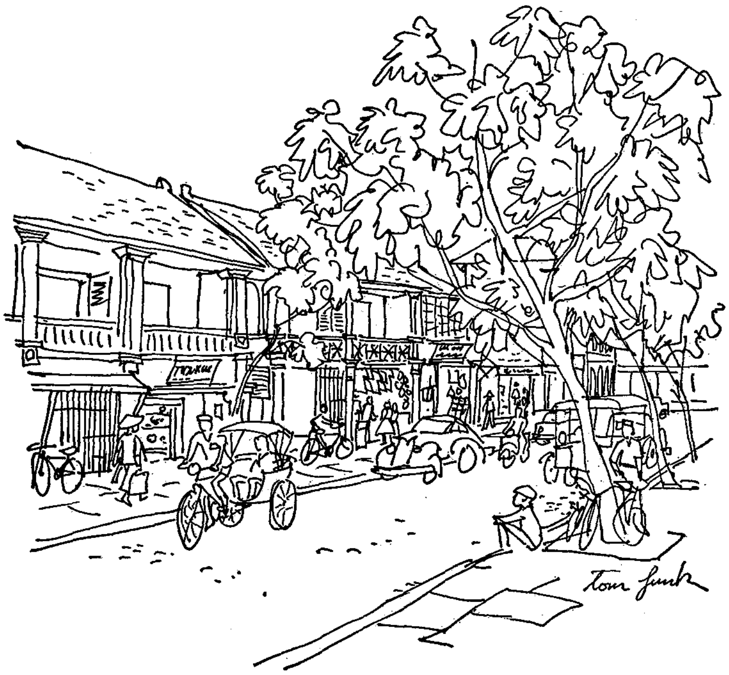
The end result is Ballantine's characteristic sunny-light flavor ...never heavy or brash, nor so limply light that it merely teases your taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

LETTER FROM LAOS

Vientiane
October 9

IN this small, damp capital of a country whose triumvirate of mutually suspicious rulers is trying to restore some degree of peace and order under the nervous eyes of a tripartite International Control Commission, optimists among the foreign diplomatic corps have delved into the abundant local folklore and come up with a Laotian fable that they hope is germane to the situation. It concerns three men who were travelling through the mountainous jungle and lost their way at nightfall. Frightened of wild beasts, the three fell to arguing about how to sleep, each of them wanting to lie between the two others for safety. Finally, one of them suggested that they arrange themselves in the form of a three-pointed star, each with his head outward and his feet in the center. They had managed to fall asleep in this fashion when an elephant lumbered up to them. The creature was so mystified that it went off to tell a monkey about the amazing thing it had seen on the ground, a three-headed creature with feet in the middle of its body. The monkey took one look and ran through the jungle crying, "It is the Devil! He will eat us up!" Thereupon, says the legend, all the animals of the forest fled, and the three travellers were able to pass an untroubled night.



It would be as remarkable as it would be salutary for the Lao people and the world if the hungry animals of the international jungle left the three-headed Laotian oddity alone for at least a few nights in history, but right now it seems highly improbable that Laos will long be able to maintain the "free and neutral" status that was officially conferred upon it last July in Geneva by agreement among fourteen nations, most prominently Russia and the United States. The two princes and the general who have been charged with running the country under this dispensation—Prince Souvanna Phouma, the neutralist Premier; his half brother Prince Souphanouvong, the Leftist Vice-Premier; and General Phoumi Nosavan, the Rightist Vice-Premier—have in common only their wariness of each other and their political naïveté. From the start, this improbable threesome has been confronted, by unhappy numerical coincidence, with a trio of staggering problems: the evacuation of all non-Laotian troops from the country, the creation of a unified national army, and the conduct of free elections. The chances that these three objectives will be successfully accomplished are at present so slight, and the chances that Laos will slip sooner or later into the Communist orbit are so strong, that correspondents who gather in the small, open-front lobby of the Hotel Constellation, in an atmosphere reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh's "Scoop," make bets with each other on just how and when the dénouement will take place.

The first hazards have arisen over the withdrawal of foreign forces, which, under the terms of the Geneva accord, were supposed to have been out of the country the first week of this month—the sole exception being a group of three or four hundred French officers and technicians, who, with a note of post-colonial irony that has not been lost upon them, are to be allowed to remain for a few years (it hasn't yet been decided how many) to advise the new Laotian army that is supposed to be formed from the recently fighting factions. The troops to be evacuated included about seven hundred American advisers of General Phoumi's conservative Vientiane government, which was disbanded after Geneva; four hundred or so Filipino technicians, who had also been attached to Phoumi's forces; and an estimated seven to ten thousand Communist Viet Cong soldiers from North Vietnam, about half of them classified as technical advisers to the Pathet Lao, or Laotian Leftist army, and the rest as combat troops. The American commander, Major General Reuben Tucker, has now led the last of his men out, and the Filipinos are also gone, but the question that is bound to remain a source of debate for months to come—and that has, in the past fortnight, already come up for discussion between Dean Rusk and Andrei Gromyko—concerns whether the Viet Cong has really evacuated any substantial number of its troops or simply sent some of them back home while leaving a significant number to go underground in Laos, where they are more or less indistinguishable from the natives. In charge of supervising the withdrawal, and seeing to it that no military assistance is secretly given Laos in the future, is the International Control Commission. This body, composed of an Indian, a Canadian, and a Pole, under whom there operate supervisory teams of the same three nationalities, was set up at the Geneva conference of 1954, when North and South Vietnam were officially separated and the independence of Laos was theoretically guaranteed. Originally, the Commission's right to conduct investigations depended on the unanimous consent of its three members, and such unanimity was seldom attained, because of the objections of the Pole, whose veto kept the Commission out of various Communist strongholds in the northern provinces of Sam Neua and Phong Saly. The Commission was reconstituted this year at Geneva, and now it can resolve to conduct an investigation by a two-to-one majority vote; its final recommendations for dealing with a given situation, however, have to be unanimous. There is still a hitch to its freedom of movement: its ability to go where it wants is now subject to "the concurrence of the Laotian government," and, under the rules of the three-man coalition, the three rulers must vote unanimously on all matters dealing with foreign affairs, defense, and

Pour Toute Occasion—
RED CAP
Chauvenet
It can't be "GAY" without Chauvenet!
For every occasion, for *any* occasion—France's great red sparkling wine. Remember that!
FESTIVAL COSTUME OF THE VINEYARD GIRLS OF BURGUNDY IN THE 19th CENTURY.
©1962
SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

the interior. So far, there has been no indication that Prince Souphanouvong and those he takes orders from will allow the Commission to move at will into areas controlled by the Pathet Lao and the Viet Cong, and the odds are that no such permission will ever be granted—or that, at best, permission will be given on a one-shot token basis, with everything in the Communist-held areas neatly laid out in advance. If the Commission is to be satisfied that the withdrawal is a real one, it not only must be allowed to go freely into Sam Neua, Phong Saly, and other areas but must have full freedom to determine if any Russian, Chinese, or North Vietnamese military aid is still being given the Pathet Lao. This freedom would normally mean, for example, regularly inspecting the Communist airbase at Tchepone, near the Vietnamese border, where for months Russian transports have been flying in war supplies both for the Pathet Lao troops and for the Viet Cong units fighting over in Vietnam. (One of the Commission's functions also is to see to it that American arms drops, carried out by a supposedly hush-hush outfit guilelessly called Air America, are discontinued—an improbable eventuality unless the people in charge of Air America receive some guarantee that the Russian flights have also been stopped.)

There is a theory, voiced by the few optimists here, that the Viet Cong troops will leave quietly, if not according to schedule, at least sometime in the weeks and months ahead, so as not to embarrass their Pathet Lao associates, who have always officially denied their presence. According to this line of thought, the North Vietnamese can return across the border whenever they like anyway, and by retiring in orderly fashion they will be able to exert more pressure against further American participation. Even if the Viet Cong commanders are eventually forced to pull out most of their men, they will undoubtedly leave some military nucleus behind in the north, as they did during a similar withdrawal period between 1954 and 1956. Ominously, the underground Communist organization in South Vietnam, where the Viet Cong has been stepping up the pace of the war, declared not long ago that there could be no peace in Laos as long as the war in South Vietnam continued. It is no secret that the North Vietnamese did not approve of the Russian decision to reach an agreement on Laos with the United States. The Communists in Hanoi hoped to maintain as much turmoil as possible, not only for the sake of their own ultimate objectives but also

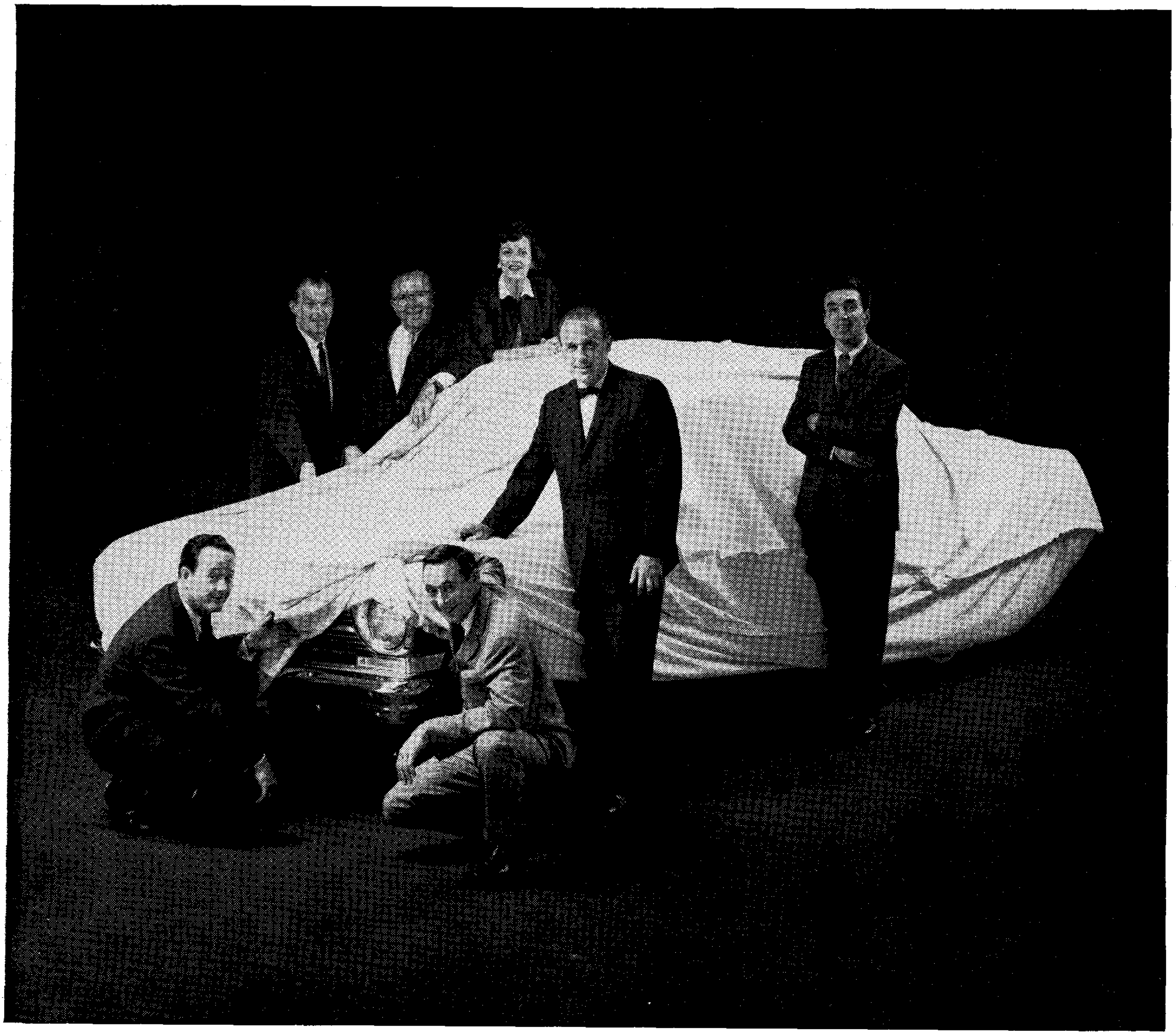
"RICHARD RODGERS IS A MAGICIAN! ENCHANTED MUSIC...IMAGINATIVE, CHARMING." —Taubman, Times
NO STRINGS
"O, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL EVENING! THE ONE SHOW YOU MUST SEE!" — Walter Winchell
Eves.: Orch. $9.20; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.85. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $5.25; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.00, 3.50, 3.00. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.75; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.00, 3.50, 3.00. Tax Included. Please list alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Original Cast Album Exclusively on Capitol Records

They All Cheered!
"You'll find yourself overwhelmed with laughter." —Taubman, Times
ZERO MOSTEL
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
with
JACK GILFORD DAVID BURNS RUTH KOBART
also RAYMOND WALBURN and JOHN CARRADINE
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM Capitol RECORDS
Evenings Monday thru Thurs.: Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Mezz. $8.60; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATRE 250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C. Cir. 5-5226

"The freshest, funniest comedy of the season!" —TIME Mag.
JASON ROBARDS JR. IN "A THOUSAND CLOWNS"
MAIL ORDERS FILLED—Good Seats Available
Eves. Mon-Fri.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90.
Sat. Eves.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
EUGENE O'NEILL Thea. 230 W. 49 St., N.Y. 19

EVERYBODY—BUT Everybody IS HAPPY!
TED LEWIS
FEATURING GEORGE BRUNIS
Roseland DANCE CITY
NIGHTLY EXCEPT MONDAY
ON 52ND STREET WEST OF BROADWAY

FREE 2nd PORTION
FREE HORS D'OEUVRES
FREE CELEBRATION CAKE
FREE PARKING for Dinner Guests,
5:30 P.M. to 6 A.M. daily or All Day Sunday
Hippodrome Garage 43rd St. & 6th Ave.
43rd St., East of B'way
JU 2-3200
Rosoff's
RESTAURANT
Times Square Theatre Landmark
SINCE 1899



WJR UNCOVERS THE AUTO SHOW

We're giving Detroit's 44th National Automobile Show the full WJR treatment! Why shouldn't we—the way our Great Lakes audience lives, breathes, eats and sleeps automobiles!

Between October 20 and 28, hundreds of thousands of them will be seeing the '63's at Cobo Hall. And hearing about them from their favorite people on WJR. Rest assured, Jim Wood, Automotive Editor Ray Engle, Bud Guest, J. P. McCarthy, Lee Murray, George Kendall, and Jack Harris (left to right) won't leave a celebrity uninterviewed or a bolt unturned.

While we apply this task force coverage to all the big events in these parts, the automobile is still our favorite subject. We have most of the adult listeners in a 100-county area—an area that buys 10% of the nation's cars. So it's no wonder that automotive manufacturers favor us as an advertising medium.

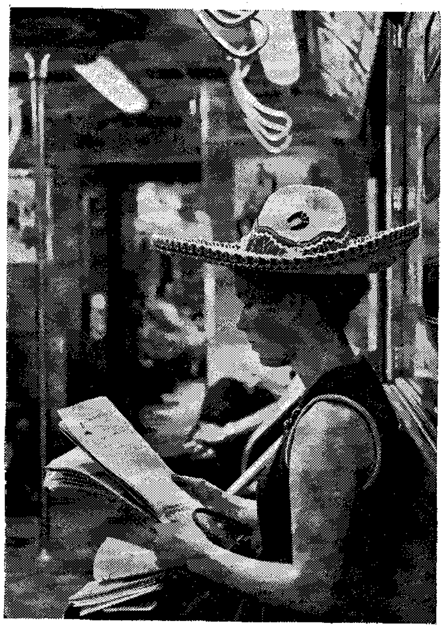
Naturally, this 5th richest market buys a lot of other things, too. Why not your product? Your Henry I. Christal representative will be happy to make the necessary arrangements. Or you can write to us directly.

WJR DETROIT
760 KC 50,000 WATTS

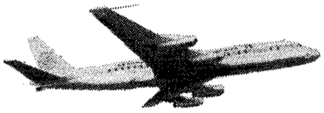
THE GREAT VOICE OF THE NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW

SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T FORGET THEY'VE BEEN TO

MEXICO



Probably, you're familiar with the type. They have these little subtle ways to get you to bring up the subject. You make one comment, and you're hooked. They start telling you about the trip with such enthusiasm, you can't help wondering if there isn't something in what they say. Frankly, amigo, there is. You'll have the time of your life in Mexico. And you'll have the time of your life getting there—if you fly Aeronaves de Mexico. Aeronaves DC 8C jets get you to Mexico fastest, and in that "Welcome Amigo" atmosphere you have every right to expect as our guests.



See your travel agent or call

AERONAVES DE MEXICO

13 West 50th Street, New York City
BRyant 9-9700

Offices: San Francisco • Los Angeles • San Diego
Tucson • El Paso • San Antonio

in order to facilitate the continued movement of Viet Cong elements through Laos eastward and southward into South Vietnam. The North Vietnamese had no choice but to go along for the time being with the Russians, on whom they are dependent for aid, and between whom and the Chinese they teeter in delicate political and economic balance. But Hanoi will certainly try to maintain its stake in Laos—especially in view of the threat to that country posed by the Chinese Communists, who have already built a road into Phong Saly, and whose nation's historical role as overlord of both Laos and Vietnam has never been forgotten by either North or South Vietnamese.

ANOTHER task of the Control Commission is to supervise a cease-fire that was agreed upon last year by the Pathet Lao and royal forces and has been almost continuously violated ever since. The Laotian terrain, a series of irregular valleys separated by long and virtually impenetrable mountain chains, not only lends itself to isolated actions and flash fights but makes these all but impossible to detect or analyze, and in the current jockeying along the amorphous front, the job of the Commission's supervisory teams, drawn from a group of some three hundred Indian, Canadian, and Polish officers, seems well-nigh impossible.

It has been said in recent months that the Pathet Lao has been in control of about two-thirds of the territory of Laos but only one-third of its population, which is most heavily concentrated in the lower Mekong valley, occupied by General Phoumi's Royal Lao troops. However, in at least a third of Laos neither side can be said to be permanently dominant, and there are large pockets of Royal Lao troops in Pathet Lao regions, and vice versa, so it is practically impossible to draw precise lines of demarcation. When the coalition government was established in Vientiane, the cease-fire was proclaimed anew, but there have been a number of skirmishes since, and there is no reason to suppose that there will not be more. On the very day that a nine-man Laotian cease-fire committee, composed of neutralists, Rightists, and Leftists, agreed that all forces should remain where they were and should receive no fresh military supplies, the bodies of six Royal Lao soldiers, presumably done in by the Pathet Lao, were washed ashore at Vientiane on an island in the Mekong River just across from the palace of King Savang Vathana.

The cease-fire will be observed only

CHOCOLATE APPLE.

Droste of Holland

A name that has meant chocolate excellence the world over since 1890.

Wherever fine confections are sold.
Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., Clifton, N. J.

ALBERT PICK'S

invites you
TO A UNIQUE BIT O'SCOTLAND

Royal Scots Grill

STEAKS AND CHOPS BROILED ON OPEN CERAMIC OVENS

PICK-CONGRESS HOTEL
Michigan Blvd. at Congress Parkway
CHICAGO

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants

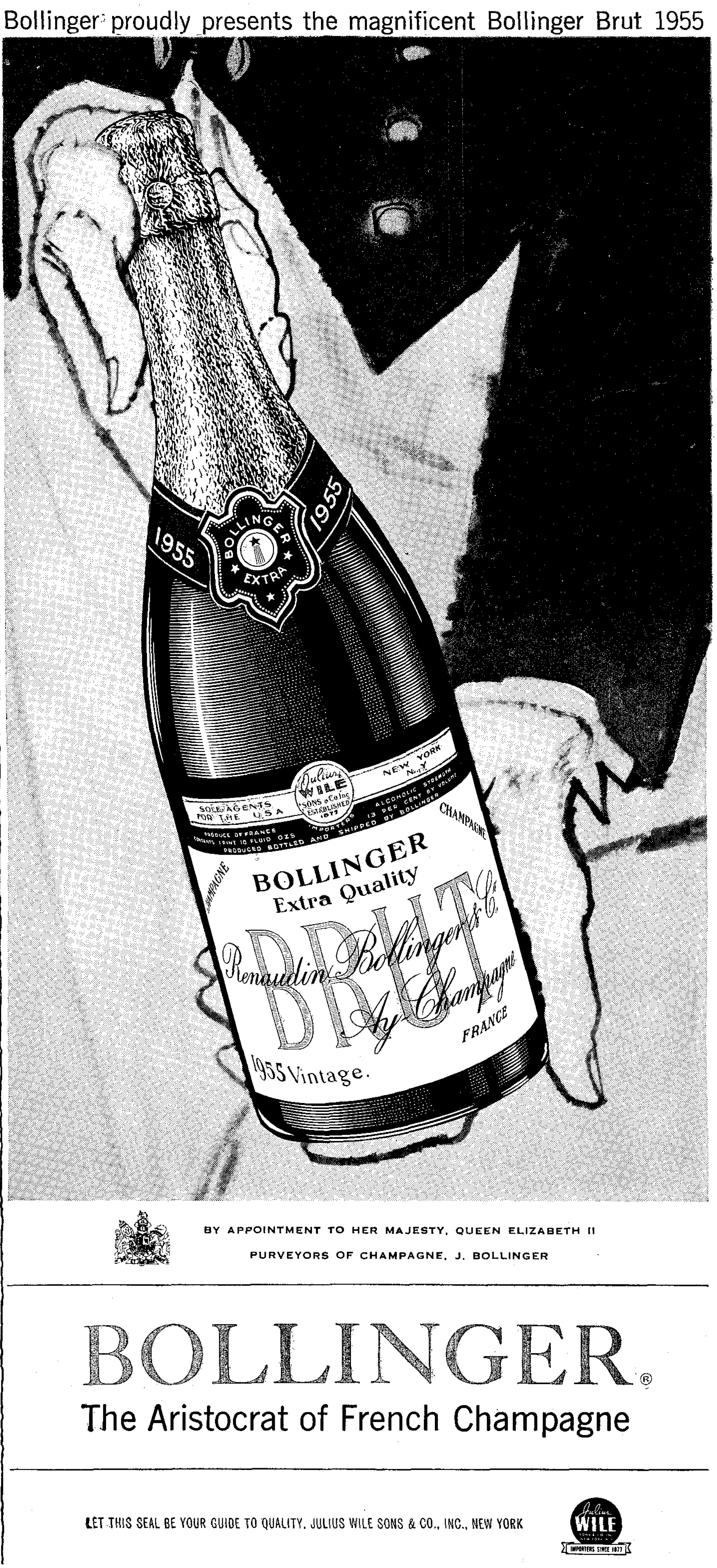
Sea-Fare

1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
44 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village
Diners' Club American Exp.

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK
RESTAURANT
Laurent
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2729

if there is an earnest and active desire on all three sides to proceed with the most ticklish business before the coalition—the integration of the various rival military forces, which, under the terms reached at Geneva, must precede the election of a new permanent government. At present, there are estimated to be sixty or sixty-five thousand troops in the Royal Lao Army and about eighteen thousand in the Pathet Lao. In addition, a man named Kong Le, a dissident former captain in the Royal Lao Army who led an abortive uprising in 1960 and has subsequently coöperated with the Communists, has some seven thousand men under his control. And, finally, about twice that many fierce Meo tribesmen have been armed by the Central Intelligence Agency in a "secret" operation that everyone knows about and talks about. (Those in charge of Air America, incidentally, have made it clear that they plan to continue dropping food supplies, at least, to the Meos, regardless of Communist protests.) No one is in a position to say definitely how many weapons are scattered around Laos, but a knowledgeable American military man estimates that there are something like a hundred and fifty thousand small arms in the country. It will be a miracle, he feels, if more than fifty thousand of these are turned in when the integration process starts; the rest will doubtless be hidden away for future contingencies.

Although the job of integrating the army is completely under Laotian control, and not under the jurisdiction of the Control Commission, the Allied powers, and especially the Americans, have made various suggestions. Our military would like to see the present total of some hundred thousand armed men cut down to a tightly knit army of fifteen or twenty thousand. There is no reason to suppose that the Lao, when they get around to deciding the question, will accept this figure, despite the leverage we exert by means of continuing financial support. Most of the three million or so dollars a month we have been giving Laos has gone to pay an army that, on paper, consisted of forty-eight thousand men receiving a minimum of thirty-two dollars a month each—although, in practice, General Phoumi spread the pay thinner to maintain his larger force, plus some constabulary. Phoumi, whom we forced into the coalition government by withholding aid for several months, and who is still full of skepticism about the whole arrangement, despite a show of satisfaction, would like to create a larger new army than the one we propose. Among


Bollinger proudly presents the magnificent Bollinger Brut 1955

BOLLINGER 1955 EXTRA
BOLLINGER Extra Quality
BRUT
Renaudin Bollinger & Co. Ay Champagne
FRANCE
1955 Vintage
CHAMPAGNE
Sole Agents for the U.S.A. Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. New York N.Y.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH II
PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE, J. BOLLINGER

BOLLINGER®
The Aristocrat of French Champagne

LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY. JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK
Julius WILE IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

TERRY SHIRT-TAIL ROBE

From a man's world—his shirt cut girl-size and lengthened deftly to make the shirt-tail robe. Pure haberdashery—the double stitching, buttoned cuffs (sleeves roll up) and a neat array of pearly buttons on cuffs and down the front. Pure femininity—the skirt pocket and narrow sash and a choice of pretty colors. White, Pink, Aqua-blue or Moss-green **terry.** Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). **$10.95**

Send for our complete Beach 'n Bath Color Catalog

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

	Quan.	Size	Color
Shirt-Tail Robe **$10.95** Plus 35c each for postage			

Name..........

Address..........

City..........**Zone**......**State**..........

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous Restaurant

HOTEL **Shelburne**

BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY

N. Y. C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586

2½ hours from N.Y.C., via Garden State Pkway., exit 40

his problems is the danger that integration will leave unemployed a score or so of generals, any one of whom might form a secret army of his own and become a dangerous political dissident. Prince Souphanouvong, who is the titular leader of the Pathet Lao military forces—although he is said to be outranked in the local Communist hierarchy—is expected to take whatever stand on integration Hanoi wants him to take. Essentially, the Pathet Lao forces are now in a much stronger position numerically and militarily than they were in 1957, when Souvanna Phouma made a previous attempt to run a coalition government, which was unseated after the Americans, much to the annoyance of their British allies, backed a Right Wing opposition group. The Communists have two choices: they can place their best men, including their political commissars, in the integrated army, or they can assign them to propaganda spadework in the villages, in anticipation of the ultimate elections—which, as of now, the Pathet Lao expect to win. As for Kong Le's troops—which, as it happens, are considered the most effective of the lot—they will most likely allow themselves to be integrated, both because they are tired of relying on the Communists for logistic support and because their ideological position is basically neutralist. The Meos will be guided by the actions of the Viet Cong. If the latter really get out, the Meos will surrender at least part of their arms; otherwise, they will remain uncommitted guerrillas, using their American-supplied guns to protect their territory and, along with it, the opium trade, which they have traditionally dominated. In any case, no specific procedures for the integration process have yet been agreed upon. Whether integration will be carried out by company or battalion units has not yet been decided, nor does anyone yet know whether it will be carried out simultaneously throughout the country, or province by province, or through a series of designated demobilization points. Whatever happens, the whole coalition could blow apart at any point on this issue alone.

ONE thing that makes any prediction especially difficult is the fact that Laos is not really a country at all but, rather, a mélange of about two and a half million people. (No one knows what the actual total is, since no proper census has ever been taken.) Roughly half the population is composed of Lao, who came down here from China about a thousand years ago. They have a con-

COME SEE!

Come see our toy imports. Impish and interesting. Come see our colorful and varied selection of toys and games created for lasting play value with continental flair and Old World craftsmanship. Come see our *usual unusual* New World playthings . . . favorite classics, delightful novelties. You don't need a traveling expense account either! A stay-at-home budget goes far. Come see toys *under a dollar, over a hundred.* Super service! Come see.

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
our address since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

WINES OF HUNGARY

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.

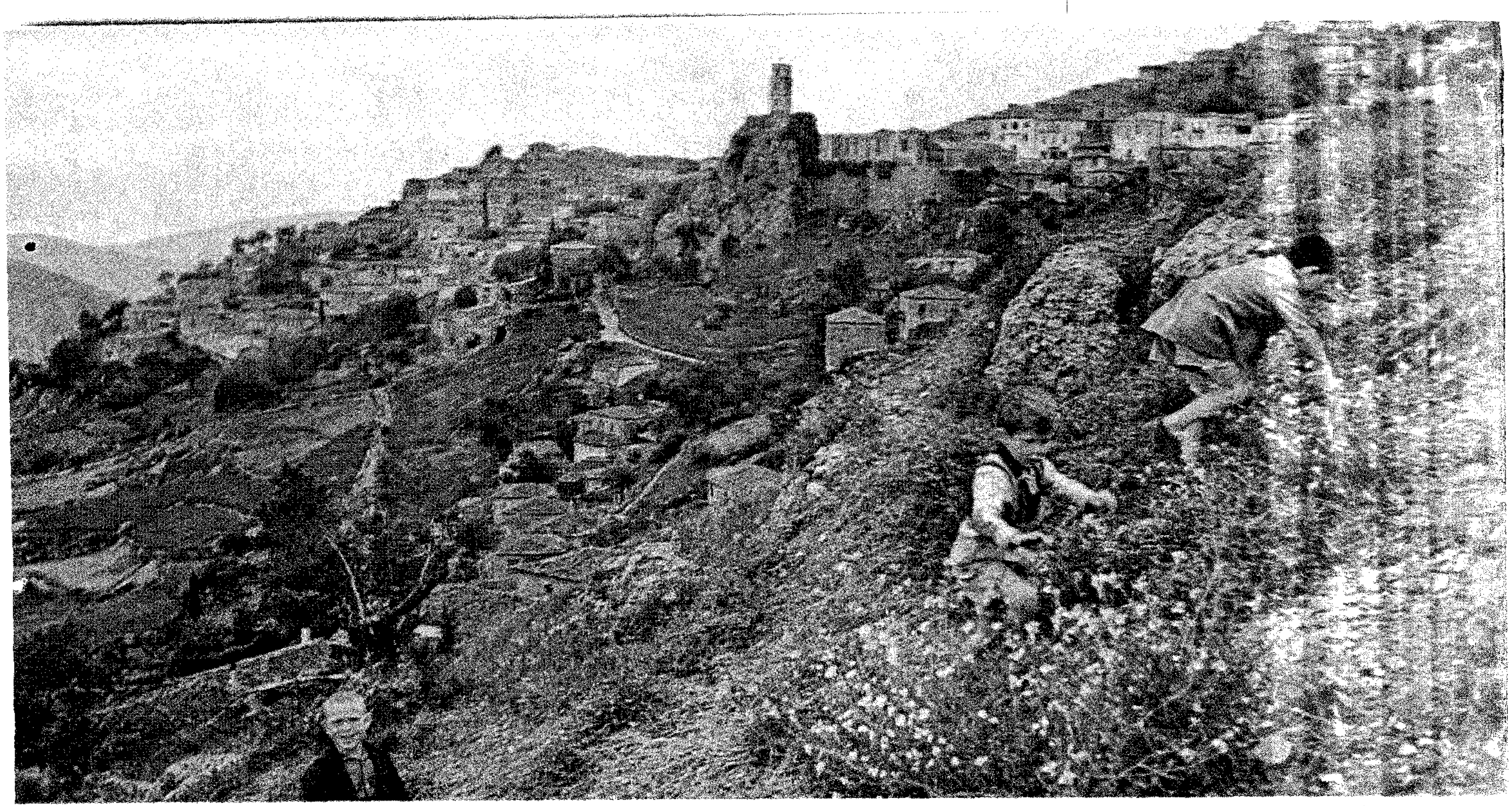
SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

DO GARDENS AND MARTINIS GO TOGETHER?

Perfect example of gardening debate FLOWER GROWER magazine does not present to its 400,000 readers (Imagine, 400,000!). Debates get people worked up and they forget to send $3.50 for one year renewal. Send $7.00 and you can argue for three years. (But only if you qualify as a serious gardener.) FLOWER GROWER, Albany 1, New York.

Camera Studies of your child

Ray Shaw
TR 3-0808
255 W. 90th St., N.Y. 24



This is a tiny town on Mt. Parnassus, 100 miles from Athens. Fly KLM to Athens and you can visit 10 other countries for no extra fare.

Fly reliable KLM to Greece—KLM jets have 7 navigation systems to get you there on schedule

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

HERE are some facts that may surprise you—about KLM's weather radar, persnickety technicians, and wine tasters. Plus several other reasons many experienced travelers consider KLM the most *reliable* of all airlines.

(You'll also find out how you can visit 10 extra countries for just the fare to Greece.)

1. Your KLM captain uses special radar to see cloud formations 150 miles ahead. He also gets continual forecasts from weather ships strung out across the Atlantic. This way, he can steer clear of bumpy weather without losing precious time.

2. KLM technicians check 166 points on every jet after it flies from New York to Amsterdam. All 166 points are then *double*-checked by a government-licensed inspector. *Just to be sure.*

3. Not one speck of dust is allowed in KLM's gyro workroom. This is where persnickety technicians inspect super-sensitive instruments. Anyone who enters must wear a special lint-free suit and hat—and take off his shoes.

4. KLM pursers spend 5 years training for their jobs. They even take a special course to help you with official forms before you land in Europe.

They also must all be able to speak English, French, Dutch, and German flawlessly. And you may meet one who is actually fluent in *seven* languages.

5. A permanent wine-tasting committee chooses KLM's wine. It meets 3 times a year to judge the finest wines that European chateaux can offer. Only the committee's *first* choices qualify for KLM's cellar. Each year, KLM planes are stocked with a total of 85,000 bottles of champagne, liqueurs, and vintage wines.

Visit 10 extra countries —at no extra fare

KLM flies to 40 cities and 22 countries in Europe alone. If you're flying from New York to Athens, you can stop off at 10 additional countries, including some of the world's favorite skiing haunts—Austria, Italy, Germany, France, and Switzerland. *All for no extra fare.*

Ask your travel agent for other KLM stopover plans that take you to as many as *twenty-nine* extra cities for no extra fare. Or mail the coupon below.

Free booklet of European, Mediterranean, and Caribbean tours

Have you seen KLM's new "Bag Full of Miracles"? It's a giant-sized booklet of color photographs and useful facts about KLM tours that start as low as $290. Mail this coupon for a copy ↓

For information, see your travel agent, call KLM, or mail coupon.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17. Tel: PLaza 9-3600

Please send me KLM's new booklet of thrift-season tours, "A Bag Full of Miracles."

Mr/Mrs/Miss ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ Zone ____ State ____

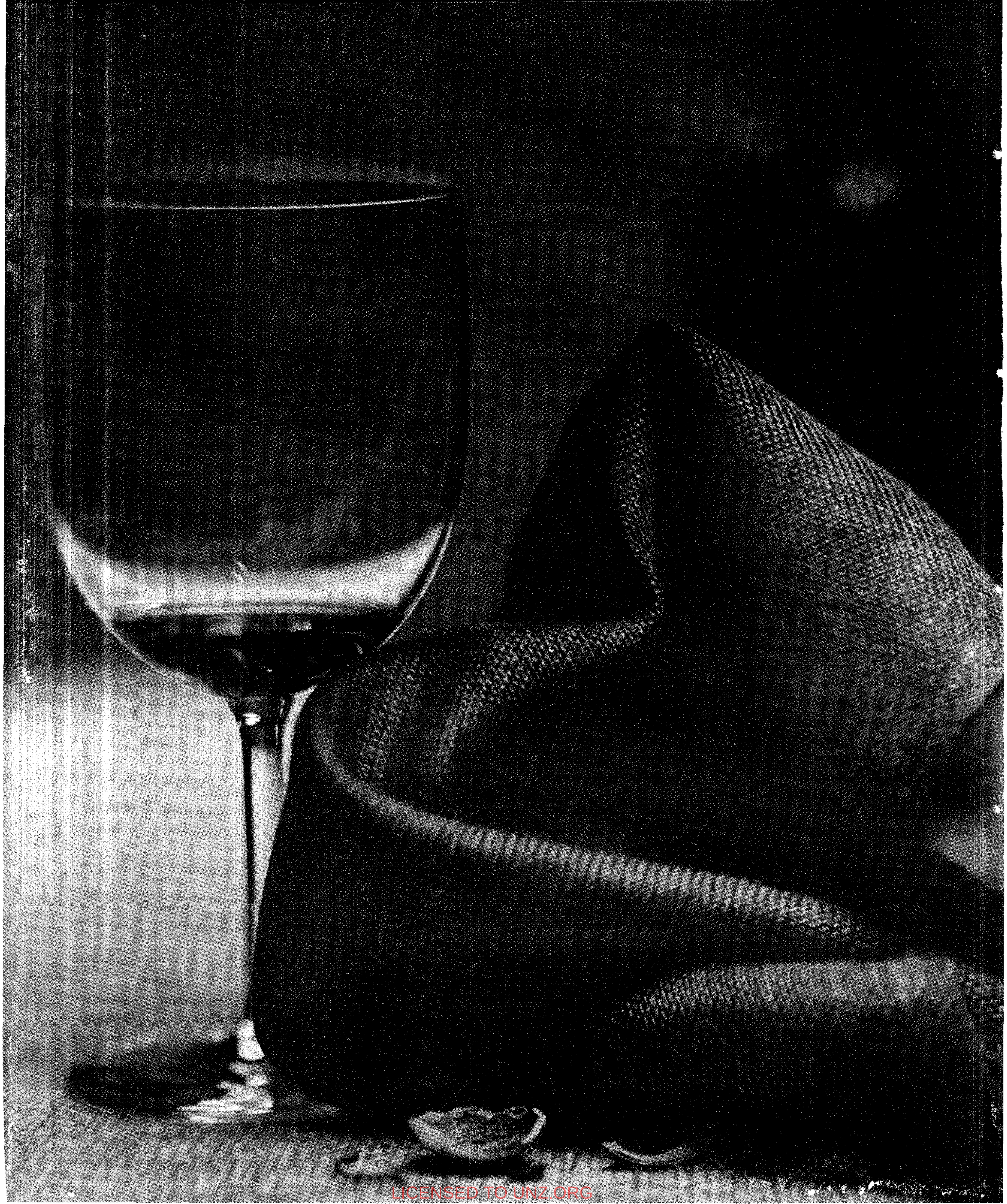
____
(Name of your travel agent)

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

R-14

DANSK has brought back from Finland a linen collection of place mats and napkins linked to each other by echoing threads. Make the combination that pleases you most. Invite your friends, serve a wonderful dinner, have some good talk, a bottle of fine wine, and come to this happy ending.

Finnish Accent linens, designed by Ritva Puotila. For your free catalogue of complete collections write to: ® Dansk Designs, Inc., Dept. NY 1020, Great Neck, New York.



siderable affinity with the Thais, who compose another fourth of the population, for both speak a Sino-Tibetan language and have been largely influenced by Indic culture. Except for sixty or seventy thousand Chinese and Vietnamese, the rest of the population is made up of other tribal peoples, most of whom speak primitive Mon-Khmer languages, and all of whom are looked down upon by the Lao. The most numerous of these are the Khas, whose name is a Laotian word meaning "slave," and the Lao tend to apply this derogatory term to all the tribal folk other than the Thais. There are about twenty separate groups of actual Khas, who comprise a sixth of the total population and mostly live a primitive existence in the mountains, where they hunt game and cultivate rice and other vegetable crops. The remaining tribes are the Meos, the Mans, the Hos, and the Thos, almost all of whom live in the north, and almost all of whom are of Chinese origin. Except for the Meos, who have mingled with the Lao, and have even been represented officially in Vientiane, these tribal people live remote and separate lives, and have no sense of nationhood or any common outlook. One American who has travelled around the country distributing aid has explained to me how illusory it is to think of the tribesmen as having any political orientation at all. "They think of their situation solely in terms of their own ridge lines," he said. "They know when and where they're likely to be shot at, and that's it." The Lao themselves, although they are more enlightened in other ways, have scarcely more awareness of the purpose of politics. Historically, the issues that have united them have been negative ones—resentment of the French, for instance, and hatred of the Vietnamese, who are the traditional invaders. Their feeling for the king is more a matter of respect for the rituals of coronation and cremation than for the man or for the throne. The Lao's lack of interest in broader issues is the product of a live-and-let-live philosophy. As uninvolved with practical affairs as any people in the world, the Lao wish only to remain that way, if the rest of the world will let them.

The bulk of the Pathet Lao's support comes from the tribes, especially the Khas, who form most of the Leftist army. Because the Pathet Lao are afraid of losing control over these backward people, they are anxious for elections to take place as soon as possible—within a year or so—before their

"DRY SACK on-the-rocks" changed men's minds about sherry

Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks—the man's sherry—is so popular!

World-Famous Spanish Sherries

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

DRY SACK

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

Let this seal be your guide to quality

WILE
DRY SACK
SHERRY
Produced Shipped & Bottled by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD

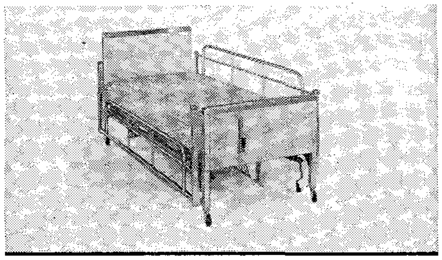
MORE
AND
MORE
PEOPLE
ARE
Head-over-Heels
• • • • • • • • • • •
IN LOVE WITH
"New York's
Biggest
Little Hotel"

Here are a few of The Tuscany's inspiring innovations: Every room has COLOR TV and FM radio, Barca-Lounger Chair, bathroom extension phone, butler's pantry and every conceivable luxury. Air-conditioning, of course.

Restaurants: extraordinary, Location: ideal (Just around the corner from Grand Central and Airline Terminals).

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany
39th Street just east of Park Ave., New York 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MUrray Hill 6-1600. Teletype 212-867-6585


HOSPITAL BEDS are just 1 of a 1001 things you can rent from HERTZ RENT-ALL

PROMPT DELIVERIES...New York City • Chicago • Cincinnati • Columbus • St. Louis • Norfolk, Va. • W. Hartford, Conn. • Tampa • Huntington, L. I. • Louisville, Ky. • So. Bend, Indiana

influence over the tribesmen can wane. Here, of course, is where army integration becomes important, for a major factor at the time of the voting will be sheer physical control of the polls. Because their military organization and their party discipline put them in a better position than any other group to win an election in the near future, they are likely to resort to violence if the election schedule doesn't suit them. The same danger threatens, for opposite reasons, from General Phoumi Nosavan's Right Wing elements, whose hopes depend on having the elections postponed as long as possible, thus providing them with an opportunity to form some sort of workable political organization. In the middle is Prince Souvanna, who is potentially the most attractive political leader of the three but who has neither political nor military support upon which he can rely.

IN the absence of clearly understood political issues, the elections are bound to be decided primarily on the basis of the three rulers' personalities, and the three differ as much in this respect as they do in politics. Souvanna, who is sixty-one years old, is a suave French-educated engineer and architect, perhaps more European than Oriental in his outlook. In 1931, upon finishing his schooling in France, he returned to Laos, and soon decided to devote himself to fighting for his country's freedom—a more urgent task, he felt, than building bridges. When the struggle for independence began in earnest, fourteen years later, Souvanna chose persuasion rather than violence as his weapon against the French, and his efforts were rewarded when, in 1949, an agreement was signed in Paris giving Laos its autonomy within the French Union. Souvanna is both proud and vain, and his political career has been mercurial; as a result of various coups and counter-coups, he has been Premier on four separate occasions. Those who know him recognize his intelligence but doubt his ability to lead the nation, since he lacks forcefulness and tends to ignore details, frequently handing them over to incompetent subordinates and taking no further interest in them. Though Souvanna is surely a non-Communist, he has gone through periods of coöperating with his half brother, and last year for a time he accepted a subsidy from Hanoi for his shaky neutralist party, the Lao Pen Kang. His present Cabinet, formed after months of bitter wrangling, is a weird nineteen-man amalgam consisting of four Right Wing-

TORRONE
Ferrara
Ferrara
Torrone
NOUGAT CANDY
Gourmet Assortment
(Italian Nougat Candy)
Crisp roasted almonds and filberts in a nougat of pure fresh eggs and Yucatan honey. $1.25
AVAILABLE AT CHARLES & CO., NEW YORK; CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO., CHICAGO; JURGENSENS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND, NATURALMENTE; CAFFE FERRARA, 195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

We announce
Sunday Brunch
served in the manner
of the
Tower Suite

EVERY SUNDAY, FROM NOON,
YOUR PERSONAL MAID AND BUTLER WILL
SERVE YOU AN EXTRAORDINARY BRUNCH.

PENTHOUSE FLOOR, TIME-LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, JU 6-2100

SPINNING WHEEL
REDDING RIDGE, CONNECTICUT
Merritt Parkway Exit 45 or Thruway
Exit 23 (Fairfield) to Rte 135 to Rte 58
FAMOUS FOOD IN COUNTRY SETTING
COCKTAILS • GIFT SHOP
Service 12:00-8:00—Except Monday
Tel: WEbster 8-2511 • Express Credit Cards
Fully Air-Conditioned

City Line & Schuylkill Expressway/Philadelphia
Marriott MOTOR HOTEL

ers, four pro-Communists, and eleven neutralists. Some of the neutralists lean pretty far to the Right and others lean just as far to the Left; among the latter is the Foreign Minister, Quinim Pholsena, who during a battle between Leftist and Rightist forces for Vientiane in December, 1960 (a battle that the Rightists, led by Phoumi, eventually won), hopped a plane for Hanoi and arranged for Russian military aid to be flown in. If Souvanna has any hope of emerging as a national leader with an organized following, he will have to spend the next several months building a broad base of support throughout the country, and the difficulty of doing this while at the same time sitting on top of his ant heap of a Cabinet and trying to make the unwieldy troika arrangement with Phoumi and Souphanouvong work is frighteningly apparent. Moreover, there remains a danger that Souvanna's basic dislike of Phoumi and his suspicion of the West may lead him to new coöperation with Souphanouvong, whose loudly proclaimed nationalistic fervor tends to outweigh his Communist subservience in Souvanna's eyes.

Souphanouvong is probably the most intelligent and most complex member of the troika. He is at once lucid and cryptic, affable and withdrawn, impassioned and bland. His essential motivations seem to be those of an ardent nationalist and xenophobe, and extreme ambition seems to be the reason he has nevertheless submitted to Communist direction. Now fifty, he was born in Luang Prabang, and was educated first in Hanoi—where he proved to be a brilliant student—and then in Paris. He has an astonishing, eclectic memory, and the French wanted him to become a classical scholar, but, like Souvanna, he insisted on being practical, and studied engineering. (There are only four qualified Lao engineers in Laos today; Souvanna and Souphanouvong are two

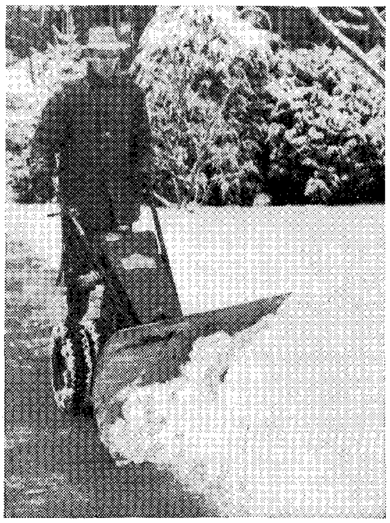
GRAVELY
Geared to
move snow
FAST!

Blow Away Snow Danger and Delay!

Gear up now to handle the toughest snow removal job! With Gravely's powerful 26″ Snowblower attachment you conquer the deepest snow, blow it up to 35 feet away! All-Gear drive—both Tractor and Snowblower—gets the job done quick. No slips, no stalls, no fuss . . . just guide the Gravely and watch the snow go!

Plow into the Snow with Confidence...

Gravely's 48″ Snowplow rolls the snow away with ease. No worries when the snow falls . . . with the dependable, powerful Gravely!



GRAVELY Powers 31 Tools

Gear up for snow—be ready to go for every lawn and garden job! Gravely powers your choice of 31 tools for year-long power upkeep and gardening.

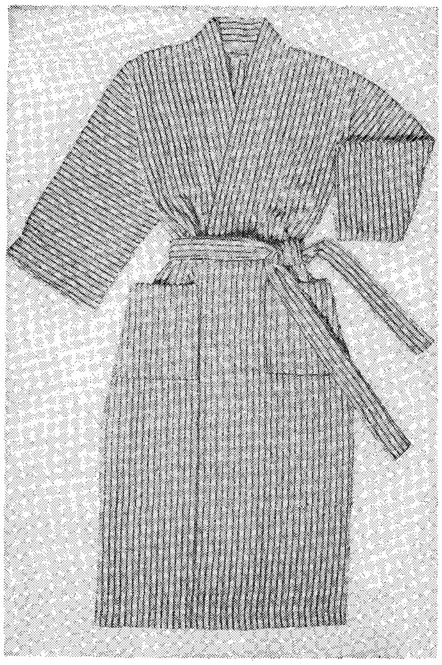
Write for FREE Booklet

24-page "Power vs. Drudgery" shows you how Gravely makes your tough jobs easy. Write now!

GRAVELY TRACTORS
DIVISION STUDEBAKER CORPORATION
P. O. BOX 629-K DUNBAR, W. VA.

1922—40 Years of Service—1962

MEN'S TERRY KIMONO



For solid comfort the Japanese kimono can't be beat. **Terry** just adds its subtle texture to the pleasure you'll find in wearing this classic robe. Crisp black stripes on white terry. Men's Small, Medium or Large. **$10.95**

If you prefer, kimono may be had in all-white or royal-blue **terry** in the same sizes. **$8.95**

Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Resort catalog on request.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

THE Café Carlyle

GEORGE FEYER
at the piano nightly

An intimate setting in Hotel Carlyle. Open daily from 6:30 for cocktails, after theater drinks, supper dishes. Business Men's Luncheon served daily 12 Noon-2:30. Ladies invited.
Madison Ave. and 76th Street

Largest operator of WORLD TOURS

AROUND THE WORLD with SITA

30th Year

☐ 30-80 Days incl. air. Round trip fr. $1971
Weekly Departures. Fully Inclusive.

☐ EUROPE 17-80 Days $757
☐ ORIENT 20-30 Days $1523
☐ AFRICA 20-53 Days $1693
☐ SO. PACIFIC 8-58 Days $998
☐ HOLY LAND 23-24 Days $1459
☐ SO. AMER. 17-45 Days $991
☐ HAWAII 8-44 Days $313
☐ MEXICO 15-18 Days $299
☐ STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from $798.

Ask Your Travel Agent

SITA WORLD TRAVEL
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dept. Y New York 20

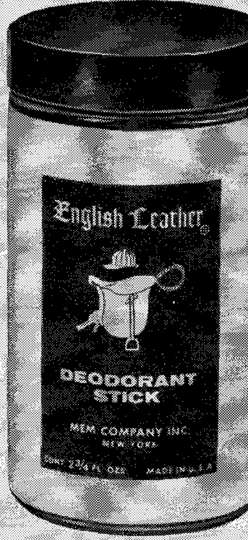
Check folders desired.
Name
Address
City State

of them.) When he came back to Indo-China, he was assigned by the French government to an engineering post at Nha Trang. He soon became disillusioned, for although he was far more capable than his French associates, he was given an unimportant job at a low salary. In an obviously autobiographical sketch he wrote at the time, he described a young Lao who had studied abroad and then returned home under similar circumstances. "Bitterness, rebellion, and discouragement disabled this young man," he said. In 1945, Souphanouvong made contact with the Communist Viet Minh, and he has been under their domination ever since. He is married to a dynamic, politically conscious Vietnamese woman, who has borne him twelve children. Unlike Souvanna, he refused to have any dealings with the French, and between 1949 and 1953 he exiled himself, moving back and forth between North Vietnam and Thailand for much of that time, in order to prepare his Pathet Lao resistance movement for an eventual takeover of Laos. In 1951, he went to Communist China for a year of indoctrination. At the 1954 Geneva conference, the fact that his Pathet Lao units exercised control over Sam Neua and Phong Saly was formally acknowledged, and his life as an outlaw was presumably ended. In 1959, however, he was arrested in Vientiane by the Right Wing regime of Phoui Sananikone, and he remained locked up for almost a year, until he escaped.

Although the propaganda of the Viet Cong bills Souphanouvong as the political head of the Pathet Lao, he is probably no better than No. 4 or No. 5 in the secret hierarchy of his party, the Neo Lao Hak Xat, which is itself subservient to the North Vietnamese Workers' Party. His two immediate political superiors are Nouhak Phoumsavan, who is the secretary of the Central Committee of the Neo Lao Hak Xat, and Kaysone Phomvihan, a top propagandist and hatchet man. Whatever Souphanouvong's exact rank and prerogatives may be, he seems content to continue to do the Viet Cong's bidding, whatever it may be.

In certain respects, Phoumi is as big a question mark as Souphanouvong. A headstrong and willful man of forty-four, whose military career began in the war against the French, he depended on military strength and American backing in his earlier power grabs, in 1959 and 1960, and though the Americans have made it clear to him that they now support the coalition rather

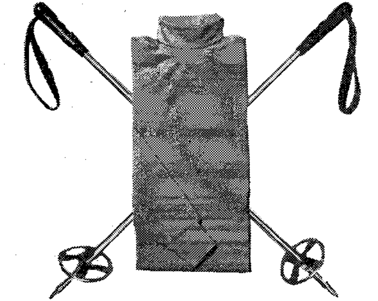
English Leather®



...the DEODORANT STICK
$1.00 plus tax
The effective and lasting personal deodorant for men. Paired with ALL-PURPOSE LOTION
$3.00 for the set, plus tax

MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

FIFE & DRUM INC.
MARBLEHEAD MASSACHUSETTS



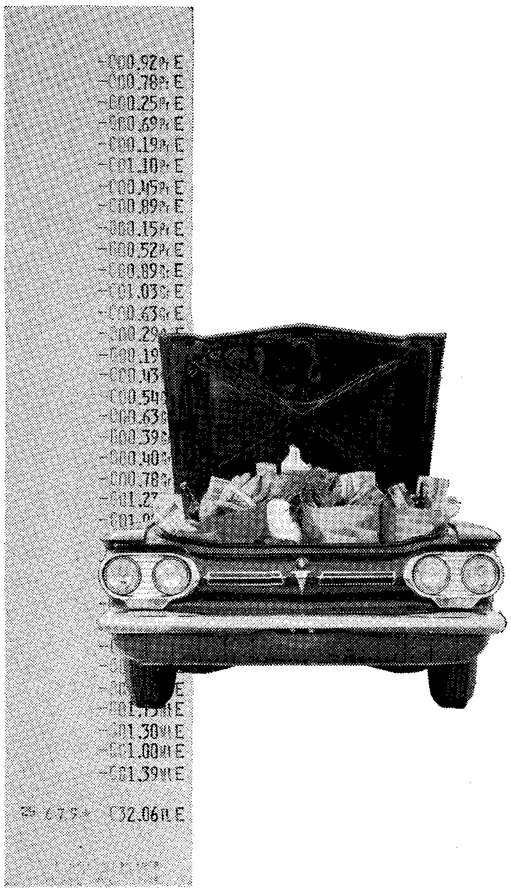
MEDICO Famous turtleneck jersey from Germany. Black, White, Olympic Blue, Gold, Sky Blue, Avocado, Navy, Deep Red. Men's M-L-XL, Ladies' S-M-L. $3.95
Catalogue on request

RESTAURANT VOISIN
575 Park Ave. at 63rd St., N. Y.
LUNCHEON & DINNER
Open Sunday • TE 8-6490

9 ROOM, FULLY PLANTED
Cooperative
PENTHOUSE
PRICE, $100,000; MAINTENANCE, $645
Block from Guggenheim Museum; sweeping 16th floor view to park reservoir and East River. Fully equipped tower study reached by a circular staircase from drawing room. Call **TR 6-3888** or write **Box PJ, The New Yorker Magazine, 25 West 43 Street, New York 36, New York.**

than him personally, he may still try to squeeze out the neutralists, in the hope that we will back him in a showdown. An indication that he may have something like this in mind was an announcement he made a few months ago, proclaiming the formation of a new political movement, the National Committee for Unification. This is an extremely vague grab-bag affair apparently designed to bring together everybody from the Boy Scouts to the army veterans, along with any and all varieties of anti-Communist politicians. Phoumi's decision to start off on such a project instead of working with Souvanna to map an election campaign is not calculated to make Souvanna's task any easier, or, in the long run, to help the anti-Communist cause. As the youngest triumvir, Phoumi obviously hopes that his turn is yet to come, with or without American support.

IT seems likely that, for several months at least, all sides will play along with the coalition plan and that some sort of integration will at least be attempted. Ultimately, the willingness of the Pathet Lao and the Communists to play the game of integration will depend on whether Souphanouvong and his associates continue to believe they can achieve power through the front door of coalition. If they see their ex-soldiers in the villages and their other cadres in the countryside losing political control, they can resume hostilities on one pretext or another. Whatever happens during the next six months or so, it seems apparent that Moscow is calling the tune, and that the Soviet high command may even be willing to suffer a temporary reversal in Laos for the sake of increasing its bargaining power elsewhere, or simply for the sake of gaining time all around. One American diplomat who attended the recent Geneva talks says, "We have to assume that for the time being, at least, the Russians are serious about wanting peace in Laos. There was evidence of this in the way they put pressure on the Chinese and the North Vietnamese at Geneva. It went far beyond the usual pattern." However, Khrushchev himself has more than once made it clear that he regards peaceful coexistence as simply "another road" to success. Right now, for various reasons, it suits the Russians—if not the Chinese, whose internal troubles might make an external military adventure attractive—to sit back and wait in Laos. Peking may yet succeed in pushing a more intemperate line, but there are several argu-



market
bagged

All done—thirty-two dollars, six bags and two hours later! Buying the cereals and cheeses, the soups and soaps—all the items on her every Thursday shopping list. Plus—*all the items she couldn't resist:* items this above average income Cincinnati housewife chose that morning from *The Enquirer*, Cincinnati's most influential, *most effective* daily! The daily preferred by most Cincinnatians who make more, have more, want more—*and annually spend more.** It's the daily nationally recognized as one of the small group of newspaper exceptions: reaching the *greatest* number of households most likely to buy, going to the *least* number of households least likely to buy! Let us show you how this proves out with your product. You will see why . . .

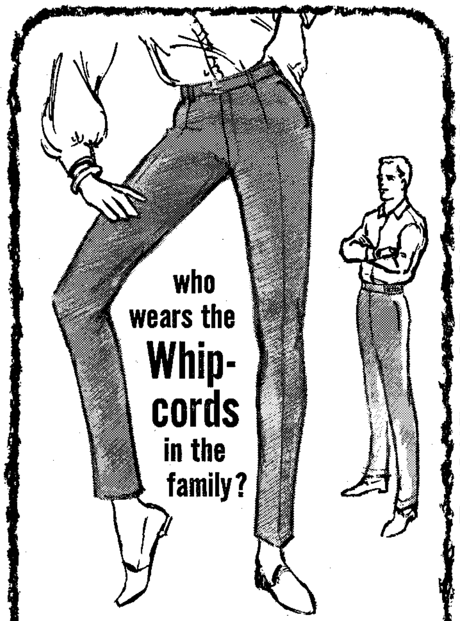
the big IN in solid Cincinnati is spelled ENquirer

Average Weekly Grocery Buying	Daily-Enquirer Households	Non-Daily-Enquirer Households
Over $30.00	32.3%	21.6%
$20.00 to $29.99	33.9%	33.9%
Up to $20.00	33.8%	44.5%

*The average Daily-Enquirer family spends 20% more for groceries than the Non-Daily-Enquirer family.

Source: 1961-62 Top Ten Brands Consumer Inventory.

Represented by Moloney, Regan & Schmitt, Inc.


who wears the Whip-cords in the family?

Both do! It's our fine, fashionable, long-wearing whipcord with leather-trimmed pockets. Men's: plain front, slightly tapered. Leather waist tab or belt loops (please specify). Sizes 30-42 (send inseam measurement). Tan, grey, olive. $28.50. Women's: man-tailored, tapered with belt loops, front zipper. 24-32 waist. Brown and dark olive. $25.00.

Add 45¢ for postage.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Carroll Reed
SKI SHOPS
NORTH CONWAY 18, NEW HAMPSHIRE

PLAN NOW TO SPEND THIS Christmas IN ST. CROIX

Many of our guests return year after year for this pleasant happy experience.

Estate Carlton offers everything for a complete holiday — free golf on our own 9 hole golf course — large fresh water swimming pool — tennis — our own soft sandy Caribbean beach — 89 acres of tropical beauty. Pre-season reduced rates.

Write for free copy 24 page booklet in full color describing our beautiful island of St. Croix.

Estate Carlton
Hotel and Golf Club
St. Croix
U. S. Virgin Islands

86th ST. Brauhaus
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
IMPORTED BEERS ON DRAUGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

ments against this. Communist over-all strategy in Southeast Asia today is based on subversion by seepage. Having previously seen precipitate revolutions fail in Malaya and the Philippines, the Communists are clearly being more careful. Their effort now is triple-pronged, as first North Vietnam, then South Vietnam, and Laos have shown, and as, almost certainly, Thailand will show next. As the pressure moves down through each successive country, the one that is next on the list must fulfill three requirements: there must be a strong Communist or Communist-front party, a military Fifth Column, and a contiguous sanctuary as a base for the supply and training of the Communist forces. Both South Vietnam and Laos, which are currently the two main objectives, meet all three specifications. In the last several months, in northeast Thailand, just across the border from Laos, Pathet Lao elements, scarcely distinguishable from the Thais in appearance, have begun an intensive propaganda campaign among the villagers, stirring up complaints against the government about such things as poor roads, poor schools, and lack of rural aid, and inveighing against "American imperialism." Communism is never mentioned. At the same time, a potential Fifth Column is being nurtured among some twenty thousand young Vietnamese who live in mud-hut villages just inside the Thai border. Most of them are North Vietnamese who fled to Thailand ten or twelve years ago, during and immediately after the war with France, and whose repatriation was previously arranged by Hanoi but is now being discreetly ignored. These men are not yet armed, and they probably won't be until the Communists are able to fulfill their third requirement—the creation of a contiguous sanctuary, either in Laos or in neutralist Cambodia (which has broken off relations with Thailand). It would be no surprise, though, if some sort of official "Thai Liberation Front" was soon established in northeastern Thailand.

The one hopeful element is that both Thailand and the United States are responding to all this. Throughout northeast Thailand, a joint program to create "renovated villages" has been started, and improved roads, small airstrips, intervillage radio-communication nets, better schools and teachers, and general social and economic assistance to the rural population are included. The presence of American troops, even if it is only temporary, has given the Thais

PARIS! La tour Eiffel... l'elegance... l'amour... but most of all: CHEVALIER!

For more than a half-century Maurice Chevalier has brought a bit of Paris to everywhere in the world. He's *magnifique* on these MGM Albums:

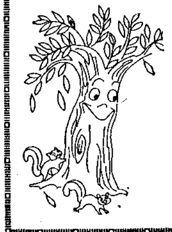
Lerner & Loewe & Chevalier.. E/SE 4015P
Chevalier Sings Broadway.. E/SE 3738
Yesterday & Today.......... 2E5/S2E5

MGM RECORDS
A division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.

HU-KWA
RAREST OF CHINA TEAS

Smoky Hu-Kwa from the slopes of Taiwan, is the finest Lapsang Souchong tea available. It is delicately unique in flavor — deeply satisfying. Order Hu-Kwa direct from me, the exclusive importer, $4.00 the pound, ½ pound, $2.25. Send check or M.O. *Please add 25c per item if beyond 350 miles of Boston.* Your order will receive my prompt personal attention.

Mark T. Wendell
Importer
156 State Street • Boston 9, Mass.
Many fine food stores also carry HU-KWA

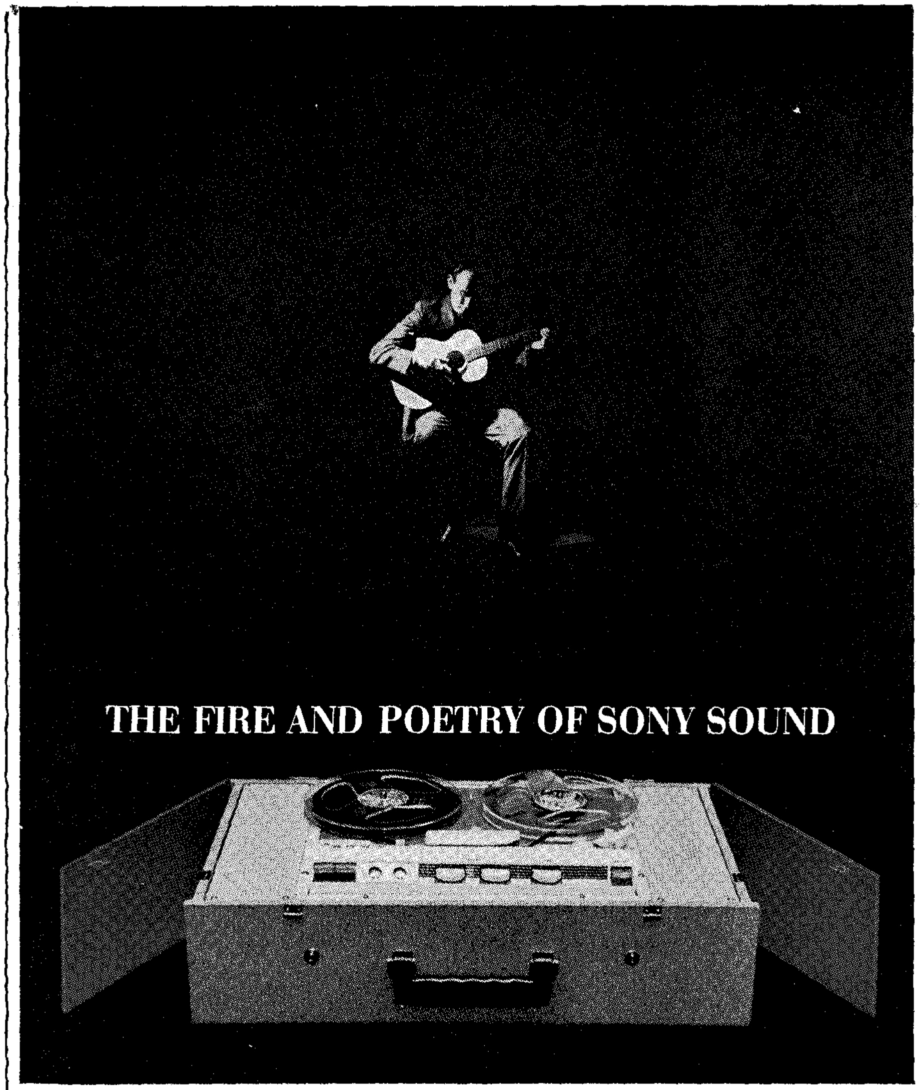

"Old Georgia Orchard" Shelled
PECANS
2 pound Box
JUMBO HALVES
MAILED PREPAID *Anywhere In America* $3.75
BOGRI FARMS
BOX 605
QUITMAN, GEORGIA

Paul Young's RESTAURANT
... a rare experience in dining ..
1120 CONNECTICUT AVE.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

vast encouragement. Since the Korean War ended, there has been no more serious omen for the future than the Thailand troop-lift. Almost every expert on the scene, military or diplomatic, now agrees that when, or if, a full-scale armed showdown comes in Southeast Asia, it will not be over Laos, which is essentially indefensible, but over Thailand.

FOR the moment, however, the game is being played here in Laos, and it still has its lighter aspects. As a tourist resort, Vientiane does not rank high. The weather is usually hot, and in the rainy season, which extends from May to November, the poorly paved or totally unpaved streets are muddy and dirty, while in the dry months dust clogs the air. In all seasons, phones don't work, cars break down, plumbing is irregular, and mosquitoes and flies abound. Yet, despite the discomfort, there is a certain charm about the city, which has a population of only sixty thousand. The basis of its attractiveness is in the character and outlook of the Lao, who, even if they are on the brink of disaster, refuse to allow their placid and essentially gay natures to be ruffled. In South Vietnam, where the wartime austerity of the Diem regime has imposed itself on all forms of social life, one can feel the tension in the air, but here in Vientiane the Lao wouldn't dream of letting their pleasure be constrained by the issues and crises of the day. As a result, the city has an almost carefree atmosphere that probably is the best remedy for current apprehensions. The several night clubs are festive and crowded, and the recent hit of the town was a tall American stripteaser who offered a flaming-torch dance; this was such a success that by popular demand she was kept on for months and months. By Western standards, the shops are poor, but the Chinese, Vietnamese, and Indians who dominate local commercial life seem to have adopted the Lao's easygoing and accommodating ways, and one can get what one wants, from shoes and shirts to Scotch whiskey, at modest prices. Clothes are particularly cheap. The main street—one of only four major streets in town—offers all sorts of bargains in both men's suits and women's dresses.

As a result of Laos' peculiar role as an experimental bridge between Communist and non-Communist worlds, Vientiane is abuzz with diplomats of all colors and all political colorations. There is surely no other capital in the world that has extended diplomatic courtesies

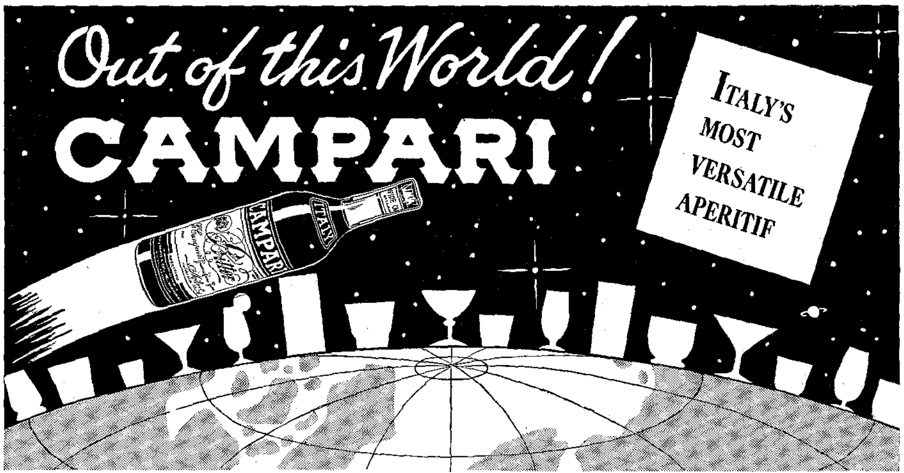


NEW SONY STERECORDER 464 CS: A COMPLETE, PORTABLE STEREO RECORDER AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

Another Sony triumph in tape recorder engineering, the new Sony 464 CS Sterecorder *records* and *plays back stereo* tapes with the professional purity of studio recording. Whether it's the delicate tone of a Stradivarius, the fire and poetry of Flamenco, the resounding blare of seventy-six trombones, or the full magnificence of a London Symphony—*all* the richness of stereo sound—yours to command for only $299.50. *All Sony Sterecorders are Multiplex Ready!*

SUPERSCOPE *The Tapeway to Stereo*

The new Sony 464 CS is a completely self-contained stereo system with two microphones, two extended range stereo speakers and such additional features as sound-on-sound recording, push button channel selection, dual recording indicators, automatic tape lifters, digital counter, pause control and FM stereo recording inputs. Also available, model 464-D for custom installation, (464 CS less case, speakers and microphones) $199.50. ■ Sony, the world's most respected name in quality tape recording equipment, manufactures a complete line of monophonic and stereophonic recorders, priced from $79.50 to $595.00. ■ Sold only at Superscope franchised dealers, the better stores everywhere. ■ For literature or nearest dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. K, Sun Valley, Calif.



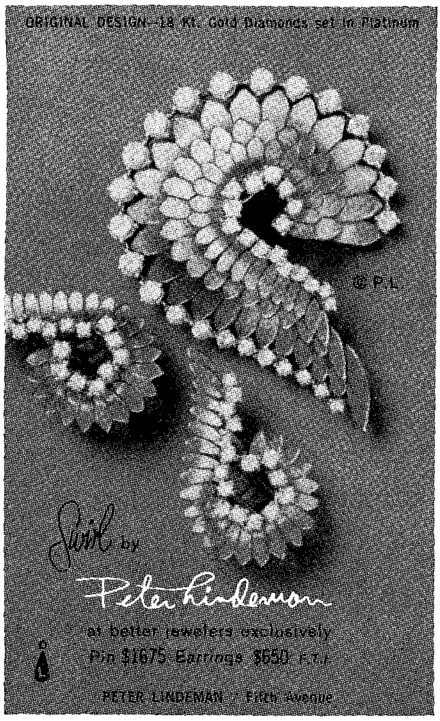
48 PROOF—IMPORTED, PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY **AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.** NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Raleigh
Bon Vivant

Our fresh fall
fashionable in soft
wool. Oatmeal,
banana, mint or
heather-rose. With
optional cord self-
belt. 8 to 18.
By Lido. **$25**

All mail orders postage free.

Raleigh Haberdasher
1310 F Street, N.W. Washington 4, D. C.


ORIGINAL DESIGN—18 Kt. Gold Diamonds set in Platinum
© P.L.
Swirl by
Peter Lindeman
at better jewelers exclusively
Pin $1675 Earrings $650 F.T.I.
PETER LINDEMAN / Fifth Avenue

"*One of the World's Best Seafood Restaurants*"
—HOLIDAY MAGAZINE

EST. 1879

GAGE AND TOLLNER'S
Brooklyn's Famous Landmark
372 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN
TRiangle 5-5181

simultaneously to the North and the South Vietnamese and to the representatives of both Chinas, and that entertains envoys from East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and North Korea, not to mention Russia and Poland, at the same time that it has offered hospitality and recognition to all the major Western powers. Political give-and-take goes on all day, but at dusk, when the diplomatic parties begin, an illusion of rare harmony unfolds. As the whiskey and vodka flow, and backs are slapped and toasts are exchanged, it seems for a few hours that all the troubles of the world, from nuclear testing and the Berlin crisis to the political tangles of Southeast Asia, can easily be straightened out right here in a Laotian banquet room. Naturally, by morning, the euphoria is dispelled, as the various committees on cease-fire and integration resume their painstaking, and often painful, discussions. But then before very long there is another party.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

In the *Motor Trader*, columnist Cambrian makes the insidious suggestion that on three-lane motorways, the fast lane should be the left hand one. Thus, northbound traffic would travel on what is now the south side of the route. This would achieve maximum separation of the quick ones, they would be less likely to dive over the centre dividing strip and achieve one of those 80+80=160 m.p.h. shunt.

But this would result in traffic at a peel-on point arriving in the fast lane, and having to work its way over the middle lane to the slow one. Besides, in the slow lanes the traffic is densest and heaviest. At present, if anybody *does* come over the centre division from his fast lane into the opposite fast lane, he often finds it empty and gets away with the mishap. If there is anything coming, the driver can usually slip back into the middle lane, where speeds and gaps between vehicles are sufficient for a tuck-in at any time. —*From the London Autocar.*

Whaddya say we have a quick one right now!

•

Sirk Realty announces a three-way trade of properties.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Smith of 1201 Southern Hills Blvd. traded to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid of 1205 Southern Hills Blvd. The Reids then traded 1201 Southern Hills Blvd. to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burney of 3860 Pleasant Ave.

The Smith family will live at 1201 Southern Hills Blvd.

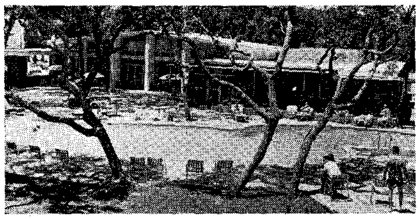
The Reid family will live at 3860 Pleasant Ave.

The Burney family are now owners of 1205 Southern Hills Blvd. and the home will again be sold.—*Hamilton* (*Ohio*) *Journal-News.*

It's a nice place to visit, but we'd hate to live there.

THERE'S STILL A PLACE TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

FOR A DAY
...A WEEK
...OR A MONTH



THE Buccaneer MOTOR LODGE

ON FABULOUS JEKYLL ISLAND

FRANK MEERS, MANAGER
TELEPHONE NEPTUNE 5-2261
BUCCANEER MOTOR LODGE
JEKYLL ISLAND 4, GEORGIA

Alone, with partner or group
Exciting new
WORD GAME
never tires

SPILL AND SPELL
SPILL AND SPELL

SPILL out 15 lettered cubes and SPELL out crosswords. Each play brings a fresh scoring challenge — *fun for eager minds of every age.*

At fine stores coast-to-coast: Basic set with timer, $3; without timer, $2. Deluxe sets @ $5 and $7. Write for PHILLIPS GAMES brochure — *free.*

To order by mail send 25¢ extra for handling.

PHILLIPS PUBLISHERS, INC.
41 Hunt St., Newton 58, Mass.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

STRAPARAMA®

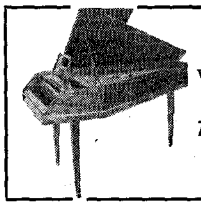
Has 25,000 watchstraps! Luxurious leathers—soft, supple, Swiss made. Imported madras, linens, shantungs, braided nylons.

All colors and sizes for men and women *attached in one minute. Prices $2.50 to $10.00.*

Who says a watchstrap has to be ordinary?

TIME MART
PL 3-9284

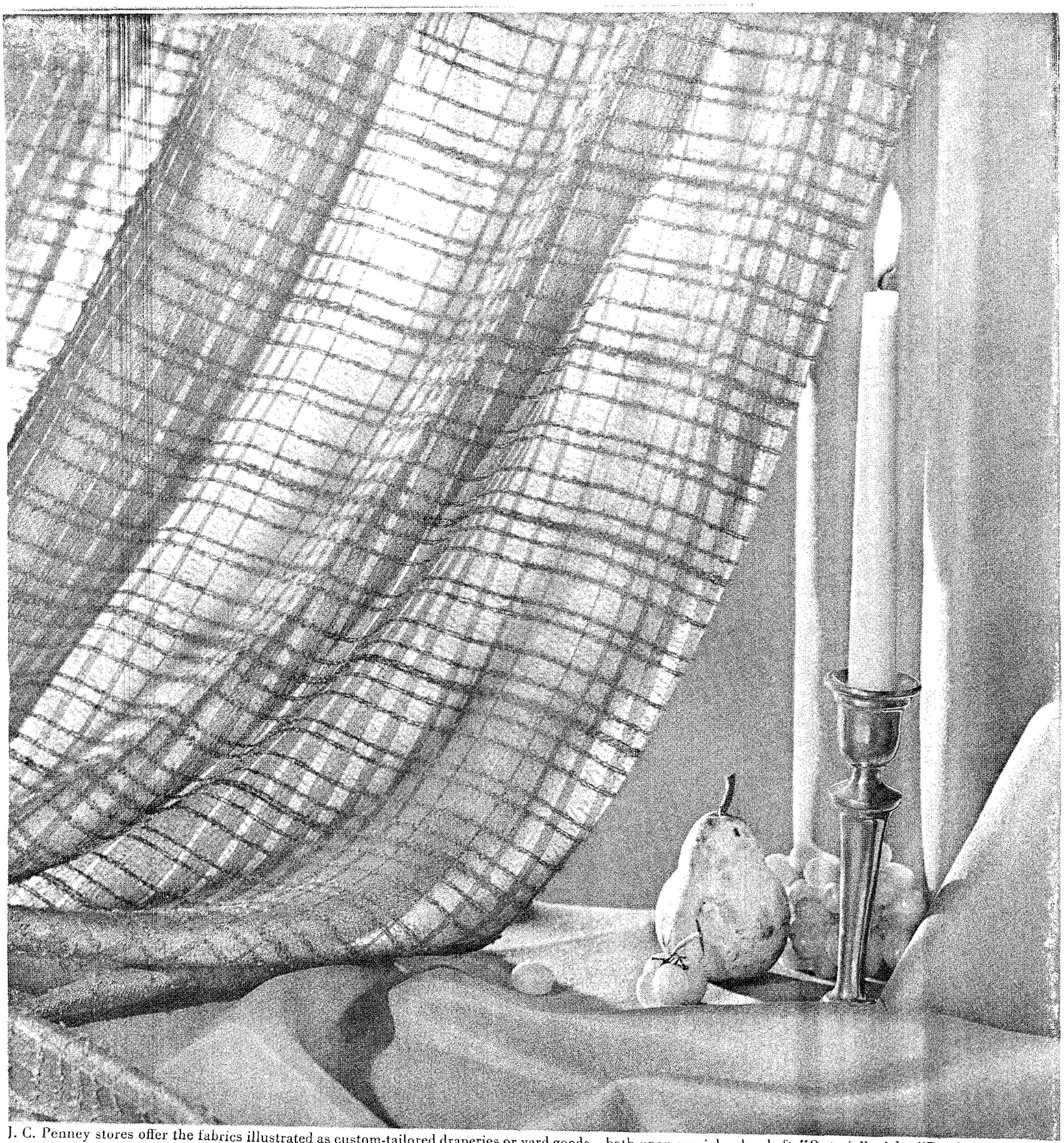
425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.



HARPSICHORD
In kit form for home workshop assembly **$150**
CLAVICHORD KIT $100
Write or call for brochure

ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS

Dept. N
115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.
WAtkins 9-1838



J. C. Penney stores offer the fabrics illustrated as custom-tailored draperies or yard goods—both upon special order. Left, "Ontario"; right, "Excelglas."

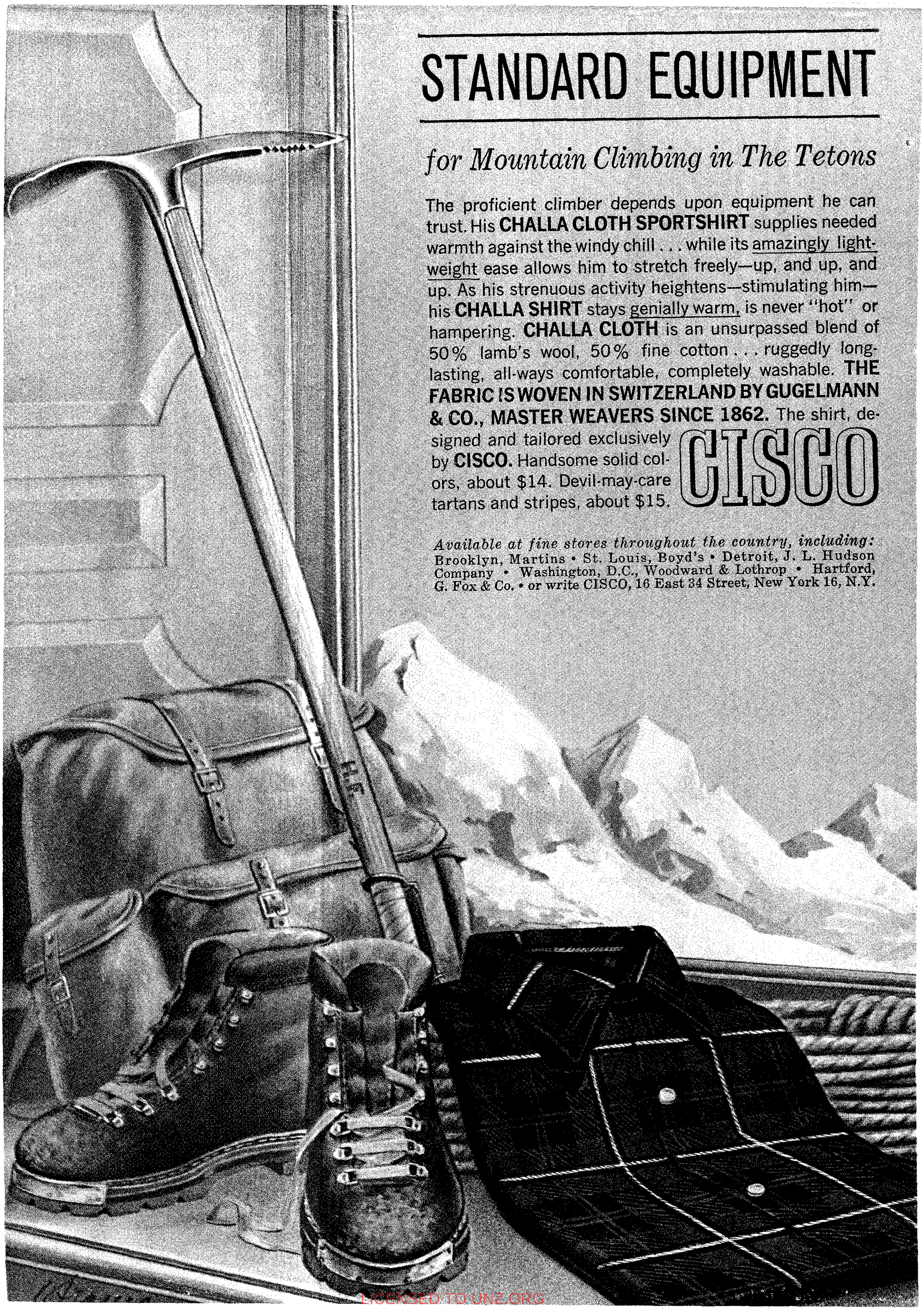
Look what's happened to PPG fiber glass

It's been woven into rich textures, nubby or silken. Into marvelous colors, muted or bold. Into patterns, stark and modern or elegantly restrained. And these matchless PPG Fiber Glass "Masterpieces-in-Glass" are yours in handsome ready-made draperies or exquisite decorator fabrics. Practical? Of course—they're glass! Wash in a wink, never need ironing, won't shrink, sag or stretch; firesafe, too. Their beauty is forever. *Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Fiber Glass Division, Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania.*

PPG *fiber glass*
...the fiber glass for finer fabrics

Masterpiece drapery fabrics are made with PPG fiber glass yarns which have earned this seal. PPG manufactures the yarns, not the fabric.

Good Housekeeping



STANDARD EQUIPMENT

for Mountain Climbing in The Tetons

The proficient climber depends upon equipment he can trust. His **CHALLA CLOTH SPORTSHIRT** supplies needed warmth against the windy chill . . . while its amazingly lightweight ease allows him to stretch freely—up, and up, and up. As his strenuous activity heightens—stimulating him—his **CHALLA SHIRT** stays genially warm, is never "hot" or hampering. **CHALLA CLOTH** is an unsurpassed blend of 50% lamb's wool, 50% fine cotton . . . ruggedly long-lasting, all-ways comfortable, completely washable. **THE FABRIC IS WOVEN IN SWITZERLAND BY GUGELMANN & CO., MASTER WEAVERS SINCE 1862.** The shirt, designed and tailored exclusively by **CISCO.** Handsome solid colors, about $14. Devil-may-care tartans and stripes, about $15.

CISCO

Available at fine stores throughout the country, including: Brooklyn, Martins • St. Louis, Boyd's • Detroit, J. L. Hudson Company • Washington, D.C., Woodward & Lothrop • Hartford, G. Fox & Co. • or write CISCO, 16 East 34 Street, New York 16, N.Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ways and Means

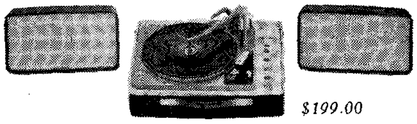
IT'S a fairly safe rule of thumb that the better the play, the worse the movie that will be made from it. The means by which plays and movies present a dramatic action being not merely unlike but downright antagonistic (selective vs. indiscriminate, calculated vs. fortuitous, and so on), what is of the greatest possible advantage to one form is apt to prove of the greatest possible disadvantage to the other. The occasion for this homily is, as you may already have flinched to guess, O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night." The mastery of craft embodied in the play—those stringent yet inconspicuous unities of time, place, and circumstance; the deliberate nonexistence of any people, or, indeed, of any air, outside the doomed summer home of the Tyrones; the cumulative force of the reiteration of a very small number of very big grudges against life by four self-pitying victims of a total failure of family love—this mastery not only goes wholly to waste in the film version but is the chief reason for its failure. By his piety in preserving the play nearly intact, the director, Sidney Lumet, fixes our attention firmly on the original work and invites us to measure, minute by minute for a hundred and fifty-four minutes, the extent to which any attempt to be true to one medium in terms of another betrays both. On the stage, "Long Day's Journey Into Night" affected me more powerfully than any other play of our time; on film, I find it a painful curiosity.

While in a grumbling mood, I may as well say a disagreeable word or two about the acting. Jason Robards, Jr., playing the same role that he had on Broadway, is superb, but Sir Ralph Richardson wobbles about uncertainly in the crucial role of James Tyrone, and has an accent ideally unsuited to Tyrone, who is at pains to recount the effort it cost him to get rid of an accent. As for Katharine Hepburn, as Mrs. Tyrone, she is also an off-again, on-again, gone-again figure, in a way that has less to do with Mrs. Tyrone's passages to and from reality than with Miss Hepburn's habitual insistence on giving

Never before such a portable as this!

Model Eleven Stereo Portable Phonograph

A fine component system in just 26 pounds of breathtaking performance. Small enough to fit under a jetliner seat. Whether your taste is Sinatra or Stravinsky, you won't believe its flawless clarity, range and freedom from distortion, all made possible by revolutionary new KLH speakers.



$199.00

Components: 30 watt peak all-transistor stereo amplifier, Garrard AT-6 4-speed record changer; Pickering 380C magnetic pickup with diamond stylus; 2 KLH speaker systems separate up to 40 ft.; luggage-styled case of vinyl-clad 'Contourlite'. Inputs for a tuner or tape recorder.

KLH

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION
30 CROSS STREET, CAMBRIDGE 39, MASSACHUSETTS

Franchised KLH Dealers in the N.Y. area: — NEW YORK CITY: Bloomingdale's, Electronic Workshop, Grand Central Radio, Harmony House, Harvey Radio, Lafayette Radio, Leonard Radio, Liberty Music Shops, G. Schirmer, Sonocraft, Terminal-Hudson Electronics, Julius Weikers; BROOKLYN, JAMAICA, MANHASSET, WHITE PLAINS: Audio Exchange; JAMAICA: Lafayette Radio; MT. KISCO: Fox & Sutherland; SCARSDALE: Boynton Goodall; SYOSSET, L.I.: Lafayette Radio. **IN CONNECTICUT** — BRIDGEPORT: Hi Fi Center; DANBURY: Mured Inc.; GREENWICH: Greenwich Radio & TV; HARTFORD: Landers Electronics, Stereo Shop; W. HARTFORD: Audio Workshop; NEW HAVEN: David Dean Smith, Radio Shack Corp. of Conn.; NORWALK: Beck & Quint; RIDGEFIELD: New Horizons; STAMFORD: Radio Shack Corp., Atlantic Electronics Co.; WESTPORT: Music Systems of Westport.

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS . . .

Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING COOKING.
For those who want VARIETY and the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine.

Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities

GOURMET
157 W. 49th St., Nr. 7th Ave., JU 2-8182

EAST
75 East 55th St.
Cor. Park Ave.
PL 3-4930
Park Free after 6 PM

WEST
143 West 49th St.
in Hotel Plymouth
PL 7-1170
N.Y.C.

APPLETON ESTATE
A LIGHT JAMAICA RUM
86 PROOF • SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

EAST AFRICA
UNDER $30 A DAY!

Snow-capped Kilimanjaro high above the equator. Wild animals peacefully roaming in Queen Elizabeth Park. Dar es Salaam on the Indian Ocean. Nairobi. Kampala. The Nile plunging down Murchison Falls. The ancient palaces of Zanzibar. Treetops, the hotel in a tree! Get brochures, tour itineraries from your Travel Agent. Or write Dept. N.Y.

East Africa
Tourist Travel Association
Representing these 4 great territories:
KENYA • TANGANYIKA • UGANDA • ZANZIBAR
6 East 45th Street, New York 17, N.Y. or
P.O. Box 2013, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa

her own vivid personality free rein. Like Sir Ralph, moreover, she has the bad luck to possess an accent that at once induces incredulity; wherever it comes from (Hartford? Bryn Mawr? Turtle Bay?), it's utterly foreign to poor, convent-bred, Midwestern Mary Tyrone. The part of Edmund Tyrone is played by Dean Stockwell, who gives us little reason to suppose that he will ever grow up and write a play about the ignominy of his boyhood.

"REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT" is a *real* movie, dominated by a camera that, like our own eyes, picks its way through a profusion of helter-skelter objects to see clearly, as if without effort, precisely what it needs to see. It's a picture so nearly perfect of its kind that my temptation is to dwell on the "perfect" and forget the question of kind, but I mustn't lose my head; what we have here is a prizefighters-and-gangsters melodrama of exceptional humanity and finesse, which has not one, not two, not three, but *four* marvellous performances, by Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason, Julie Harris, and Mickey Rooney. The script, by Rod Serling, is a sentimental pastiche, as the soft-hard title indicates. No matter—the sources from which it borrows being first-rate, the end product is a distillation of the first-rate, and the director, Ralph Nelson, has encouraged the actors to squeeze the last drop of good from their tried-and-true roles. Mr. Quinn as an aging fighter, obliged to quit the ring under threat of blindness and totally unfit for any other occupation, is guaranteed to break your heart. Jackie Gleason is his hardboiled manager, Mickey Rooney is his handler, and Miss Harris is the gentle girl in the unemployment office who tries to help him make a fresh start in life; all three of them are at their best (this Jackie Gleason bears scarcely any resemblance to the actor of the same name self-indulgently capering through "Gigot"), and there's a scene in a bar between Miss Harris and Mr. Quinn that is as funny and touching, and as truly romantic, as anything I've seen in years. The producer of this wonderful picture is David Susskind, who, like Jackie Gleason, must be many people at once, most of them strangers.

I'M not sure I can define short shrift, but that's what I mean to give three pictures I don't much care for. The worst of the lot is "Barabbas," an extravagantly long and dull account of a Biblical figure about whom nothing whatever is known but who gives the

PUNCH & JUDY PRINT
From our uninhibited "Collector's" collection of hand-screened cottons. An exclusive Tayloriginal, $2.50 at trend-setting stores almost everywhere.
TAYLOR TIES
16 EAST 34TH STREET ☐ NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

PLAN YOUR TRIP WITH AN EXPERT!

The professional advice of your ASTA travel agent will make a world of difference in your vacation or business trip! His experienced knowledge of every travel detail sends you on your way relaxed and carefree. He's up on the latest information on how to make your dollars go further, too.

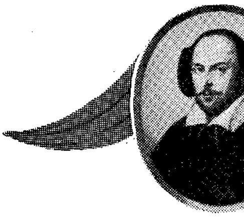
You'll make your travel investment count for the most when you depend on ASTA standards of professional, ethical travel service. And remember, your ASTA travel agent charges standard steamship and air fares everywhere.

look for this emblem
AMERICAN SOCIETY · ASTA · OF TRAVEL AGENTS
Established 1931

HUNTING FOR A LEATHER CLEANING SERVICE?
Look No Further!
We Clean Leathers & Suedes Like New!
Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Svc. for:
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Send For Miracle Leather Cleaner—$1.25 pp.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

STOCK

IMPORTED
STOCK
DRY VERMOUTH
clearly... the dry-est Vermouth
IMPORTED DRY & SWEET VERMOUTHS • BRANDIES • CORDIALS
U.S. IMPORTER: DISTILLERIE STOCK U.S.A., LTD., N.Y.
U.S. SALES AGENT: JACK POUST & COMPANY, INC., N.Y.


Enjoy a 6 oz. Imperial Size cocktail for only 95¢ with your choice of a complete dinner from $4.95 . . . in an atmosphere of Shakespearean memorabilia. Our strolling minstrel, Stanley Buetens, lutist, sings English ballads and bawdy ditties. Supper served until 2 A.M.
The Bard's Retreat
the GOTHAM hotel 5th Ave. at 55 St.

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

EL 5-4774
ZABALA'S
La Zambra
14 EAST 60 ST.
Flamenco Guitar & Piano nitely
Luncheon-Cocktails-Dinner-Supper

producer, Dino De Laurentiis, a chance to seem to be telling us about first-century Christians as he spoons up innumerable bloody horrors for, one supposes, an audience of twentieth-century sadists. What a curious fate an actor's is! Anthony Quinn, who looks like one of the greatest actors on earth in "Requiem," looks like one of the worst actors on earth in the title role of "Barabbas." But I left at the intermission, just after the collapse of the sulphur mines in which he was imprisoned, and perhaps he changed expression once or twice in some of the later episodes. . . . "Devi" is an Indian picture from the hand of the much-admired Satyajit Ray. A suggestible old man decides that his beautiful daughter-in-law is the reincarnation of the goddess Kali. I'm suggestible, too, and I suspect that he'd fallen in love with her and dreamed up the goddess gimmick to cover his quite natural embarrassment. This shows you how unfit I am to judge Indian movies. . . . "Yojimbo," directed by Akira Kurosawa, is a quilted-costume melodrama, laid in nineteenth-century Japan, and it has been hailed as a devastating parody of the American Western, designed to shock us all into recognizing the futility of killing each other, or maybe of killing each other in Westerns. I don't think it's a parody at all; I think it's a great director and a great star—Toshiro Mifune—engaged in making a bad movie. Surely such things happen even in the mysterious East.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

SIR—Could any of your readers suggest a remedy to prevent black snails (with horns) from infesting my home. They come in during the nighttime and disappear in the mornings.

WORRIED HOUSEWIFE.
—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

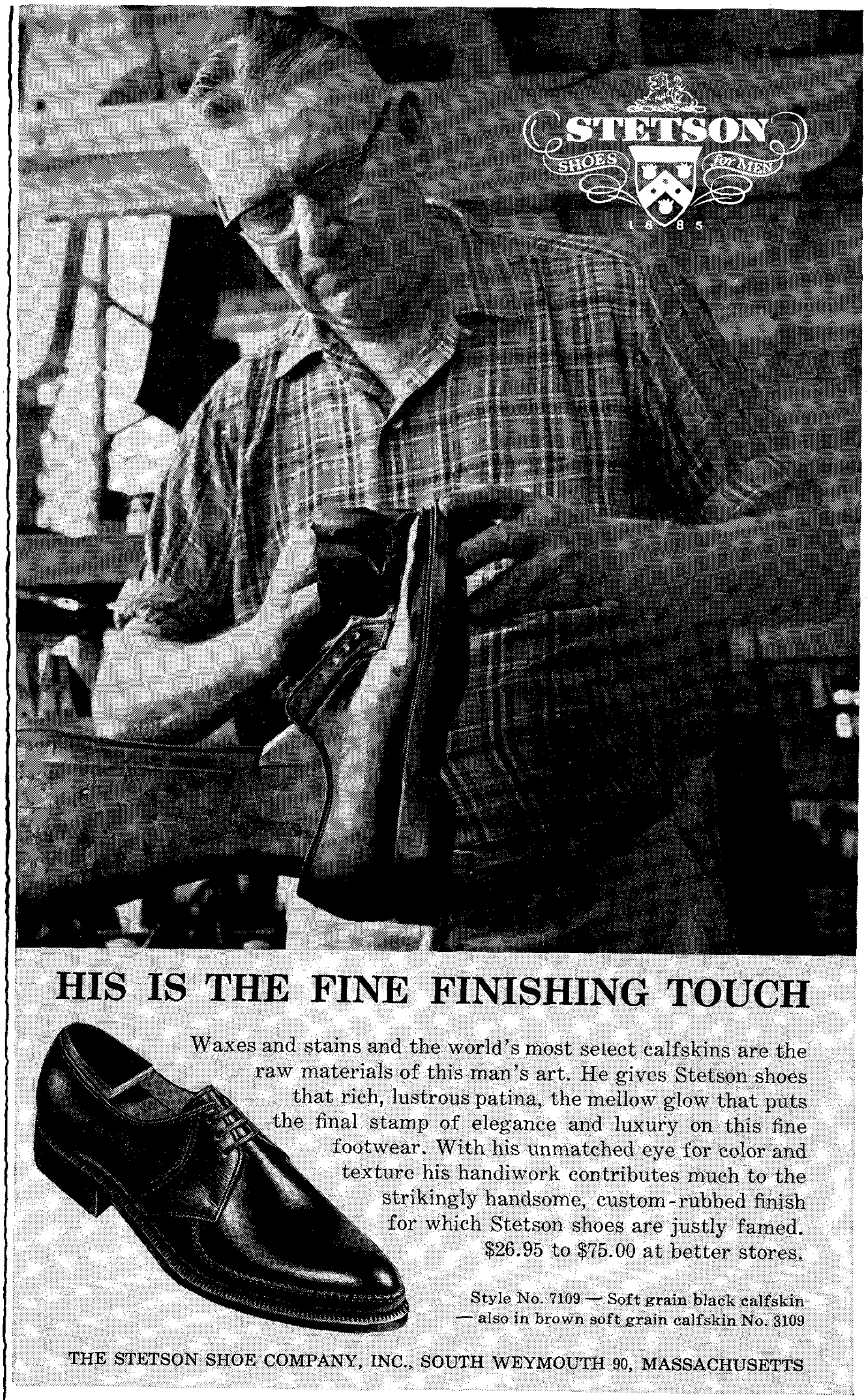
When snails with horns come in during the nighttime it is best to let them have their way. Black snails are hand in glove with night, and if they are horned, it is foolish to resist, or put up any show. Best get out. Go somewhere where the fun is, and maybe a bit of drinking, or the old Devil himself. Come back in the morning, when the snails are leaving, their little horns all wrinkled and torn.

•

Carl Russell, Scottsburg's fire chief, states that most of their money is raised in the fall of each year. . . .

The date for the Halloween Party is tentatively set for October.—*Halifax (Va.) Record-Advertiser.*

By one of the more levelheaded smoke-eaters.

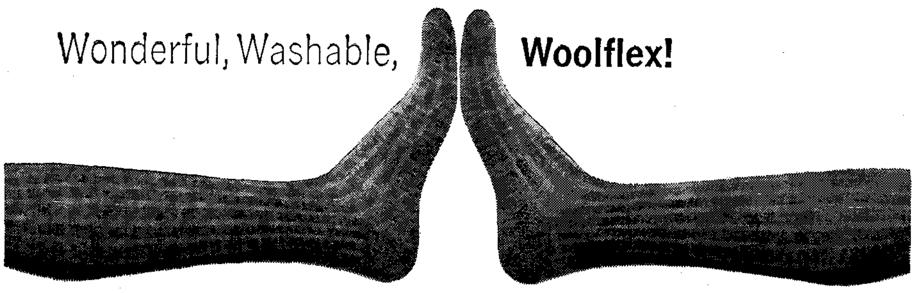


HIS IS THE FINE FINISHING TOUCH

Waxes and stains and the world's most select calfskins are the raw materials of this man's art. He gives Stetson shoes that rich, lustrous patina, the mellow glow that puts the final stamp of elegance and luxury on this fine footwear. With his unmatched eye for color and texture his handiwork contributes much to the strikingly handsome, custom-rubbed finish for which Stetson shoes are justly famed. $26.95 to $75.00 at better stores.

Style No. 7109 — Soft grain black calfskin — also in brown soft grain calfskin No. 3109

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH 90, MASSACHUSETTS



Model for countless imitations—Marum's inimitable stretch sock of 65% Zephyr wool, 35% nylon! Absorbent, comfortable, with remarkable stay-up power, it machine-washes endlessly. Join the faithful following of wearers (and their wives). Say "Woolflex"! Olive, charcoal, navy, cordovan or black. Hi-Rise in regular (10-11½) and king size (12-14), $2. Ankle length, $1.50. Write to **WHITEHOUSE & HARDY,** Detroit, Michigan.

marum socks for men 40 E. 34th Street, New York 16, New York "incomparably yours"

Scottish in origin...international in its scope of styling. A-much-to-be-cherished flattering cardigan in Australian lambswool, so contemporary in its outlook. Golfer Cardigan at $12.95

Indoor and outdoor colours, sizes 34 to 42

Available in America's better stores

Lyle and Scott

OF HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Represented by: Aston Imports Limited,
452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18

MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best

Spacious, air-conditioned rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants.

HOTEL Dorset

30 West 54th St.

Just off New York's Fifth Ave.

A Bing & Bing Hotel

The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Carte Blanche, Diner's and American Express

SUN YAH

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Universal Language

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH has had his ups and downs, but his Seventh Symphony, which was performed by the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, in Philharmonic Hall last week, seems to me to be the closest thing to a great work of art that has appeared in music during the past generation. Avoiding all the tricks of eccentric syntax and rhythm that have been so common in contemporary music, it speaks, with true originality, the language of music as it has been handed down to us by the masters. It exhibits enormous powers of melodic invention and an absolute command of technique. It also exhibits a formidable, if somewhat unorthodox, control of symphonic form. But perhaps the most striking thing about it, when one compares it with the bulk of today's music, is that this form conveys an unmistakable and universally understandable content of feeling and emotion.

As is usual with music, just what this content is is extremely difficult to pin down in words. The work happens to have a program, inspired by the heroic Russian defense of Leningrad against the forces of Hitler, and some listeners can probably read into it various literal interpretations along this line. But such a program would not suffice to make it a great symphony, and while listening to it on Friday afternoon I was led to jot down a series of notes on what the work meant to me, and doubtless to many others. I was encouraged to do this by that remarkable book "Music as Metaphor," by Donald N. Ferguson, which I reviewed here recently—a book that propounds the refreshing and unfashionable thesis that music is essentially a representational art, and not an abstract one. My notes ran on at some length and were fairly dull, and I shall not trouble you with them here, except to say that they indicated that the feelings conveyed in the music ranged from gaiety and tenderness to martial power and ecstatic jubilation. Significantly, these feelings had nothing specific to do with the defense of Leningrad. They were much more general, and if the words I used to describe them were

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR...

They're nice. Interesting. And important. If they invite you to stay with them, *accept*. If not, we'd suggest you stay with us! In fact, you can consider this an invitation. We may be only the second most fashionable residence in Washington, but we make up for it with service. European-type service. Like shining the shoes you leave outside your door. And supplying you with terry-cloth bathrobes. And doing 947 other little things that make you wonder why you'd ever go home. Next time you're in Washington, why not spend your time with us? You can't beat the service. Or the neighborhood.

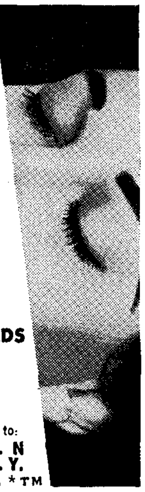
Completely Air Conditioned
HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
Manger Hotels
(OPPOSITE THE WHITE HOUSE)
16th AT H STREET N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

Now Enjoy Restful SLEEP

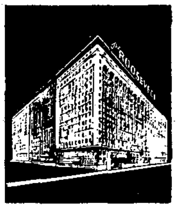
SHUT OUT DISTURBING NOISES!
FLENTS* *Anti-Noise* EAR STOPPLES
Easy to use, comfortable. Recommended by doctors. Used by thousands for 35 years!
Trial box of 1 pr. 40¢ ppd.

SHUT OUT DISTURBING LIGHT!
FLENTS* LIGHT SHIELDS
Sleep soundly. Nap anytime, anywhere. Soft satin padding for snug fit and comfort.
Black sateen, $1.50 ppd.

At Drug or Dept. stores—or send check or M.O. to:
FLENTS PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Dept. N
103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
*TM



CAFE RENAISSANCE
MANHATTAN



EVERYTHING IN NEW ORLEANS IS NEAR **THE ROOSEVELT** . . . steps from the French Quarter . . . theatres and smart shops. Superb cuisine. Luxurious service. Home of the Blue Room. 900 rooms.
R
100% air-conditioned.
SEYMOUR WEISS, President and Mgn. Dir.
A. C. BELLANDE, Mgr.

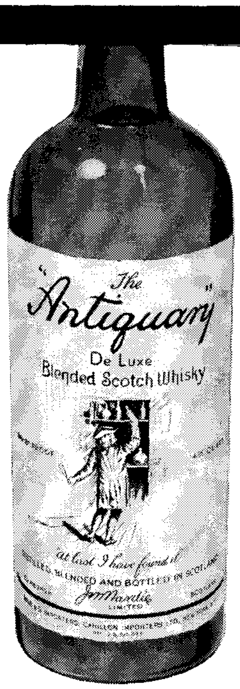
plodding and repetitious, I can only adduce the famous statement of Felix Mendelssohn to the effect that the difficulty in writing about music arises not from the fact that music is too vague in content to be described in words but, on the contrary, from the fact that music is such an exact reflection of feeling that words can describe it only vaguely and clumsily. At any rate, the symphony portrays a vast range of human experience, far outdistancing the events that inspired it. And, perhaps ironically, the work's political and historical significance is completely swamped by meanings that are as apparent to a capitalist as they are to a Communist, since they are meanings of a universal sort. Thus, Shostakovich's tenderness and melancholy are tenderness and melancholy as they are understood the world over, and when we come to the work's great moments of apocalyptic splendor (inspired by faith in the courage and the future of the Russian people), we encounter a serene and powerful kind of musical utterance that is not very different from that of Anton Bruckner (who was expressing his faith in God) or that of Beethoven (who was expressing his faith in humanity and freedom as conceived during the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century). The emotion, in each case, is fundamentally religious, and I can only point out that all great religious musical compositions have certain similarities in emotional content, regardless of the differences in belief that may have inspired them. Mr. Bernstein gave the symphony a magnificent performance; he seems to have a special affinity for it. By the way, the acoustics of Philharmonic Hall have improved greatly.

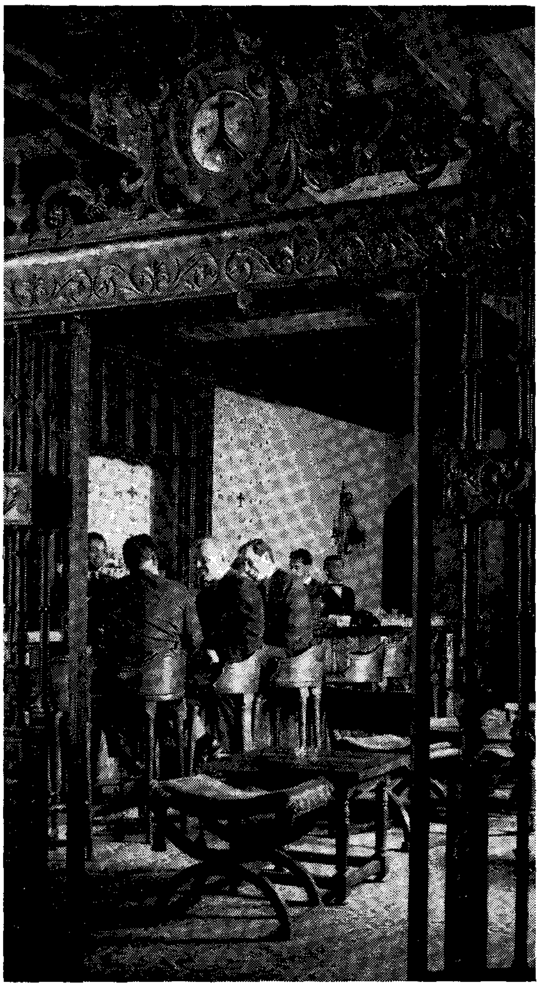
IT has been very interesting to watch the recent progress of Carlisle Floyd, since he is among the most gifted of America's younger operatic composers. His first opera, "Susannah," which was an instant success, was simple and forthright—in some ways, almost a folk opera. In his second, "Wuthering Heights," Mr. Floyd seemed to have been struggling with a more complex idiom, and the results were not entirely happy. In his third, "The Passion of Jonathan Wade," which was given its première by the New York City Opera on Thursday night of last week, we have a new Floyd, still imperfect, perhaps, but much more closely attuned to the exigencies of true opera than the Floyd of "Wuthering Heights" was. Fortunately, the composer of "The Passion of Jonathan Wade" has recaptured the lyricism of "Susannah," and now

An Outstanding Scotch

No Scotch whisky excels The "Antiquary" for maturity, mellowness and subtle flavor. There is no other whisky as highly regarded either in England or Scotland. Blended Scotch Whisky□86.8 Proof. Carillon Importers, Ltd., Fifth Ave., New York 19.

Costs a little more, naturally



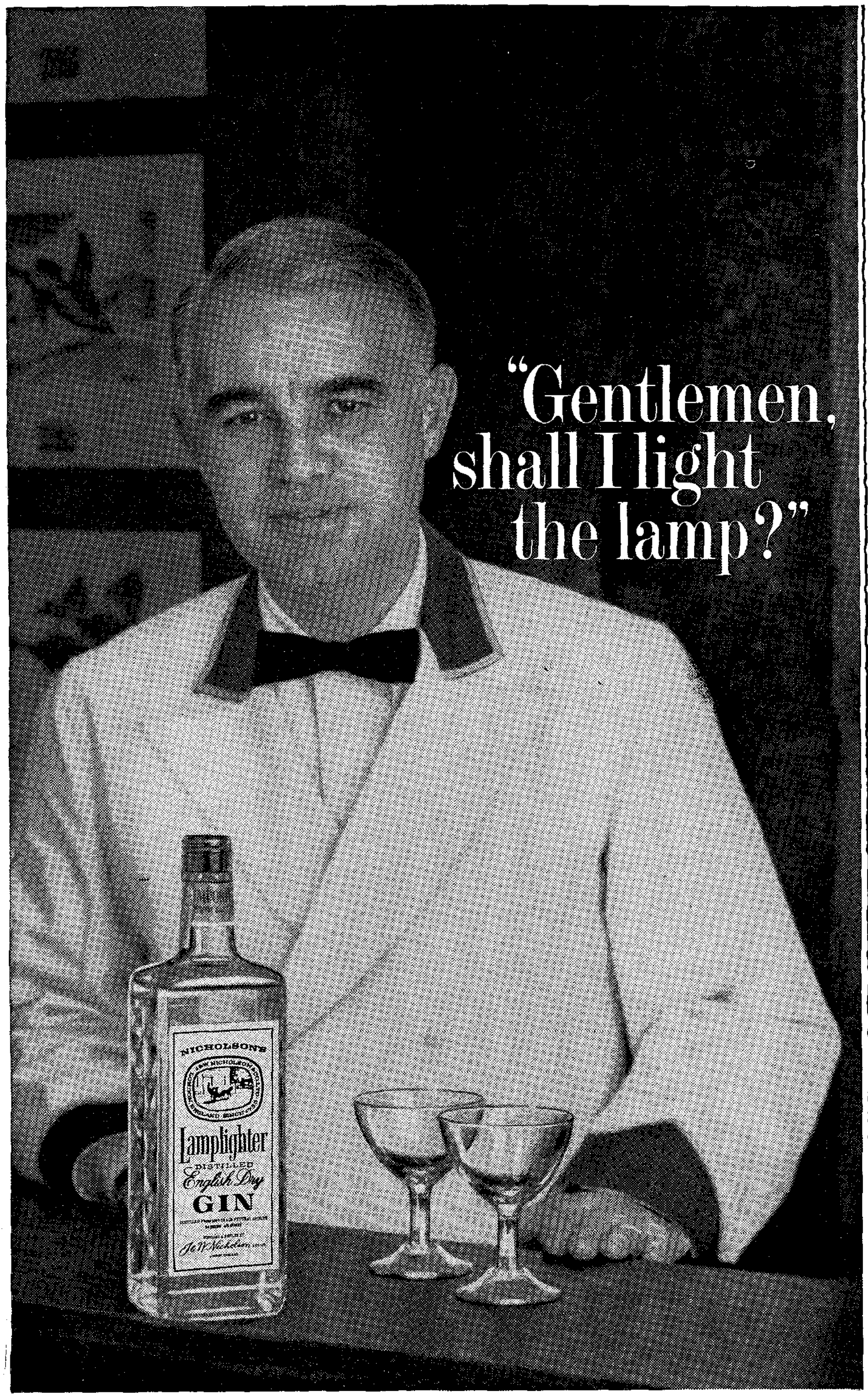


THIS IS THE BAR AT HOTEL EL CONVENTO IN OLD SAN JUAN. There is no neon here. There is no chromium. There is honest oak, and leather. The wrought iron you see in the picture is three hundred and ten years old. At the noon hour, people come to this bar and talk over a glass of manzanilla sherry or a very cold martini. Then they go to lunch on the patio and then to siesta for a time or to swim in the pool. When the sun goes down, people come here with its warmth still upon them. Then there is the music of laughter and cocktail shaker and flamenco guitar. This is the bar at Puerto Rico's most exciting new hotel. **EL CONVENTO.**

See your travel agent, or write
515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York
Phone PL 2-5390

uses it in a much more ambitious and complex way. The new work contains some lovely, soaring arias, duets, and so on, and, beginning with the second part of the second act, it grips the audience, with a strong sense of drama as well as with some fine music. Before that point, I am afraid, it is somewhat static, for a number of reasons. For one, the libretto, which Mr. Floyd has, as usual, written himself, is dreadfully complicated for operatic treatment. He has attempted to portray the Reconstruction era in the South, with no end of carpetbaggers, Ku-Kluxers, shady politicians, hastily freed slaves, and so forth, and the amount of political conversation involved in this portrayal tends to hold up the action. Moreover, Mr. Floyd's words are often very prosy for his purpose, and one occasionally finds him doing what no opera composer should do—setting mere talk to music. But then, with the singing of a beautiful Negro spiritual of his own invention in the middle of Act II, things begin to be magically transformed. A fine love duet follows, and the magic continues into the final act, in which the Northern hero meets the crisis of his agony and then his death, and his beautiful Southern wife remains to sing a touching aria over his body.

The principal figures in the drama are all strong, well-defined characters. Colonel Jonathan Wade, of the Union forces (sung by Theodor Uppman), is a kindly and upright man who falls in love with Celia, a Southern belle (sung by Phyllis Curtin); marries her against the wishes of her likable aristocratic father, Judge Brooks Townsend (sung by Norman Treigle); and becomes so inextricably entangled between the evil and corrupt forces of both South and North that he is on the point of desertion when he is shot, by nobody knows which side Among the lesser characters are a patient Negro servant in the Judge' household (sung by Miriam Burton) a cynical carpetbagger (sung by Pau Ukena), an unprincipled Northern politician (sung by Norman Kelley), an a vicious Southern dandy (sung b Frank Porretta) who becomes a leade of the Klan. All these roles were don superbly the other night, and the production as a whole was as fine as on could wish. Despite the flaws I hav mentioned, "The Passion of Jonatha Wade" is an interesting and musicall quite inspired work, and it whets one curiosity as to what Mr. Floyd—wh has never stood still—will come up wit next. —WINTHROP SARGEAN



Lamplighter Gin makes your martini glow

Listen for the words "light the lamp" in fine bars and restaurants. It's the new way to order a martini made with Lamplighter—the gin reserved for martinis only. Lamplighter has been distilled at Bromley-by-Bow since 1736, with choice ingredients and water unsurpassed for distilling gin. If your present martini isn't all it should be, don't change the vermouth or the proportion. Change the gin—to Lamplighter. "Light the lamp," and see!

LAMPLIGHTER IMPORTED GIN

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.
© McK&R, 1961

BOOKS

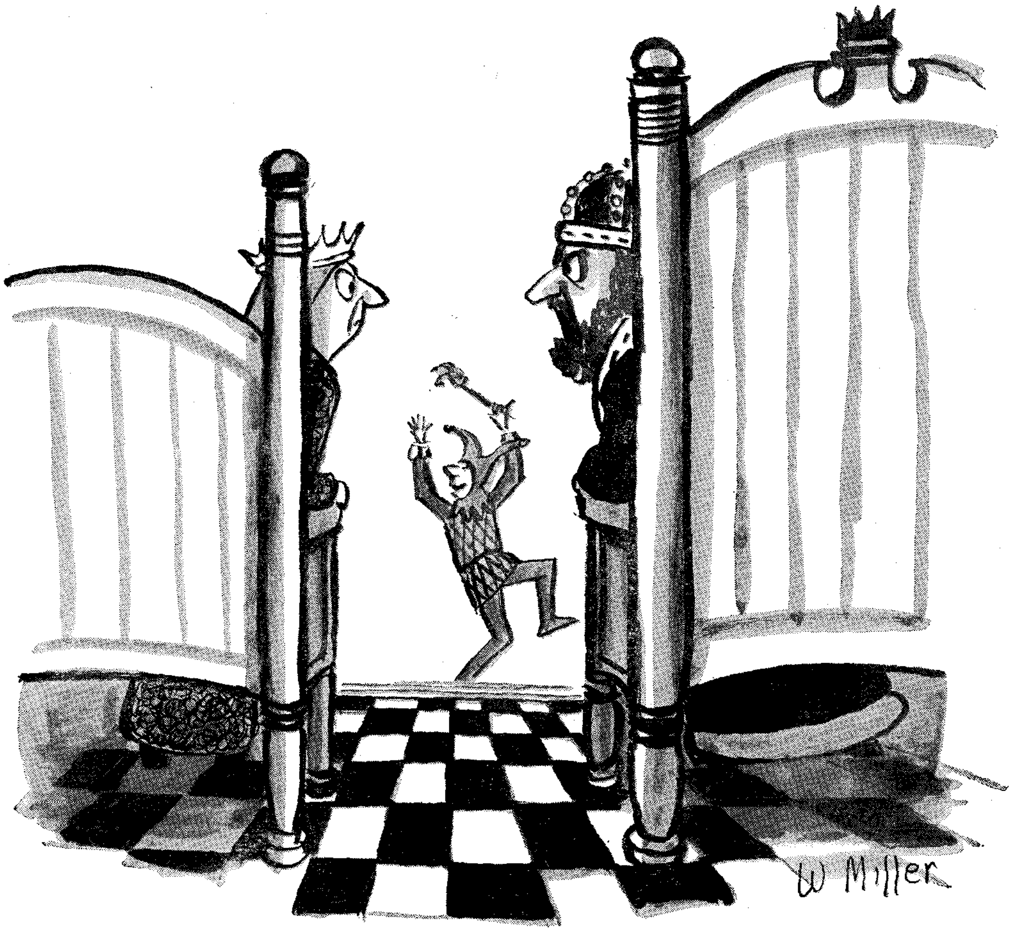
Ploesti

AIR combat, as conducted in the Second World War, lends itself gloriously to narration, when the narrator can write without blood-and-thunder clichés and can visualize what he is writing about. The fighting units were small and individually packaged, from one man in a fighter to ten in the largest bomber, yet they could strike mighty blows, like Roland's or Achilles'. One bomber could blow a huge refinery into the air; one fighter could destroy the bomber. It is possible, therefore, to recount a great air battle in Homeric terms, citing the deed and dilemma of one hero, then shifting to a remote part of the field to join with another, leaving the reader anxious to know the fate of the first, since danger in battle is perpetually recurrent. The effects of the blows were apparent: the target went up or the plane went down. The planes as well as the pilots had names: Prince Charming or Daisy Mae or Hadley's Harem. (The pilots who christened them were not themselves Homers.) There were none of the long waits of infantry warfare, when one platoon is pinned down by mortar fire while another wriggles its way through a mined apple orchard. The warriors retained their identities; those who got back to base even filed written reports, and so it is often feasible to reconstruct not only the general pattern of battle but what the wounded gunner said to the pilot over the intercom.

James Dugan and Carroll Stewart, the authors of "Ploesti" (Random House), which from their book I learn is pronounced "Ploy-esht," write admirably of incident and also have what Homer lacked—a notion of the strategic sense of the operation. The Greeks and Trojans dashed ad lib about the Plain of Troy, blown only by tailwinds of emotion. But the American heavy bombers, all Liberators, or B-24s, that set out for Ploesti in Rumania from Benghazi, on the coast of Libya, on the morning of August 1, 1943, had a thought in mind. It was to knock out the concentration of refineries at Ploesti and so sterilize the oil fields that supplied a high proportion of the Wehrmacht's fuel. They had a tactical plan, too—the best that could be made under the circumstances. (Whether the circumstances warranted calling off the raid is another matter.) The bombers would come in on allotted segments of the target from several directions simultaneously. They would fly too low to be seen from Ploesti until they swooped over the hills near the city, and they would fly almost at ground level to get under the radar screen that the German defenders had set up. (A radar screen at ground level would be a mere embarrassment, since it would pick up every moving vehicle; there is therefore a minute gap between the ground and the bottom of radar's sensitive field.) They would overwhelm the anti-aircraft gunners before the defenders had time to shoot, and rise just high enough to clear the rooftops as the bombs were loosed. The bombs had time fuses, so the raiders would not blow themselves up.

The conditions that prompted this plan were the distance of Benghazi from Ploesti, the size of the target, and the limitations of the Liberator, which was our longest-range, most capacious bomber. The Liberator was a big-bellied four-engine aircraft with an ugly silhouette, thin wings, and a top speed, considered creditable then, of between two and three hundred miles an hour, depending on the state of depletion of the fuel and bomb loads. Happily for all, a bomber coming from a raid could fly faster than she could going there, unless she had been hit hard enough to slow her down. When loaded with fuel for the round trip to Rumania, even the Liberator could carry so few bombs that all would have to drop squarely on target to make an impression on Ploesti. High-level bombing was therefore insufficiently accurate. And a raid that struck only a glancing blow would not pay for the logistic effort involved. The choice was minimum risk and certain failure or big risk and highly problematical success.

The German, Rumanian, and Bulgarian defenses were devised and coördinated by General Alfred Gerstenberg, a specialist in anti-airplane warfare, who had fighter planes as well as guns at his disposal. Ploesti was far east



"Knock off the chatter while he's performing. Jesters don't grow on trees."

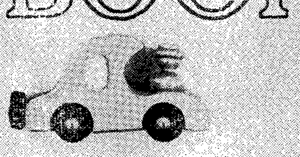
Enchanting
CARIBBEAN

Antigua Barbados Trinidad
Tobago Jamaica Grand Cayman
Puerto Rico St. Thomas St. Kitts
Guadeloupe Dominica Martinique
St. Lucia St. Vincent Grenada

Discover romance and relaxation in the islands where the fun comes from—at the low excursion fares now being offered by British West Indian Airways, the airline that serves the Caribbean best. For information and reservations, see your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami.

BWIA
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS

NEW
FREE
TOY
BOOK



Write for exclusive educational toys.
CREATIVE PLAYTHINGS, INC.
PRINCETON 62, N. J.

The leisurely atmosphere of a bygone age
Hapsburg House
Viennese and Continental Cuisine
LUNCH 12—3 DINNER 5 PM—11:30
Delightful Zither Music
313 EAST 55 ST. • PL 3-5169
Facilities for Private Parties—to 60

of the zone of terrestrial operations of the Western Allies, in a dim land that their ground forces were never to reach, because it lay within the Russian theatre. Word of the raid trickled back afterward through the Allied forces in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and finally England, in the form of rumor even blacker than the reality. The effect of the bombing was an official secret. The common report was that it had been nil, with losses to us of nearly a hundred per cent. Ploesti became a name of vague but evil association, like Murmansk, the terminus of the northern convoy route, and has remained so, for the generality of veterans, ever since.

Years later I met a dour man who said he had been an intelligence officer, therefore a groundling, of a Ploesti squadron and had shared a tent with the officers of two bombers. There were similar tents on both sides—the entire combat-officer strength of his squadron. A Liberator normally carried a complement of nine—four officers (pilot, co-pilot, navigator, and bombardier) and five enlisted men, all usually non-coms. An extra officer sometimes flew as an observer. The raid took off and the ground personnel at Benghazi waited. When my intelligence officer woke up on the morning of August 2nd, he was alone, he said. The adjoining tents were empty. None of his planes had come back. As intelligence officer, he had to assemble the gear of all his recent friends and send it home with appropriate messages of cheer. The experience, he said—he was pretty drunk by that time—had permanently depressed him.

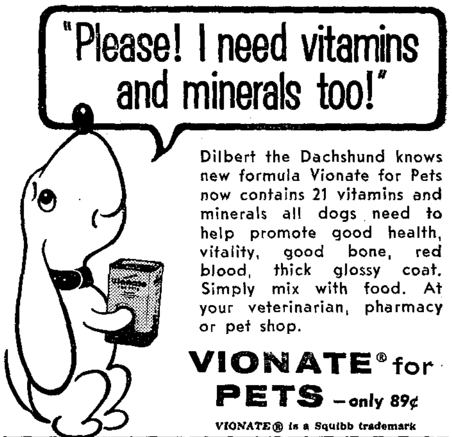
Dugan and Stewart have dragged the shadowy monster from offstage to down front. To summarize the material results, the American loss, though not total, was catastrophic: of a hundred and seventy-eight planes that took off, and a hundred and sixty-four that reached the battlefield, fifty-three were lost. Fourteen had to "abort their missions" for one reason or another, usually mechanical, and turn back before reaching the target area. The fifty-three casualties include planes that had to land in Turkey, where they and their crews were interned. Of the sixteen hundred and twenty men on the hundred and sixty-four planes—an army no larger than one of Sir Francis Drake's landing parties—three hundred and ten were killed, a hundred and thirty were wounded, and a couple of hundred, including some of the wounded, were taken prisoner or interned. The percentage of casualties among the men exceeded

from London

WHITBREAD PALE ALE
TRADE MARK
F & S
BREWED & BOTTLED BY
WHITBREAD & CO. LTD
LONDON, ENGLAND
ESTD 1742

A favorite in English Inns, Pubs and Clubs since 1742; now being served in America.

Whitbread
IMPORTED BY KOBEER LTD., N. Y.


"Please! I need vitamins and minerals too!"

Dilbert the Dachshund knows new formula Vionate for Pets now contains 21 vitamins and minerals all dogs need to help promote good health, vitality, good bone, red blood, thick glossy coat. Simply mix with food. At your veterinarian, pharmacy or pet shop.

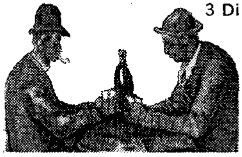
VIONATE® for PETS –only 89¢

VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark

SQUIBB – A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

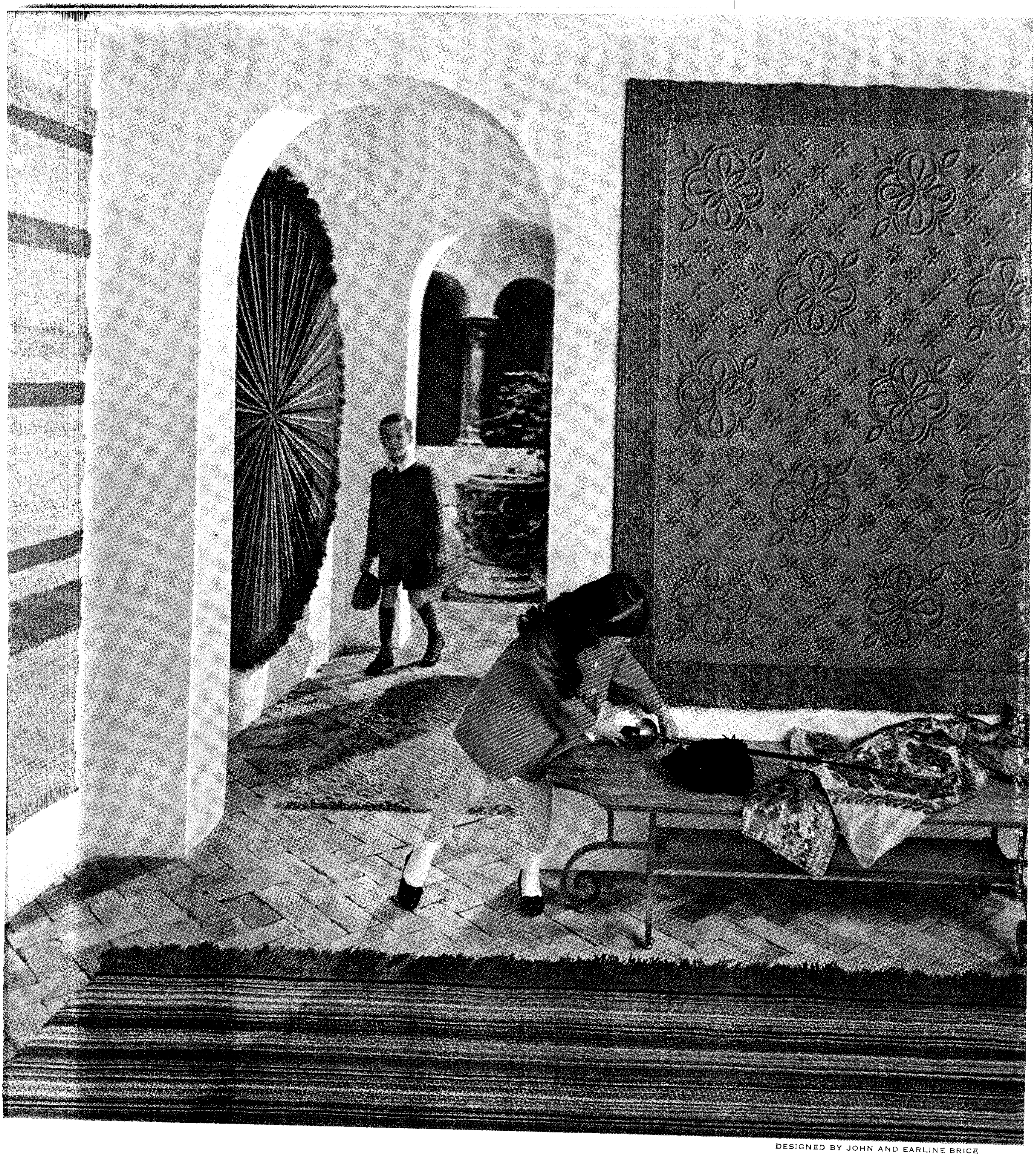
RECREATION TRAVEL GUIDE
"this book has so much of value," *N.Y. Times.* Locates and describes 570 Hunting areas, 395 Golf courses, all Ski areas in N.Y.-N. Eng. Complete information on Fishing, Camping, Boating. Selected accommodations, Restaurants, Antique Shops. HOW TO articles for each activity. 237 pgs. Send $1.50 to **RECREATION TRAVEL GUIDE, 15 West 44th St., New York 36.** Available in book stores.

✶ JUMBLE SHOP RESTAURANT ✶
TAP ROOM Famous Greenwich Village Landmark



3 Dining Rooms . . .
3 Dining Moods
- Charcoal Specialties
- Florentine Cuisine

28 W. 8th St.
NYC • SP 7-2540
Open daily from 4 P.M.
diner's club • amer. exp.



DESIGNED BY JOHN AND EARLINE BRICE

From our Spanish gallery: Cabin Crafts new Collector's Group rugs

ta! Your attention please, Senor! The rugs you are viewing are al works of the new school of decorating. The influence is h, of course. Notice how brilliantly Cabin Crafts captures the enched colors of Spain. And those designs! Such bravura and so adaptable to any decor. The medium? The finest proven fibers—typical of Cabin Crafts. It's hard to believe, but the are moderate. Quite remarkably so. Clockwise from left: da," 4'6" x 9', $59.95; "Sun Dial," 7' x 7', $84.50; "Catalan," $99.95; "Hispania," 6' x 6', $99.95; "Serape," 9' x 12', $249.95. ces approximate. At fine stores everywhere. Cabin Crafts, Inc., , Georgia.

Made in U.S.A. Prices somewhat higher in the West.

Cabin Crafts, Inc. Dept. NY-5, Dalton, Ga.
Please send me free booklet on how to decorate with accent-area rugs, plus name of nearest store carrying Collector's Group rugs.

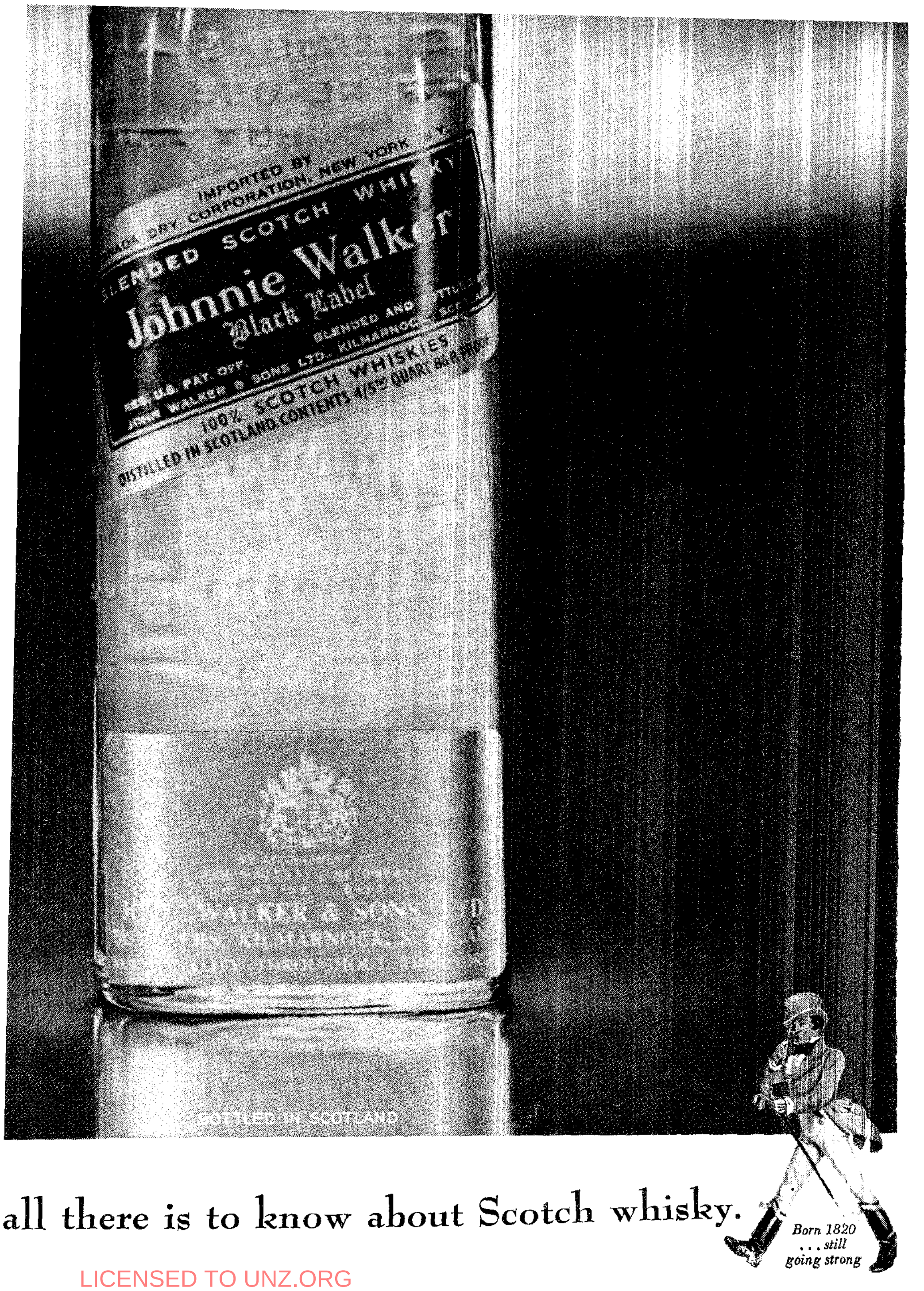
Name____________________

Address____________________

City________Zone_____State_____

A rug or carpet for every room in your house by

CABIN CRAFTS


IMPORTED BY
CORPORATION, NEW YORK
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BLENDED AND BOTTLED
WALKER & SONS LTD., KILMARNOCK
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND. CONTENTS 4/5ths QUART 86.8 PROOF
WALKER & SONS
KILMARNOCK
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
all there is to know about Scotch whisky.
Born 1820
. . . still
going strong

that among the aircraft, because some of the planes that did get home carried dead or wounded crew members. The losses among the bomb groups engaged varied, and I have no reason to doubt the ground officer's story that his six planes were destroyed.

The damage inflicted was immense but unimportant. Aerial photographs taken after the dust settled down showed that bombs had destroyed one refinery *in toto* and others in part, but three weeks later target analysts in Washington concluded, the authors report, that "the most important effect was to eliminate the cushion between production and capacity" (which meant that as much oil was coming out of Ploesti as ever) and ventured no estimate of how long it would take the Germans to restore the hypothetical extra capacity that they had never, according to our experts, seen fit to use. When, in 1944, the Allies had moved far up the Italian leg and established safe bomber bases on the western side of the Adriatic, much closer to Ploesti, bombers of all kinds, even mediums, frequently plastered it from safer altitudes and with higher pay loads. Gerstenberg's people fought back fiercely, but by the late summer of 1944, when the Russians reached the oil fields, production was down to twenty per cent. The top command, though, had begun its grandiose plans for the great raid from Libya in January, 1943, before we knew we were going to invade Italy, and the notorious unwillingness of staffs to abandon a plan is in direct ratio to its age. The planners could still, I suppose, have argued on August 1st that nobody could be sure we would make good our Italian landings; it was a dubious time on the mainland. Whether even that doubt would have justified the try is not hard to say. It wouldn't. But the advocates of long-range bombing, then in the Army but already thinking as a separate arm, had to prove a thesis they believed in—that strategic bombing could win a war.

The plan for Ploesti, although ingenious, depended for success on perfect navigation, perfect coördination (in a necessarily unrehearsed and devilishly complex maneuver), perfect weather, and, above all, perfect luck, resulting in complete surprise. This is too much to expect in life, and it is the kind of wild bunch that is a necessity only for armies with their backs to the wall, which ours were not. Three hours out, just off Corfu, Wingo-Wango, the lead plane of the entire mission, with the mission-navigator aboard, fell, for no apparent

HORIZON

A MAGAZINE WHOSE FIELD IS THE WHOLE OF CULTURE—PAST AND PRESENT

HISTORY • ARCHAEOLOGY • PAINTING • SCULPTURE • ARCHITECTURE • MANNERS & MORES • LETTERS • HUMOR • PHILOSOPHY • PERFORMING ARTS • SATIRE • MUSIC

British Museum

"He fell in love with a dangerously unusual widow..."

... who became his unlawfully wedded wife. When the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert set up house in Brighton in 1785, it was a bucolic retreat for jaded aristocracy. Today it's Britain's Miami, where teddy boys and the *nouveau riche* cavort to blaring bands and glaring neon. But the Prince left an enduring (and fantastic) monument: the Brighton Pavilion. Read about the playful Prince, his twice-discarded lady, and his exotic pleasure dome as related by J. H. Plumb in the new November HORIZON.

This is just one of over 20 articles and pictorial features. Historian Hugh Trevor-Roper gives a provocative answer to *How Do Great Wars Begin?* Gilbert Highet traces the amazing survival of classical literature. Joseph Wechsberg sings the praises of chamber music. There's a color portfolio of never-before-reproduced paintings by Rouault, and a visit to Alexander Calder, the mobile master. William K. Zinsser reports on *Sotheby's*, the great London auction house.... There's much more.

TRY IT – ON EXCELLENT TERMS

When you see your first copy of HORIZON, you'll be struck by its non-resemblance to most magazines. It's in *book* form — hard covers, no advertisements. It's large (9¼" x 12¼", 120 or more pages). And it has at least 100 illustrations, a third or more in color.

Luxurious, yes. But just as stimulating to read as to see — if you've a lively interest in cultural matters, and a critical approach to the way they're discussed and displayed.

See for yourself. We invite you to try HORIZON for a year (six issues) at an attractive price, via the coupon below. We'd suggest you reply promptly to be sure you start with the November issue; our supply won't last too long. And you'll enjoy it.

HORIZON SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE, 379 WEST CENTER STREET, MARION, OHIO

Please send me the November issue of HORIZON as the first of my one-year (six-issue) subscription. The charge is $16.95 under the terms checked below. I may cancel at any time without penalty.

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me $16.95

☐ Bill me in 3 monthly installments: $4.95 to start, then two of $6 each (No service charge)

PRINT NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ____________ ZONE ______ STATE ________

N5529

HISTORY • ARCHAEOLOGY • PAINTING • SCULPTURE • ARCHITECTURE • MANNERS & MORES • LETTERS • HUMOR • PHILOSOPHY • PERFORMING ARTS • SATIRE • MUSIC

HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

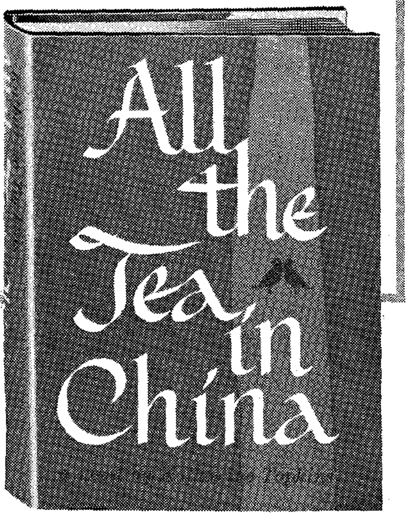
"Life is 40 per cent joke, 40 per cent catastrophe, 15 per cent love, and the other five doesn't amount to a hill of beans."

– Emily Showcrafter

EMILY is the not-so-innocently involved observer of her sister El's marriage to a moral chameleon named Mike. Almost a woman, Em is bemused by Mike's overpowering maleness. Still a child, she blames her sister for failing him.

But Em reveals more than she knows of Mike's guileful sadism, of her sister's consuming desperation, of her parents' uncomprehending co-operation in their daughter's destruction. Her story is absorbing, horrifying—and shatteringly believable.

The Book Buyer's Guide has named Katharine Topkins's *All the Tea in China* "The Editor's Choice of the Month." Calling it "one of the best first novels of recent years," the editor goes on to say: "It is funny, earthy, shocking, and deeply moving. Most of all, it is real. . . . Em Showcrafter . . . is just as much a living, breathing, vulnerable adolescent as Holden Caulfield of *The Catcher in the Rye.*" $4.95



MACMILLAN

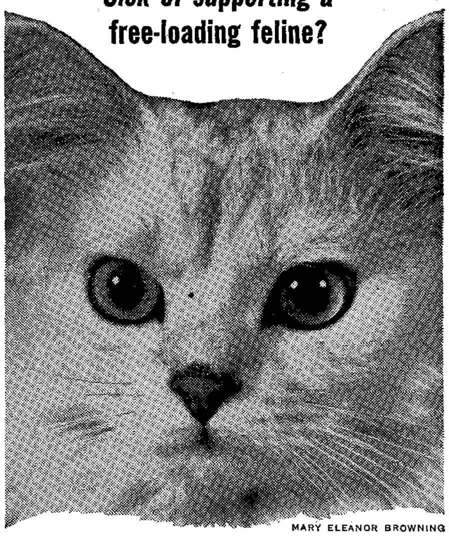
reason, into the sea, drowning all hands. The plane at its wing, with the deputy route-navigator aboard, went down to look for survivors and drop life rafts. It was too heavily loaded to get up again, and the pilot turned back. Brewery Wagon, with a young navigator, slipped into the lead. Then, over the Pindus range, in Albania, blinding clouds forced a separation of the first two groups from the three following. They were not communicating by outside radiotelephone, since they feared interception. When they came out of the clouds, they had lost visual contact and were hopelessly split. (Nobody's fault; the wind was blowing at different speeds at different levels.)

The mission had already been spotted by a German radar crew in Bulgaria, but the Americans did not know that. Then the command plane of the first group, perhaps not trusting Brewery Wagon's tyro navigator, made a wrong turn, twenty miles short of where it should have turned for Ploesti. Wagon went straight on; they were all out of step but it. Instead of surprising Ploesti, the group ran into flak ambush over Bucharest. The second group followed the wrong turn, but recognized its error in a shorter time and turned back earlier. All the elements came in sooner or later to bomb, but far from simultaneously and to no one's surprise.

The defenders were ready. This was just about average luck in combat, as when troops land on wrong beaches and parachutists drop in wrong places. But since optimum luck at every turn was needed to make the deal work, merely average proved fatal. Now the battle began, for the Americans went through with their mission, flying into the muzzles of the ack-ack guns, which were depressed to point-blank, and killing many of the gunners, who, unfortunately, killed more of ours. The planes that arrived late flew through the flame of bombed targets, jumping in the bomb blasts, to reach the specific targets assigned to them. The pilots had vast courage, and they were marvellously adroit, flying their huge and clumsy crates as close to the ground as taxis. This is the great part of the book—as incidented as "Aliscans" or "The Song of William." The Americans hit a lot, but not hard enough. They could not have knocked Ploesti out with that many bombs, of that weight, unless they had dropped every one in the optimum spot, the way a successful player at pinball does.

The survivors, like knights straggling back from a battle, had many adven-

Sick of supporting a free-loading feline?


MARY ELEANOR BROWNING

pounce on a copy of

CAREER CAT

by Eleanor Harris

The carp-to-caviar story of Nicodemus (photographer's model and world's first incorporated cat) and of Loiselle Adams —to whom he endorses his modeling checks. **Profusely illustrated with $50-an-hour photographs.**

$2.75 at all booksellers **DOUBLEDAY**

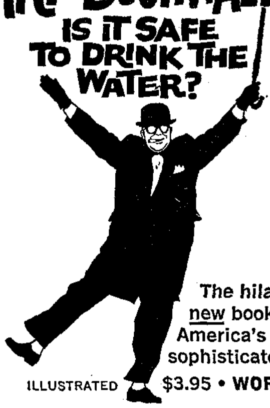
E. J. KAHN, Jr.'s remarkable account of Japan's forgotten army, the *zanryusha,* which refused to believe World War II was over. Expanded from material originally published in *The New Yorker.*

THE STRAGGLERS

$3.95 **RANDOM HOUSE**

MAGNIFIQUE!

ART BUCHWALD'S

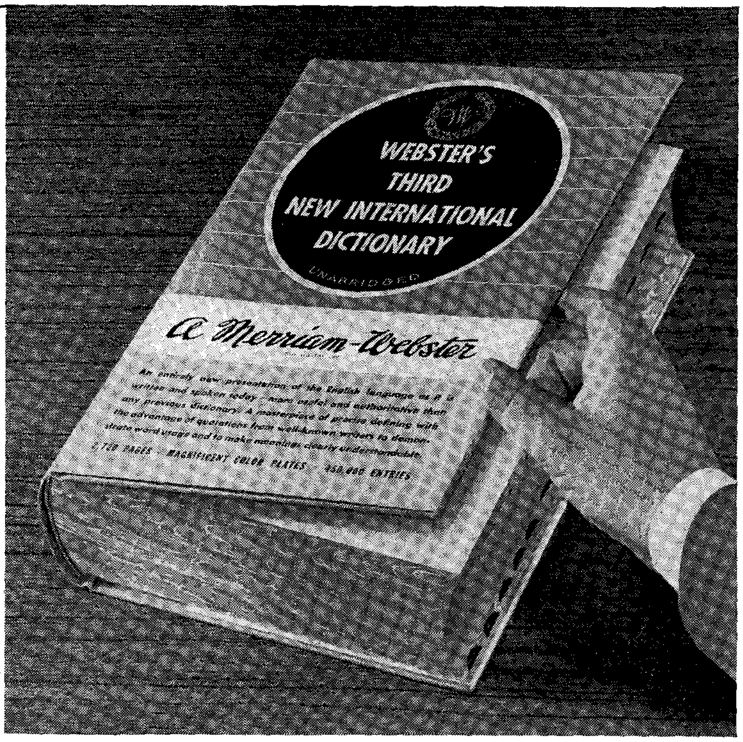

IS IT SAFE TO DRINK THE WATER?

The hilarious new book by America's favorite sophisticated abroad

ILLUSTRATED $3.95 • **WORLD**

"English has changed more in the past two generations than at any time in its history"

Dr. Bergen Evans,
Professor of English, Northwestern University



The new Merriam-Webster Unabridged puts you and your family in command of today's English!

100,000 new words and meanings—450,000 entries

"*Indispensable for anyone who wishes to be informed of the American language of the middle of the twentieth century.*" From a review in THE ENGLISH JOURNAL, official publication of National Council of Teachers of English.

Our world has changed tremendously.

So has the English language. Thousands of new words have been born. Thousands of old words have acquired new meanings.

Now, to guide you and your family on current word usage, here is the great new Merriam-Webster Unabridged. It s the only complete and authoritative dictionary of *today's* English: the first completely new unabridged in 28 years!

100,000 new words and meanings

One of the most striking changes in Webster's Third New International is he addition of 100,000 *new words* and *new meanings*. This is the one dictionary that answers *all* your questions bout our everyday language—about he language of science, industry, and he professions.

200,000 helpful usage examples

n this exciting new Unabridged, defiitions are complete, authoritative, preise. You read a single phrase—and ou reach the heart of meaning *fast!* To assure your full understanding and correct use of words, this new dictionary includes over 200,000 examples of word usage: quotations from classic sources such as Shakespeare and the Bible, and modern sources such as Churchill and Robert Frost.

What people are saying about this great new language authority

NEW YORK TIMES: *It is the closest we can get in America to the Voice of Authority.* NEWSWEEK: *It positively crackles with the words of current notables.* SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE: *It remains as authoritative as ever but the more informal tone of its definitions makes it accessible to a far wider readership.* TIME: *Every definition is really new.* EDITOR & PUBLISHER: *English as it is used by the literate majority.*

The trusted word authority for you and your family

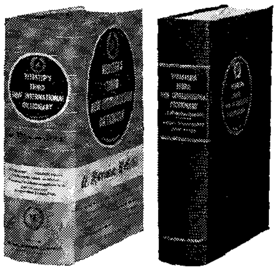
The new Merriam-Webster Unabridged is recognized as the final word authority by the United States Government, by federal and state courts of law, and by leading publishers.

It is exciting, inspiring, informative. In your home, it will be an ever-ready source of confidence and security in understanding and using today's English language in business, study, and social situations. Now is the time to buy a copy at your department, book, or stationery store.

INSIST ON

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

WARNING: Don't confuse this genuine unabridged Merriam-Webster with cut-rate dictionaries offered as supermarket premiums or in "free" offers. Look for the trusted Merriam-Webster trademark to avoid inferior substitutes.



INDIA PAPER STYLE (far right)—same in contents but reduces thickness and weight about one fourth.

Colorful new 16-page booklet—free. Just mail coupon.

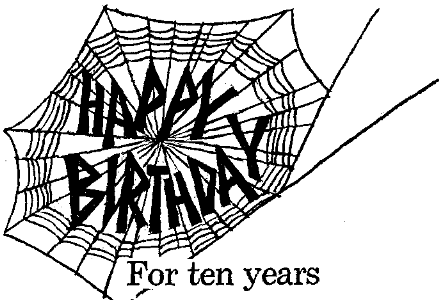
©G. & C. MERRIAM CO., DEPT. 106, SPRINGFIELD 2, MASSACHUSETTS

I'd like to know more about our changing language and your exciting new Merriam-Webster Unabridged. Please send me a free copy of your new booklet, "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name ....

Street ....

City .... Zone .... State ....



For ten years

Charlotte's Web

by E. B. WHITE

has been weaving its
magic spell for young
and old alike.

Illustrated by
GARTH
WILLIAMS

At all bookstores

$2.95

HARPER & ROW
Publishers

Castle
in
Italy

**An autobiography by
LINA WATERFIELD**

"It relives a life that would have been enviably romantic in any era. . . . She studied art with no less an authority than Bernard Berenson, she hobnobbed with such writers as John Addington Symonds and D. H. Lawrence. . . . Sympathy, sensitivity and understanding . . . illuminate and inform Mrs. Waterfield's autobiography."
—HERBERT KUPFERBERG, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

$6.95

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, N. Y. 3

The
Moorehead magic
at its most irresistible

THE
Blue Nile

By ALAN
MOOREHEAD

Illustrated • $5.95
HARPER

A substantial portion of this book appeared in *The New Yorker*.

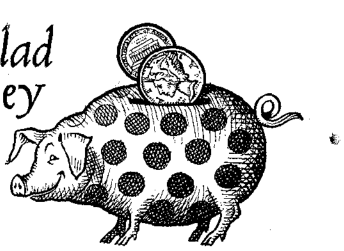
tures. Bulgarian pilots in Messerschmitts attacked three limping Liberators between Pleven and Sofia. They hit a ship called The Witch, and she began to fall behind her companions. The tail-gunner of her less damaged companion, Prince Charming, reported Witch's plight to his pilot, James A. Gunn. "Without temporizing, James Gunn throttled back to take Darlington's side against the foe." Gunn is a fellow to remember. A Bulgar shot the Prince down. The tail-gunner, badly burned, was the only survivor. Witch went down, too, but her men were luckier. All survived and were taken prisoner. German fighters off Corfu did for another batch of cripples, who knocked down two of their attackers.

After Dugan and Stewart get the last of their heroes back to Benghazi—it was Liberty Lad, "with both engines dead on one wing"—they themselves go back to Rumania to pick up the prisoners' fates. Here the mood changes, from the heroic to the serio-comic. Rumania, a conscript ally of the Reich, had already begun to look for a way out. The ruling classes were anxious not to antagonize the Allies by being hard on the prisoners, but they were also nervous about the German reaction if they treated them too well. The official attitude oscillated with the fortunes of war. Prison for the officers was like a tourist hotel in which the guests are periodically kicked hell out of to show them who's who. Girls were often accessible and always willing. Food was rich and plentiful for the prisoners, who drew the Geneva Convention pay commensurate with their ranks—if they patronized the Rumanian officers who had the catering concession. Monotony became the foe. Escaping, organized by a pair of British prisoners who styled themselves the British Vanishers, was the favored amusement. Nobody who escaped got very far, but the guards had tantrums enjoyable to watch. The prisoners may have had the better end of the stick. Of the men who got back to Benghazi, many went down in the last year of the war.

This is the very model of a war book. The authors have interviewed not only every Ploesti man they could reach but a remarkable number of the Germans, Rumanians, and Bulgarians who fought the raiders. It has amazing photographs and good maps. What I liked almost best, though, was the way Utah Man's pilot, Walter Stewart, remembers the commanding general's "final campaign address" before the mission (he had too much rank to lead it):

"Gentlemen, I am the only person

Glad Money



Vacation dollars go far in Montreal, the "Paris of North America." The exchange is favorable and the rates at The Queen Elizabeth most reasonable. Come and have a gay time—see the city, shop for fabulous bargains and visit the nearby Laurentians.

Hotel
Queen
Elizabeth
In Gay
Montreal

Family Plan • Free Garage for room guests • Single from $10 • Double from $14 • See Travel Agent or Call N.Y. Res. Off. • LO 3-6900 • or any Hilton Hotel
A CN HOTEL OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL

She's in a
new book!
the dauntless
heroine of
*The
Rescuers*

Miss
Bianca by
MARGERY SHARP
with illustrations by
GARTH WILLIAMS

$3.75 • LITTLE, BROW

Cornelia Otis Skinner

salutes *La Belle Epoque*,
Paris in the '90's,
a world of

Elegant Wits and
Grand Horizontals

$5.00 at all bookstores HMCo

I know of who has held a commission in both the Army and the Navy. I have seen the fleet steam up the Hudson and I have seen the corps of cadets pass in full-dress parade. These sights are soul-stirring. But today, as I saw your hundred seventy-five four-engined bombers come roaring across the African desert at fifty feet altitude, bringing dust from the ground with your mighty roar, I enjoyed the great thrill of my entire life. Tomorrow, when you advance across that captured country, you will tear the hearts out of them. You are going in low level to hit the oil refineries, not the houses, and leave your powerful impression on a great nation. The roar of your engines in the heart of the enemy's conquest will sound in the ears of the Rumanians—and yes, the whole world!—long after the blasts of your bombs and fires have died away."

I imagine the survivors think of that every now and then.

—A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

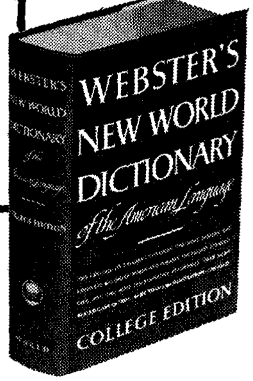
FICTION

FLUSH TIMES, by Warren Miller (Little, Brown). Mr. Miller, a very good writer, has set down a hugely interesting account of the mind and fate of Jonathan Weller, a thirty-five-year-old American who suffers from two simple lacks—someone to love and something to believe in. As the story starts, Jonathan's girlish wife, Isobel, who is in Florida establishing residence for a divorce, telephones him at his New York apartment to tell him that she has discovered that she is pregnant by him and that she wants him to go with her to Cuba, where she intends to seek an abortion. Jonathan, who wants the child, agrees, in the hope of persuading her to return to him at least until the child is born. They arrive in Havana and he takes her to the hospital, for he has now realized that he will never bring her around to his way of thinking, and has decided, instead, to approach her doctor in an attempt to stop the operation. Jonathan has plenty of money, but through a miscalculation of time he misses the doctor. Now, without the wife he cherished as a wife, and without the child he had already begun to count on, Jonathan finds himself more lost than he ever imagined he could be, and so sets foot on the grotesque merry-go-round that leads him to the answer he has been looking for all his life. Mr. Miller's tragic story, which, incidentally, bridges the transition be-

DEAN'S LIST
WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY

The secret? No secret; just a modern dictionary with accepted usage

A modern dictionary is more than just an old work updated. *Every entry* should be freshly and clearly defined for the age in which we live. Accepted usage should be indicated. Not all dictionaries meet this test. For a modern dictionary at its finest ask to see



The newest, biggest desk dictionary, approved at leading colleges and universities, is WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY, College Edition. In various bindings, from $5.75, at better book, department, and stationery stores.
THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY • Cleveland and New York

Announcing a Rare and Epoch-Making Publishing Event

GREAT DRAWINGS OF ALL TIME

Four Volumes • Over 2,000 Pages
Size 11" x 13½" • Buckram Bound
Handsomely Boxed

1,107 masterpieces of world drawing reproduced directly from the originals. Printed in seventy-two different inks for the ultimate in color fidelity. Selected and edited by Ira Moskowitz. Historical and critical appreciations by seventeen distinguished art scholars and curators.

Published by SHOREWOOD PUBLISHERS, Inc., N. Y., at One Hundred and Sixty dollars the set—after December 31, 1962, One Hundred and Seventy-five dollars. Advance reservations and orders may be placed with your bookseller.

FULL COLOR PROSPECTUS ON REQUEST

TUDOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
(distributors)
221 Park Avenue South, New York 3

Australian Pride
JUMBO
DESSERT APRICOTS

AUSTRALIAN PRIDE DESSERT APRICOTS

A most distinguished and unique Christmas present from half a world away, huge whole pitted tender candied apricots in a transparent gift box, delivered anywhere in the United States.
5 pounds (*illus.*) $12.50
Single pounds $2.75
Send your Christmas list and check to

PERRY H. CHIPURNOI, INC.
101 Hudson Street
New York 13, N. Y.

GALLERY 63

ROME AND NEW YORK OPENING OCT. 18 721 MADISON AVE. A NEW GALLERY TO PRESENT THE FINEST ART OF TWO WORLDS. FIRST EXHIBITION OF LEADING ITALIAN PAINTERS INCLUDING DE CHIRICO, PIRANDELLO AND SIRONI-FOLLOWED BY INDIVIDUAL SHOWS OF OTHER LEADING ITALIAN, FRENCH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS AND SCULPTORS. CONNOISSEURS WILL APPRECIATE THIS IMPORTANT INTERNATIONAL GALLERY.

DISCOVER THE BEST IN CHILDREN'S RECORDS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS is the leading producer of recordings created for children by artists who LOVE children. Here are some of Folkways' 100 children's records that the N.Y. Times recently reviewed as "best for children."

Songs to Grow On, Woody Guthrie (FC7005) $4.25. Amer. Folksongs for Children, Pete Seeger (FC7001) $4.25. Music Time, Charity Bailey (FC7307) $4.25.

NEW RELEASE

This Is Rhythm, Ella Jenkins (FC7652) $5.95.

(All Folkways Records come with accompanying texts and instructional notes.)

Write for Folkways' complete children's catalogue

FOLKWAYS RECORDS 121 W. 47 St. New York 36

in houston morin montagu scott's MASTER HOSTS

Tidelands

george jessel jack teagarden davis & reese
diana trask helen traubel dick haymes
earl grant joannie sommers fran jeffries

tween the Batista and the Castro regimes, is well told.

In Any Case, by Richard G. Stern (McGraw-Hill). Samuel Curry, a sixty-year-old American widower who has spent the most important part of his life in France, sets out to clear the name of his dead son, who worked for the French underground during the war and is now accused of having been a traitor. The story is told in the first person by Curry, who confesses that his son was a neglected child and a neglected boy, and that he really never knew him very well. Curry is a self-conscious man who never allows us to forget that his own life is a simple record of selfishness and self-indulgence, and he intrudes so constantly on this story of a search that one soon comes to suspect that the dead son is only an invention to provide this wry, garrulous bore with an excuse to talk about himself and talk about himself and talk about himself.

Ultramarine, by Malcolm Lowry (Lippincott). This first novel, now printed here for the first time, by the late author of "Under the Volcano" is a rather expanded short story about a troubled adolescent who, through a show of bravado, finally wins the approval of the boys. It might have been the work of a lonely Sea Scout writing under the influence of Conrad. There are endless introspective passages with much repetition and little substance. But the style is rich and powerful, the dialogue rings true, the sense of place and character is strong, and the book provides an interesting prelude to the truly great novel "Under the Volcano." Lowry intended to include both "Ultramarine" and the later novel in a series to be entitled "The Voyage That Never Ends."

What a Way to Go, by Wright Morris (Atheneum). This tedious account of an American college professor's adventures in Italy and Greece contains some of the flattest conversation ever set down on paper. The time is the present.

GENERAL

The Desegregated Heart: A Virginian's Stand in Time of Transition, by Sarah Patton Boyle (Morrow). A personal narrative. Mrs. Boyle, a white Southern aristocrat, had an impulse to help one Negro man some ten years ago, and found herself working for Negro rights in the South. She almost immediately discovered that she had no

true Italian sparkle !
Gancia
Asti Gancia

Taste Italy's most famous sparkling wine—pale gold, fresh, vividly fragrant.

ASTI Gancia

ITALIAN SPARKLING WINE

©1962 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N. Y.

It's Easy To Remember when you use *(or give)*

Distinctive Diaries

AND ADDRESS BOOKS

One of the most appreciated tasteful gifts under $5.00

SOLD AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

If your dealer can't supply you Write to Distinctive Diaries, Ltd. 717 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Le Restaurant Par Excellence

QUO VADIS

Luncheon · Cocktails · Dinner

26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE

TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT L'Aiglon

PRE-THEATRE DINNER

PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES

13 E. 55TH PL 3-7296

CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER

OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food

ITALIAN PAVILION

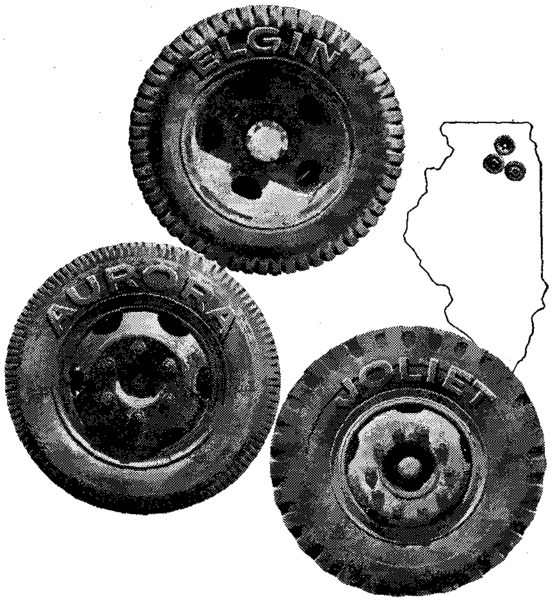
24 W. 55 ST. JU 6-5950

daily except Sunday

luncheon cocktails dinner

real notion of what her Negro fellow-citizens were like. (Her exposition of the Byzantine complexities of old-time interracial etiquette suggests, by the way, how fragile and how lunatic was the vanishing Southern status quo.) Mrs. Boyle's reëducation was painful. More painful still was the gradual but steady disappearance of her white friends as she became a "controversial" figure. Mrs. Boyle had just enough courage left to take stock; her unexamined faith in man—in the educated, honorable Southern white man, that is—having proved false, she could manage, even so, to renew her faith in God. Mrs. Boyle's account is candid, absorbing, and—perhaps because, as a Southern lady, she can't help it—charming. It is also unpretentiously profound. After half a lifetime of innocence, Mrs. Boyle confronted sin, and one of today's most puzzling kinds of sin—the willingness of good men to give bad men a free hand. The familiarity of Mrs. Boyle's setting (Charlottesville, rather than, say, occupied Warsaw) and the familiarity of her solution (Christianity, instead of, say, Existentialism or Marxism) make her story hurt more and, conceivably, teach more, too.

THE FORGOTTEN PEOPLE, by Seymour Freidin (Scribner). An excellent account—in between journalism and history—of the Iron Curtain countries since the last war. Mr. Freidin, a newspaperman, is a Johnny-on-the-spot; he entered Berlin with the Russian troops in 1945, and he was in Prague the day the Communists took over, in Belgrade the day Khrushchev arrived to make up with Tito, in Budapest when the Hungarians rose. Betweentimes, he went here and there to see what was doing in farm, factory, and intellectual circles. He presents two important conclusions: that the Soviet hegemony is one of the worst in the appalling history of imperialism, and that Communism has totally failed to win the allegiance of the East European peoples. Freidin doesn't editorialize; what he saw is comment enough. He thinks we may be making a mistake in negotiating with the Soviet Union on the basis of you-stay-in-your-back-yard-and-we'll-stay-in-ours, for he fears that the rebellious temper of the East Europeans may end the status quo any day. His book has faults—some hasty writing and many typographical errors—but its first-handedness is fas-



NORTHERN ILLINOIS MARKET ON THE MOVE

Elgin, Aurora and Joliet are trading centers for a seven-county market growing outward from Chicago. Three daily newspapers — available to advertisers at a discounted group rate — offer thorough and effective coverage.

ELGIN COURIER-NEWS/AURORA BEACON-NEWS/JOLIET HERALD-NEWS

'The Ring of Truth' Copley Newspapers

15 daily newspapers covering Northern Illinois — Springfield, Illinois — San Diego, California — and Greater Los Angeles. Served by the Copley Washington Bureau and The Copley News Service. REPRESENTED NATIONALLY BY NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES, INC.

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break — and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid and is a member of the International Union For Child Welfare.

Serving Children for 30 Years
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐

Enclosed is my first payment:
$10.00 a month ☐ $ 60.00 semi-annually ☐
$30.00 a quarter ☐ $120.00 annually ☐

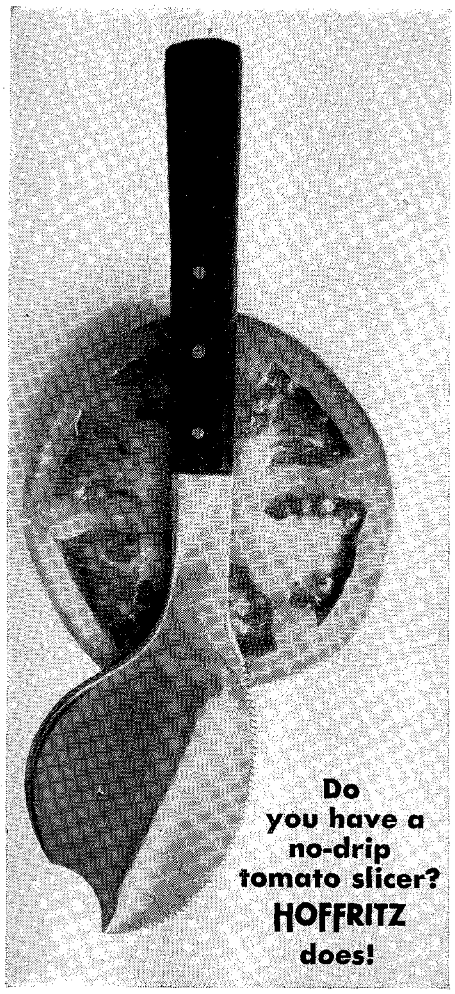
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $________

Name______________________________

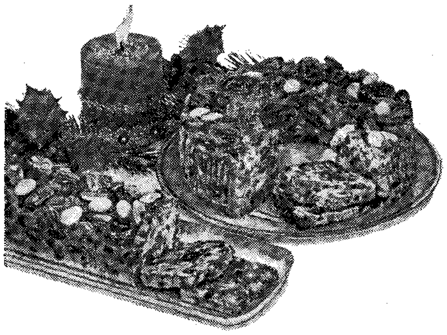
Address____________________________

City______________Zone____State________

Contributions are income tax deductible. NY-10-20-2



Merry Eating



THE ONE THAT'S SPECIAL

Grandma's Fruit Cake

A tender, golden delicacy unsurpassed in rich, old-fashioned goodness. Fresh, whole almonds, walnuts and pecans...big, plump French cherries and luscious, juicy-sweet pineapple... mellowed with choice bonded bourbon, brandy and rum. Supply limited, so mail us your gift list today. Shipped prepaid, gift card enclosed.

5 lbs. (metal container), **$9.95 — 3 lbs.** (metal container), **$6.30 — 2 lbs.** (foil box), **$4.28**

SPECIAL PRICES QUOTED ON QUANTITY ORDERS.
WRITE FOR CATALOG AND FREE SAMPLE.

BUTTERFIELD FARMS
510 Farm Credit Bldg., Dept.N2, Omaha 2, Nebraska

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
18 EAST 49th STREET • PL 5-7731
MEMBER DINER'S CLUB • CLOSED SUNDAY

cinating, and its cautions about the tindery Russian empire, though scary, may be invaluable.

INSTEAD OF A LETTER, by Diana Athill (Doubleday). A short autobiography—the author is only in her forties—by an Englishwoman whose tale is, in effect, that her life went wrong but, surprisingly, turned out all right. She helps run a London publishing house, although she had always expected to marry and raise children in the country. Her fiancé jilted her just before the Second World War, and she spent the next decade, it now seems to her, looking not for love but for trouble. Then she chanced into publishing, started writing, and stopped feeling mournful, even though, so far, she has no husband. Miss Athill writes very well. She is frank without showing off, and makes her self-examination as plausible and as interesting as if she were telling another person's story—and an attractive person's, at that. If she finds herself with few certainties, she has courage, humor, literacy, and a sense of fun.

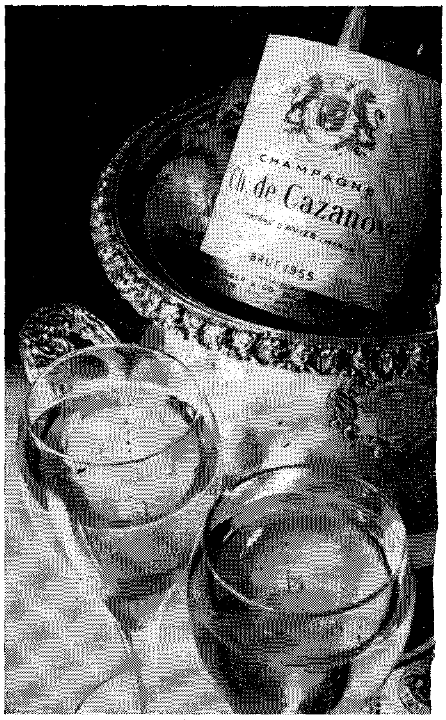
NOTE: E. B. White's "The Points of My Compass," a collection of reports and personal essays that Mr. White originally wrote for this magazine between 1954 and 1961, and to which he has added a foreword, postscripts, and one essay from the *Yale Review*, has been published by Harper & Row. . . . Random House has issued "The Stragglers," an account by E. J. Kahn, Jr., of a number of Japanese soldiers who remained in hiding long after the end of the Second World War. Most of the material in the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

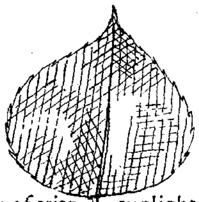
10:30 p.m.—(5) "Stump the Stars." Actually, this is a "Pantomime Quiz," or a charades returning under a new name, with Pat Harrington, Jr. as host. Teams of actors Alexis Smith. A group of escaped prisoners accumulate hostages in a Nevada atom bomb testing area (1953) vie with each other, acting out and guessing quotations or witty sayings. Regulars include Sebastian Cabot, Jan Clayton, Diana Dors, Beverly Garland, Ross Martin and Mickey Manners. Tonight Jerry Lewis and Jayne Mansfield join the team as guests.
—*Boston Record American.*

It's a new twist, anyway.

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
FOR THE MOST
EXQUISITE TASTE ..
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK



A splash of crisp sunlight wakens the Valley. Outside your window the aspens begin a slow riot of reds and golds. Downstairs, the chef has timed the sunrise perfectly. His Danish pastries are coming, fragrant and warm, from the baking ovens.

THE AHWAHNEE IN YOSEMITE

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNI
Our photographic brochure is yours for the asking

Your CHRISTMAS GREETINGS and PACKAGES Will Get There FASTER If You
SHOP AND MAIL EARLY
To Out-of-Town Points, by **December 10th**
For Local Delivery, by **December 15th**
WRAP PACKAGES SECURELY
Address Legibly—Include Postal Zone Number
And Your Return Address
MAIL EARLY!

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Pri
Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily
(OPEN EVERY DAY)
1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.

Spike your day with
Medaglia d'Oro
Espresso

4 delightful Espresso drinks

Caffè Espresso

Iere's a real drink to pike your day — righten your outlook! nstant or regular — Iedaglia d'Oro Esresso is easily brewed ı any coffee-maker ou own! Serve in emi-tasse cups with a vist of lemon peel, dd sugar to taste. ıcomparable!

Caffè Poncino

Stir a teaspoon of rum into a steaming glass or demi-tasse cup of Medaglia d'Oro Espresso. Add twist of lemon peel, sweeten to taste. In cold or damp weather, Poncino gives you a glorious inner glow! You'll find it perfect for entertaining or intimate family gatherings.

MEDAGLIA
D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
MEDAGLIA
D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE

Cappuccino

Néapolitan style: Serve piping hot Medaglia d'Oro Espresso Coffee in demi-tasse cups with a topping of warm (not boiled) milk. A continental favorite. *Cappuccino Capri:* top steaming hot Espresso with whipped cream, sprinkle with grated orange peel, cinnamon.

Café Soirée

Prepare Medaglia d'Oro for 6 demi-tasse cups. Place in saucepan 6 tsps. sugar, 1-inch stick cinnamon, 4 cloves, 1 curl orange peel. Add Medaglia d'Oro, heat (don't boil). Add 4 oz. rum, strain, serve. Top with unsweetened whipped cream. Magnificent.

If unavailable at your regular grocer, send his name and address to; S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., 6 West Ruby Avenue, Palisades Park, New Jersey

MR. JOEL KEY RICE
MISS PHYLLIS NEWMAN
MR. ROBERT GOULET
MR. PETER DUCHIN
MISS ARLENE DAHL
MR. EARL BLACKWELL
MME. ELSA SCHIAPARELLI
MRS. ERNEST BYFIELD, JR.
MISS HERMIONE GINGOLD
MR. PAUL BLACKMAN
VAT 69
VAT 69

Earl Blackwell gives a penthouse party

and serves Vat 69, the light Scotch you'll recommend tomorrow. This famed international host knows t Vat 69's lightness and Genuine Highland Character are right for modern tastes. The world's most discern Scotch drinkers also know it. Have you tried it lately? You, too, will discover why **One Scotch Stands Out...Vat**

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DIST. PRODS. CO., N.Y. SOLE U. S. DISTRS. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PI